

# ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.



**A**MONG the personal influences that have altered the every-day life of the present century, the future historian will probably allot a prominent place to that of Florence Nightingale. Before she took up the work of her life, the art of sick nursing in England can hardly have

of the nurse, of the pre-Nightingale era, has been portrayed by Dickens in his *Sairey Gamp*, with her bottle of gin or rum upon the "chimbley piece," handy for her to put it to her lips when she was "so disposed." *Sairey Gamp* is one of the blessings of the good old days which



LEA HURST, MISS NIGHTINGALE'S DERBYSHIRE HOME.

been said to exist. Almost every one had a well-founded horror of the hired nurse; she was often ignorant, cruel, rapacious and drunken; and when she was not quite as bad as that, she was prejudiced, superstitious, and impervious to new ideas or knowledge. The worst type

have now vanished forever; with her disappearance has also gradually disappeared the repugnance with which the professional nurse was at one time almost universally regarded; and there is now hardly any one who has not had cause to be thankful for the quick, gentle, and

skillful assistance of the trained nurse, whose existence we owe to the example and precepts of Florence Nightingale.

Miss Nightingale has never favored the curiosity of those who would wish to pry into the details of her private history. She has indeed been so retiring that there is some difficulty in getting accurate information about anything concerning her, with the exception of her public work.

Miss Nightingale spent nearly ten years in studying nursing before she considered herself qualified to undertake the sanitary direction of even a small hospital. She went from place to place, not confining her studies to her own country. She spent about a year at the hospital and nursing institution at Kaiserswerth on the Rhine in 1849. This had been founded by Pastor Fliedner, and was under the care of a Protestant Sisterhood, who had perfected the art of sick nursing to a degree unknown at that time in any other part of Europe. From Kaiserswerth she visited institutions for similar purposes in other parts of Germany, and in France and Italy. It is obvious she could not have devoted the time and money which all this preparation must have cost if she had not been a member of a wealthy family. She was the daughter and co-heiress of a wealthy country gentleman of Lea Hurst in Derbyshire, and Embly Park in Hampshire. As a young girl she had the choice of all that wealth, luxury, and fashion could offer in the way of self-indulgence and ease, and she set them all on one side for the sake of learning how to benefit suffering humanity by making sick nursing an art in England.

Those who knew Miss Nightingale in the hospital spoke of her as combining "the voice of velvet and the will of steel." She was not content with having a natural vocation for her work. It is said that when she was a young girl she was accustomed to dress the wounds of those

who were hurt in the lead mines and quarries of her Derbyshire home, and that the saying was: "Our good young miss is better than nurse or doctor." If this is accurate she did not err by burying her talent in the earth and thinking that because she had a natural gift there was no need to cultivate it. She saw rather that because she had a natural gift it was her duty to increase it and make it of the utmost benefit to mankind. At the end of her ten years' training she came to the nursing home and hospital for governesses in Harley Street, an excellent institution which at that time had fallen into some disorder through mismanagement. She stayed here from August, 1853, till October, 1854, and in those fourteen months placed the domestic, financial, and sanitary affairs of the little hospital on a sound footing.

Now, however, the work with which her name will always be associated, and for which she will always be loved and honored, was about to commence. The Crimean war broke out early in 1854, and within a very few weeks of the commencement of actual fighting, every one at home was horrified and ashamed to hear of the frightful disorganization of the supplies, and of the utter breakdown of the commissariat and medical arrangements. The most hopeless huggermugger reigned triumphant. The tinned meats sent out from England were little better than poison; ships arrived with stores of boots which proved all to be for the left foot. (Muddleheads do not all belong to one sex.) The medical arrangements for the sick and wounded were on a par with the rest. Mr. Justin McCarthy, in his *History of Our Own Times*, speaks of the hospitals for the sick and wounded at Scutari as being in an absolutely chaotic condition. "In some instances," he writes, "medical stores were left to decay at Varna, or were found lying useless in the holds of vessels in Balaklava Bay, which were needed for the

wounded at Scutari. The medical officers were able and zealous men; the stores were provided and paid for, so far as the government was concerned; but the stores were not brought to the medical men. These had their hands all but idle, their eyes and souls tortured by the sight of sufferings which they were unable to relieve for want of the commonest appliances of the hospital." The result was that the most frightful mortality prevailed, not so much from the inevitable risks of battle, but from the insanitary conditions of the camp, the want of proper food, clothing, and fuel, and the wretched hospital arrangements.

When these facts became known in England, the mingled grief, shame, and anger of the whole nation were unbounded. It was then that Mr. Sidney Herbert, who was Minister of War, appealed to Miss Nightingale to organize and take out with her a band of trained nurses. It is needless to say that she consented. She was armed with full authority to cut the swathes of red tape that had proved shrouds to so many of our soldiers. On the 21st of October, 1854, Miss Nightingale, accompanied by forty-two other ladies, all trained nurses, set sail for the Crimea. They arrived at Constantinople on November 4th, the eve of Inkerman, which was fought on November 5th. Their first work, therefore, was to receive into the wards, which were already filled by two thousand three hundred men, the wounded from what proved the severest and fiercest engagement of the campaign. Miss Nightingale and her band of nurses proved fully equal to the charge they had undertaken. She, by a combination of inexorable firmness with unvarying gentleness, evolved order out of chaos. After her arrival there were no more complaints of the inefficiency of the hospital arrangements for the army. The extraordinary way in which she toiled will never be forgotten. She has been known to stand for twenty

hours at a stretch in order to see the wounded provided with every means of easing their condition. Her attention was directed not only to nursing the sick and wounded, but to removing the causes which had made the camp and the hospitals so deadly to their inmates. The extent of the work of mere nursing may be estimated by the fact that a few months after her arrival ten thousand sick men were under her care, and the rows of beds in one hospital alone, the Barrack Hospital at Scutari, measured two miles and one-third in length, with an average distance between each bed of two feet six inches. Miss Nightingale's personal influence and authority over the men were immensely and deservedly strong. They knew she had left the comforts and refinements of a wealthy home to be of service to them. Her slight, delicate form, her steady nerve, her kindly, conciliating manner, and her absolute self-devotion, awoke a passion of chivalrous devotion on the part of the men she tended. Sometimes a soldier would refuse to submit to a painful but necessary operation until a few calm sentences of hers seemed at once to allay the storm and the man would submit willingly to the painful ordeal he had to undergo. One soldier said: "Before she came here there was such cursin' and swearing, and after that it was as holy as a church." Another said to Mr. Sidney Herbert: "She would speak to one and another and nod and smile to many more; but she could not do it to all, you know—we lay there in hundreds—but we could kiss her shadow as it fell, and lay our heads on the pillow again, content." This incident, of the wounded soldier turning to kiss her shadow as it passed, has been woven into a beautiful poem by the poet Longfellow. It is called *Santa Filomena*, from an Italian word which means Nightingale. The fact that she had been born in, and had been named after the Italian city of Florence, may

have suggested to the poet to turn her name into the language of the city of her birth. The poem is appended at the end of this paper, in case any of our readers should be unacquainted with it.

During a great part of the thirty-one years that have passed since Miss Nightingale returned from the Crimea, she has suffered from extremely bad health; but few people, even of the most robust frame, have done better and more invaluable work. She has been the adviser of successive governments on the sanitary condition of the army in India; her experience in the Crimea convinced her that the death-rate in the army, even in time of peace, could be reduced by nearly one-half by proper sanitary arrangements. She contributed valuable state papers on the subject of the government of the day, and her advice has had important effects, not only on the condition of the army, but also on the sanitary reform of many of the towns of India, and on the extension of irrigation in that country. Besides this department of useful public work she has written many books on the subjects she has made particularly her own: among them may be mentioned, *Notes on Hospitals* and *Notes on Nursing*; the latter in particular is a book which no family ought to be without.

It will surprise no one to hear that she is very zealous for all that can lift up and improve the lives of women, and give them a higher conception of their duties and responsibilities.

#### SANTA FILOMENA.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

Honor to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low.

Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp.

The wounded from the battle plain  
In dreary hospitals of pain,  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

Lo! in that house of misery  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

As if a door in Heaven should be  
Opened, and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went,  
The light shone and was spent.

On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past,

A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good  
Heroic womanhood.

Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore.

MRS. HENRY FAWCETT.



## CAIRO THE VICTORIOUS.

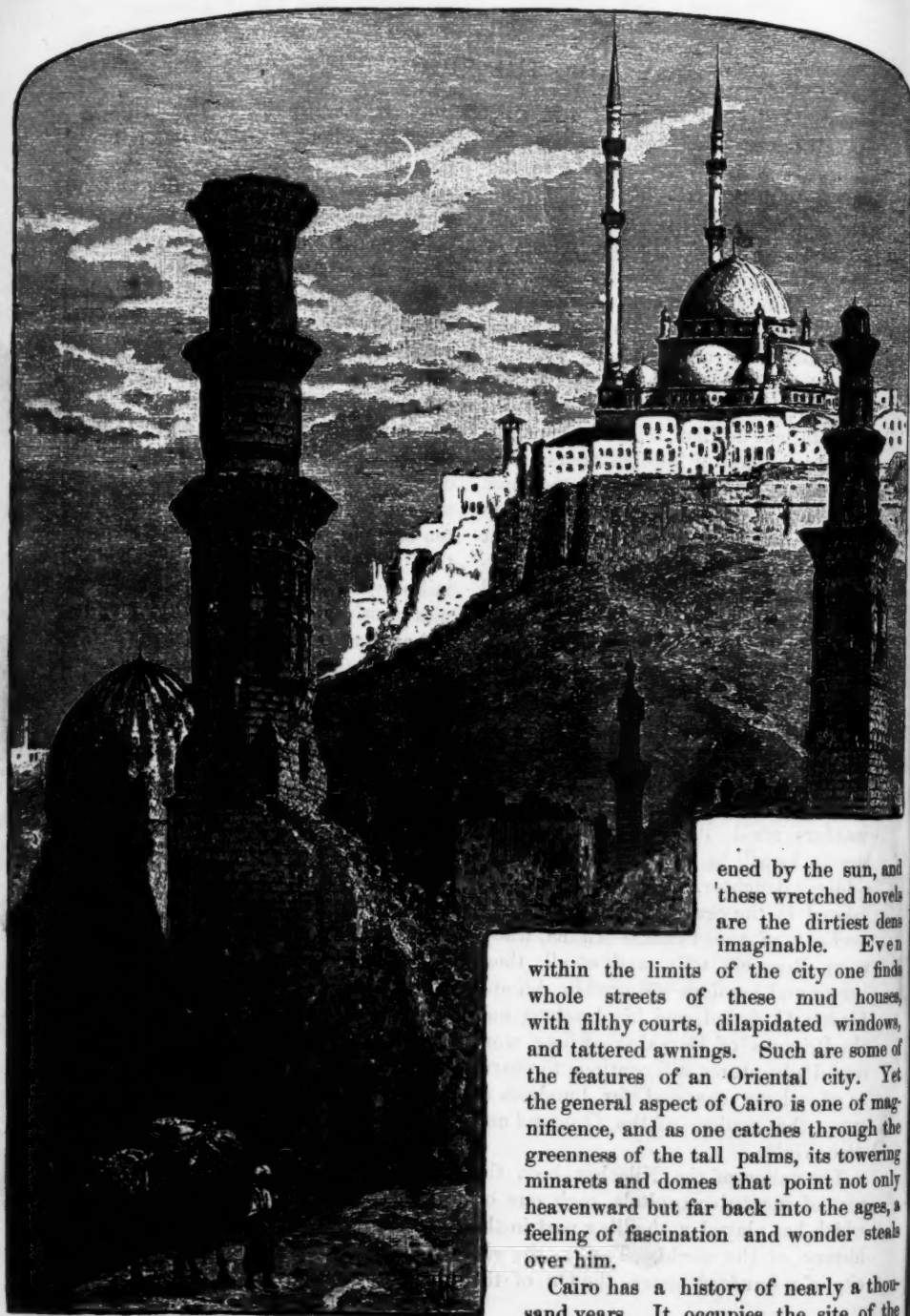
OF all the cities of the Orient none appeals with greater interest to the student and the traveler than Grand Cairo—*Musr-el-Kahireh* in Arabic. It has memories of the *Arabian Nights*, of the Crusades, and of Napoleon's blazing glory. Here was the seat of those gorgeous Caliphs of the green banner, the Fatimites, who contested long with the Abbassides as the true successors of Mohammed; here Saladin, the generous rival of Cœur de Lion, reigned, the mightiest and the best of Moslem rulers; here, too, reigned and loved and feasted those glorious sons of the desert, the Mamelukes, and here they met their doom at the hands of Mohammed Ali, whose dynasty still rules Egypt from the capital that he enriched and ennobled. Romance as well as history has cast its seductive colors over the time-worn towers and citadels of the Eastern city, and as one sees it rising from among the palm groves, where, like a voluptuous beauty, it shades its head in verdure and bathes its feet in the turgid waters of the Nile, or wanders amid its quaint and hoary streets, he will be reminded of Sabra, the soldier's daughter, whose adventures are related in the *Seven Champions of Christendom*; of the Princess Alatiel, whose story Boccacio tells, and of all those heroes and heroines—Noureddin Ali and his son, Coclada, and his brothers and the Princess of Deryabar—whose wonderful adventures still continue to charm as they have charmed for hundreds of years, the readers of the *Thousand and One Nights*.

The valley of the Nile has been the seat of successive capitals, each one of which has played a thrilling part in the history of the world. Thebes, the old city of a hundred gates, the On of the

Scriptures who "rested in her strength upon Ethiopia, as also upon Egypt, and had the sons of Libya and those of Phut the boundless for her champions," reposed in her majesty upon this same stream. Later arose Memphis, and still later Alexandria, the home of the Ptolemies; but in the romance of its history and in its picturesque beauty, lovely with its bulbous golden domes and glittering spires and Saracenic tracery, the Arab city surpasses them all. To-day Cairo is the most populous city of Africa, and the oddest of Oriental capitals. It is situated on the right bank of the Nile, about ten miles above the apex of the delta of that river and one hundred and fifty miles by rail from Alexandria, and occupies mostly the level plain of the valley, although the southeast portion of the city, including the citadel, is built upon a spur of the Mokkatam or Arabian Mountains. The city proper covers an area that is about eight miles in circumference.

The country around Cairo is exceedingly fertile. At harvest-time the land is one sea of waving grain. The agricultural operations are conducted after the most primitive manner; men and women work in the field together and the same implements are used that were in vogue in the time of the patriarchs. The working teams of the valley of the Nile consist of donkeys, steers, heifers, horses, camels, and dromedaries, unequally yoked together. The laboring men are dressed in a sort of short gown, which leaves the legs and feet mainly uncovered. The women veil their faces, without much regard to their lower extremities, and the children veil but little.

These peasants live in small villages made of mud, which is dried and hard-



THE CITADEL OF SALADIN.

ened by the sun, and these wretched hovels are the dirtiest dens imaginable. Even

within the limits of the city one finds whole streets of these mud houses, with filthy courts, dilapidated windows, and tattered awnings. Such are some of the features of an Oriental city. Yet the general aspect of Cairo is one of magnificence, and as one catches through the greenness of the tall palms, its towering minarets and domes that point not only heavenward but far back into the ages, a feeling of fascination and wonder steals over him.

Cairo has a history of nearly a thousand years. It occupies the site of the ancient Roman city of Babylon, and this

probably accounts for the use of the name as applied to Cairo in all the mediæval writings, the Sultan of Babylon always being synonymous with that of Cairo. Here Amru, the famous conqueror of Egypt for the Caliph Omar, founded a city in 638, to which was given the name of Fostât, it is said from Amru's skin tent (so called in Arabic). This continued to be the capital of Egypt for a space of three hundred and thirty years. In the year 973 it was superseded by a new city founded shortly before by Jauhar, captain of the first Fatimite Caliph, Al Moez, whose army had conquered Egypt in 969. It is said that the new city was originally the camp of Jauhar while besieging Fostât, which gradually grew into a town and took the name of El Kahireh ("vietrix,") whence our Cairo.

This new city, El Kahireh the Victorious, arose quickly to eminence and soon became the home of all that was beautiful and wise and great in Islam. The haughty Bagdad, once so mighty, sank into the dust before the capital of the Fatimite Caliphs, as they were called; for Fatima, the daughter of the Prophet Mohammed, had married Ali, who was head of the house from which Moez and Jauhar descended. These Fatimites, or green Caliphs, so called from the green banner which was carried before them, reigned over Egypt during two hundred years; the last one was killed in his palace by the horse mace of Saladin.

This great Sultan and conqueror was a Turk, a descendant of those fierce tribes that swept down from the deserts beyond the Oxus, to continue the struggle of Moslem against Christian. Never did Frank or Norman encounter a more formidable foe than the Sultan of Cairo, who wrested from them Jerusalem and the Holy Sepulchre, and whose keen cimenter was a match for the weighty battle-axe of Richard. Yet Saladin was generous as he was brave and wise, and the name

of no Moslem shines with a purer lustre than his.

The dynasty he founded was known as that of the Ayoubites, and the reign of ten Sultans distinguished the short and glorious history of their house, which, above all, loved show and splendor. To these Sultans succeeded Bibars Bendocdar (the opponent of St. Louis) and the Mamelukes. Around these last magnificent sons of the desert clings a romance that is fascinating as a love tale deathless as fate. Originally slaves brought by their masters, the Ayoubites, from Circassia, who dressed them in rich glittering garments and called them their Mamelukes, that is "those they had acquired and paid for," they became numerous and daring enough at last to destroy their enfeebled enslavers, and take the sovereignty into their own hands.

They paid nominal allegiance to the Turkish Sultan after 1507, and the last of the powerful race were massacred by Mohammed Ali, in the citadel in 1811, who thus laid the basis of the independence of Egypt.

Mohammed Ali was the greatest beautifier of Cairo since Saladin. He cut new streets through the more crowded districts, and the Ezbekeeyah, the principal square of the city, which had formerly been allowed to lie waste, he transformed into public gardens, with a lake in the centre. Mosques and citadels underwent repair, and Cairo became one of the most beautiful cities of the world. His successors, Ibrahim and Ishmail Pasha, continued the ornamentation and improvement. Gas has been laid down in all the principal streets, and water is supplied by a company to the houses of all those who comply with the necessary regulations. In spite of all these innovations, however, the city largely retains its Oriental character, and in a hundred of its narrow streets it is easy to forget that any change at all has taken place.

The city is surrounded by a wall,

several of the gates of which are elaborately executed. Its towers are as strong as mud and stone can make them. The town was formerly divided into different quarters, separated from each other by gates, which were closed at night. There was a keeper at each gate, who was obliged to open to every person carrying a lamp. As there were no public lamps in the city, every person out after dark was obliged by law to carry one. These regulations fell into disuse only a few years ago.

The houses of the wealthier citizens are built generally in a style of elaborate arabesque, the windows shaded with projecting cornices of graceful woodwork, and ornamented with stained glass. A winding passage leads through the ornamented doorway into the court, in the centre of which is a fountain shaded with palm trees or oleanders. The principal apartment is generally paved with marble; in the centre a decorated lantern is suspended over a fountain, while round the sides are richly inlaid cabinets and windows of stained glass; and in a recess is the *divan*, a low, narrow cushioned seat running round the walls. *Recollections of the Arabian Nights* come to one's mind, as he traverses these courts and Oriental rooms, and even Tennyson's rich description is tame of all the magnificence or these Eastern houses with

"Carven cedarn doors,  
Flung inward over spangled floors,  
Broad-based flights of marble stairs  
Ran up with golden balustrade,  
After the fashion of the time."

The basement story is generally built of the soft calcareous stone of the neighboring hills, and the upper story, which contains the harem, of painted brick. The traveler can hardly believe, as he walks the solid streets and views the massive buildings, that every stone and brick of which the gay city is built was brought there on the backs of donkeys and camels.

The extensive bazaars present a fair array of the merchandise of the East, and about these may be constantly seen the curious and varied drama of Oriental life. The population is polyglot—Turks, Arabs, Persians, Jews, Armenians, Moors, Berbers, Abyssinians, and Europeans. What a discordant jabber of tongues fall upon the ear! What quaint costumes meet the eye! There are the swarthy and almost nude camel drivers; ladies *yashmak'd*, that is, swathed, like mummies, till nothing but their eyes and slippers are to be seen; old Turks with huge turbans and beards of patriarchal dimensions, but sitting at their shop windows with a dignified air, and their legs crossed, regarding with something akin to contempt their younger countrymen as they pass in their nondescript, semi-Europeanized attire, smart fezzes, and black braided, chocolate-colored jackets and trousers; then the peasant women, clad in blue, and carrying upon their heads their water jars, reminding the visitor of that Bible scene when in the radiant sunset the daughter of Bethuel drew water from the well in her earthen pot for the benefit of the white-bearded patriarch and his wearied camels. In the East life is constantly repeating itself.

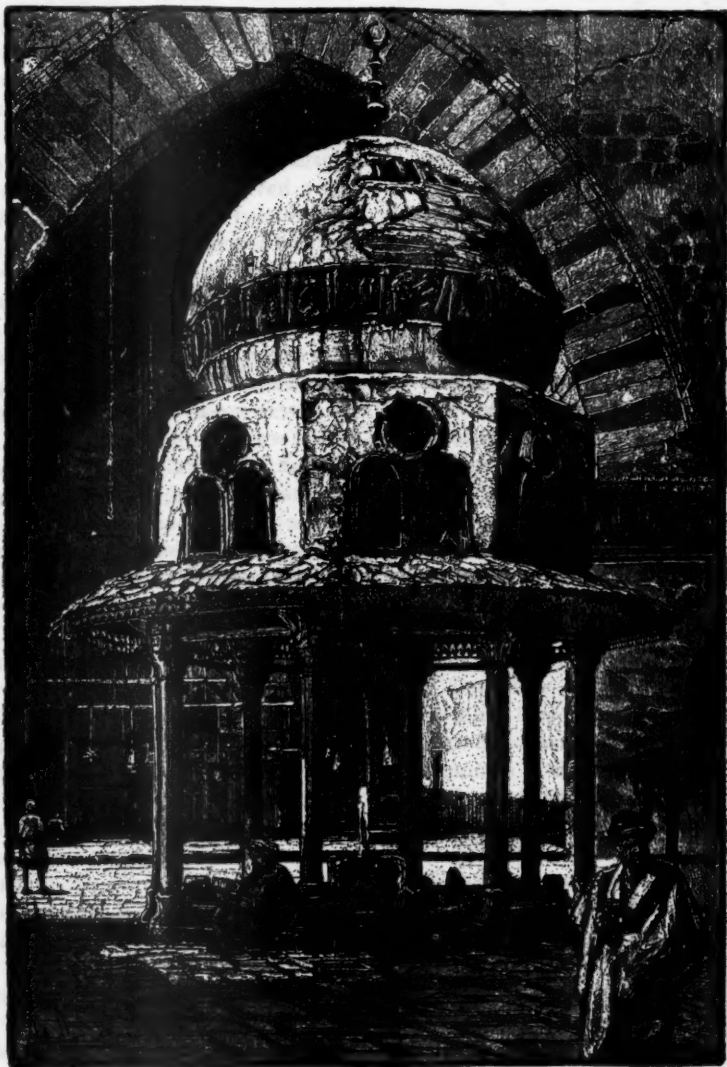
The streets are picturesque and filled with horses and carriages, diminutive donkeys and sober camels—all equally at home, as they bear their respective burdens to their destination. Donkeys, in particular, are numerous. You cannot stir a step without being hailed by a sharp little boy, asking if you do not want a donkey. If he happens to know that you are an American, he will say that he has a capital one, and that his name is "Yankee Doodle!"

The stone walls surrounding the city were built by Saladin about 1166, and so was the citadel, or El-Kalah. The latter has undergone frequent alterations since the great Sultan's day, and now contains the palace of the Khedive, erected by



Mohammed Ali, the mint, government offices, and a mosque of Oriental alabaster, founded by the same Pasha on the site of "Joseph's Hall." The citadel

the rock to the depth of two hundred and eighty feet, intended to supply the citadel in case of siege. It consists of two portions, the upper part being an ob-



COURT-YARD IN THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN HASSAN.

occupies a hill, two hundred and fifty feet above the rest of the city, and must at one time have been almost impregnable. In the centre is a well, cut through

long square, twenty-four feet by eighteen, and one hundred and fifty-five feet deep, and the lower having a similar shape, fifty-one feet by nine, and one hundred and

twenty-five feet deep. The water, which is brackish, and not used for drinking, is raised from the lower well into a basin at the bottom of the upper, whence it is conveyed to the citadel above. It is commonly designated "Joseph's Well," after Saladin, who is said to have constructed it, and one of whose names was also Yusef (Joseph). It is vulgarly ascribed by some writers to the patriarch Joseph.

The prospect from the ramparts of this fortress is one of great magnificence and beauty. Below lies the city, with its strongly built walls and lofty towers, its gardens and squares, its palaces and its mosques, in all the beauty of their delicately carved domes and minarets, covered with fantastic tracery, the port of Bulak, the gardens and palaces of Shubra, the broad river studded with islands, the valley of the Nile, dotted with groups of trees, with the Pyramids on the north horizon, the fields, gardens, and villas on the west, and on the east the barren cliffs, backed by an ocean of sand.

From all points of the city the citadel may be seen towering aloft. There is something magical, almost, in the aerial lightness of its minarets and the magnificent effect of its high walls and lofty towers. The European will think of Asgard, with its marble halls and valhalla of heroes, as he beholds it shining afar in the Eastern sunlight. Its founder builded carefully and thoroughly. The stucco composition may still be found as hard as stone, without a crack or flaw; the floor and ceilings have been comparatively uninjured by the neglect and dilapidation of nearly seven centuries, and the paint retains its color so bright and rich as to be occasionally mistaken for mother of pearl. The mighty walls and gleaming minarets remain to celebrate not only their royal builder, but also as mementos of that Saracenic age of glory when twenty schools made Grand Cairo a chief seat of letters, and the talents of the students were exercised in the perusal

of the royal library, which consisted of one hundred thousand manuscripts.

The boast of Cairo is in its mosques, of which there are said to be four hundred, some of them elegant specimens of Arabian architecture. The most magnificent is the mosque of Sultan Hassan, standing in the immediate vicinity of the citadel. It dates from 1357, and is celebrated for the grandeur of its porch and cornice, and the delicate honeycomb tracery which adorns them. The interior is an unroofed court, having on each side a square recess covered with a noble arch. At the east end is a niche for prayer, and a pulpit with some colored glass vases of Syrian manufacture, bearing the name of the Sultan, suspended on either side. Here, at any hour of the day, may be seen devout Musulmen standing in prayer, or sitting with the Koran spread before them. All around on the walls is the inscription: "Allah il Allah," the vital principle of Mohammedanism. Behind, and forming a portion of the edifice, built of stone, and surmounted with a dome, is the tomb where rests the remains of the Sultan who was slain in his splendid mosque by the swords of his own Mamelukes.

The mosque of Tuleen, founded in 879, contains specimens of the pointed arch, which was afterward introduced into Europe, and is one of the distinguished characteristics of the Gothic style of architecture. The mosque El-Azhar ("The Splendid") is celebrated for the beauty of its architecture, and for a college, to which hundreds of students resort from all parts of the Mohammedan world, and which is the great centre of the study of Arabian literature.

Most of the early Caliphs and Sultans of Cairo have left memorials of their magnificence or their glory in the capital that they loved. In the principal street of the city stands a superb mosque built by the Sultan El-Melik-El-Mansoor, in 1285. This Mameluke ruler was a usurper (that was nothing unusual in those days). He married a daughter of the Sultan Bibars,

and dethroned his brother-in-law. But though he obtained the throne violently his reign was brilliant and successful. He won many victories over the declining Christian kingdom of Jerusalem and was one of the most potent sovereigns of his day. Besides building his fine mosque he established a hospital and mad-house, which for many centuries preserved the memory of the generous temper of the great Mameluke. This charitable institution he is said to have founded as an expiation for great severity toward the citizens in enforcing an obnoxious edict.

Another Mameluke Sultan, El-Mueyad, built the beautiful mosque bearing his name and raised the minarets over the Bab-Zuweyleh in Cairo, held to be among the chief ornaments of the city. His reign extended over the first decades of the fifteenth century, and his name is recorded as that of a king who studied the happiness of his subjects and favored the learned, who counted him among their number.

On the east of the city are the splendid structures erroneously known to Europeans as the tombs of the Caliphs; they really belong to the Circassian or Borgite Mamelukes, a race extinguished by Mohammed Ali. Their lofty gilt domes and fanciful net-work of arabesque tracery are falling to ruins, and the mosques attached to them are the haunts of a few solitary sheikhs and of hordes of Arab beggars.

The beauty and excellence of the religious and domestic architecture of Cairo is unexcelled by that of any other Mohammedan city. The edifices raised by the Moorish kings of Spain and the Moslem rulers of India may have been more splendid in their materials and more elaborate in their details; the houses of the great men of Damascus may be more costly than were those of the Mameluke beys, but for purity of taste and elegance of design both are far surpassed by many of the mosques and houses of Cairo. These mosques have suffered much in the beauty of their appearance from the

effects of time and neglect, but their color has been often thus softened and their outlines rendered the more picturesque. What is most to be admired in their style of architecture is its extraordinary freedom from restraint, shown in the wonderful variety of its forms and the skill in design which has made the most intricate details to harmonize with grand outlines.

Nowhere can the student find better advantages to study the history of Arab art than at Cairo, the most remarkable and the most characteristic of Arab cities. Saracenic architecture, like its contemporary Gothic, has three great periods, those of growth, maturity, and decline. Of the first, according to Reginald Stuart Poole, who has spent many years in the study of the subject, the mosque of Ahmad Ibn-Tooloon, in the southern part of Cairo, and the three great gates of El-Kahireh (the old city), the Baben-Nasr, Bab-el-Futooh, and Bab-Zuweyleh, are splendid examples. The leading forms are simple and massive within the mosque horseshoe arches. The decoration is in friezes and its details of conventionalized foliage. The second period passes from the highest point to which this art attained to a luxuriance promising decay. The mosque of Sultan Hassan, those of Mueiyad and Kala-on, with the Barkoeyeh, in the main street of the old city, and the mosque of Barkook, in the cemetery of Kait Bey, are instances of the earlier and best styles of this period. The forms, though massive, are less simple, and they are admirably adapted to the necessities of space. The decoration is in conventionalized foliage of the most free forms, balanced by exquisite geometrical patterns. Of the last style of this period, the Ghooreeyeh, in the main street of the old city, and the mosque of Kait Bey, in his cemetery, are beautiful specimens. They show an elongation of forms and an excess of decoration in which the florid qualities predominate.

Of the age of decline the finest monu-

ment is the mosque of Mohammed Bey Abou-Dahab, in the old city. The forms are now poor, though not lacking in grandeur, and the details are not as well adjusted as before, with a want of mastery of the most suitable decoration. The usual plan of a congregational mosque is a large square, open court, surrounded by colonnades, of which the chief, often with more rows of columns, faces Mecca (the East), and has inside its outer wall a decorated niche to mark the direction of prayer. In the centre is a fountain for ablutions, often surmounted by a dome, and in the eastern colonnade a pulpit and a desk for readers. When a mosque is also the founder's tomb it has a richly ornamented sepulchral chamber. Of domestic architecture there are a few precious fragments before the age of decline; but most specimens are of the latest period of that age. These are marked by a singular fitness and great elegance in the interiors. The decoration, though inferior to that of the mosques of the best style, is charming for variety and beauty of pattern.

Among the buildings which owe their existence to modern European influence, the Italian opera, the French theatre, and the hippodrome may be mentioned. In Bulak, the port of Cairo, is situated the government printing-press, established by Mohammed Ali, from which numerous Oriental works and translations of French originals are issued from time to time; and in a building by the river-side is accommodated the unrivalled collection of Egyptian antiquities made by M. Mariette for the Khedive. The manuscripts which were formerly scattered among the various mosques and other institutions were recently collected to form a public library, in the palace of the Darb Algamamiz, or Sycamore street. The catalogue already numbers three hundred and fifty pages, and the collection is especially rich in copies of the Koran and works of grammatical exercises.

Cairo is a central station of the overland route to India, and its commerce is extensive. The remarkable resources of the city make it a favorite resort of Italian, Greek, French, Armenian, and other commercial adventurers, and of merchants of all nations. It is connected by rail with Alexandria and Suez, and caravans annually arrive from Darfoor, Sennaar, and Moorzook. Every year an immense caravan assembles in the neighborhood of Cairo to make the pilgrimage to Mecca; and, as the pilgrims generally carry some goods with them for traffic, their departure and return are to Cairo a considerable source of wealth.

The "Victorious City" has undergone several sieges from first to last, and more than once has succumbed to its enemies. In 1171 the Crusaders, under St. Louis, laid siege to Cairo, but accepted a sum of money and withdrew on the approach of a Syrian army. In 1517 it sustained a siege by the Turks, and Tooman Bey, the last of the independent rulers of Egypt, surrendered to the army of Sultan Selim. In 1786 the Turks defeated the insurgent Mamelukes in a battle before the city, and took possession of Cairo, but lost it again in 1790. The French, under Napoleon, captured it in 1798; but though it has been the prize of many conquerors, Cairo is still a queen, a sparkling sovereign of the desert, the proudest and the gayest of Oriental cities.

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom  
Stale her infinite variety,"

and the Arab city sits by the mighty river, looking at the Pyramids and the desert with the same calm air of deathless glory as when the Fatimites sat under the green banner, or Saladin's keen eyes watched from his eyrie in its citadel, or the princely Mamelukes feasted conquered kings in its luxurious courts. Like Rome, it is an "eternal city."

H. MARIA GEORGE.





"A LITTLE MOTHER."

## GRETCHEN'S DREAM.

AH, Gretchen, I fear me much that thy work will not progress as rapidly as could be desired this morning. An idle duster, a far-away look, and a newspaper speaks not of active service, but of a wandering mind and thought far distant from surroundings. Even the dried and dusty specimen of mythology looks down with reproachful glances from its elevated position on the top of the cabinet, wherein reposes many another brother well-preserved in arsenic and feathers.

Where dost thy thoughts wander, Gretchen? Do they float on the wings of the wind far over the stormy, misty Atlantic, toward that land of freedom of whom thy Fritz hath written so much? True, that is a great land there, my Gretchen; great and glorious in its capabilities, broad and comprehensive in its territory, holding out every incentive to honest industry to carve for itself a full success of life. True, indeed, that over its broad mountains and fertile plains is spread a mantle, varied and beautiful beyond comparison; forests flourish in wonderful variety; products of the North and South here combine to load the fleets of Christendom with golden harvest; great fields of minerals, such as thy small experience, my Gretchen, has never dreamed of, spread out their treasures for the industrious. Chance and opportunity hold out their hands on every side to guide and sustain humanity. Thousands of schools fling wide their doors; good libraries open on all sides their treasure of knowledge; there a man may worship God in his own peculiar way, without hindrance from the powers that be; hospitals, beneficial societies of a thousand kinds, spread their Heaven-sent ministrations on every side, while the right of

franchise gives to each and every man a voice in the ruling of the nation. Never truer than now, my Gretchen, ring out the words of the old song, "there's wealth for honest labor," and in no country in which God's sun shines, is there so much to repay an honest workman.

Some day, ere very long, my Gretchen, wilt thou go to this land of freedom, so thy Fritz doth write to thee, and dropping duster and cap, wilt blossom out in last fashion in hat and mantle, wilt lose, I fear me much, thy single-minded service. Perhaps, indeed, thou mayest develop the latent tiger that lies deep down asleep in every one of us. Perhaps, through some strange perverse reasoning, thy Fritz may have ere this convinced himself that there is but one road to fortune, and that of undermining and subverting that government, under which the land has grown and prospered for the last hundred years. Thou art but a little maid from out a far-off corner in the Fatherland, and how can we expect that thou shouldst be wiser than thy lawful head and umpire. Ah, Gretchen, the chances are that thou, like so many of thy sex, wilt love thy Fritz, even though he stand in the clear sunlight of reason and of happiness. Nay, thou mayest even grow to such a hateful stature, as to be able to echo the blood-thirsty cry of the fury, who was not satisfied without the life of innocent victims. Shouldst such a fiend arise in thy heart, the better part of thee may indeed cast ashes on its heart, and sit down calling, "woe! woe!"

Little maid Gretchen, dost thou not know that many as strange things have happened ere this? Hast thou never heard how men of wicked minds and hearts, in which rage naught but ill-will

and hatred to all mankind, who, filled with "envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness," begrudge all others the pleasure that comes from honest well-doing, than in whose eyes nothing is more hateful than a satisfied face and a contented nature? Hast thou not heard that there are many such dangerous beasts of prey in the world, who, not willing to do what is right themselves, expend their efforts in overthrowing the heaven in the hearts of others? Wilt thou ever stop, I wonder, and ask thyself this question, answering afterward through what thine own critical observation demonstrates to thee: "Who in the end are the gainers by such operations, the deluded masses who leer away through ignorant prejudice shipwreck their lives, or those from whom emanate the central idea and stimulus?" Methinks, couldst thou judge dispassionately, and with a full knowledge of all circumstances, there would be but one answer possible. But then thou seest thou art but a little, simple schoolmaid, and know but little of this great world, save thy Fritz, and thy old parents afar off in the Hartz Mountains, whose best of knowledge has been God and their Emperor.

True, in that great western Republic there are many wrongs, but the actual *wrongs of labor* bear but an infinitesimal proportion to the rest. True, there, as well as in thy country, are men and women, more the shame, who sell their souls for gold, that honest men are called upon to vote into a position of trust and honor; men for whom the country and their party might well blush; there great corporations and monopolies inflict foul wrong upon large bodies of people, and true it is, that in many instances the people of this great land sell their glorious heritage for a mess of red pottage.

Ah! sad indeed it is, but true, that the plague-spot of America is greed of selfish interest; and *such* a birthright! Full of good things the mother country

stands, her hands outstretched, to shower God's chiefest blessings upon her children, and dost thou think, my Gretchen, that the Divine spirit of gratitude can harbor in our hearts, if we take with one hand, and fatally stab to the heart with another. Ah, Gretchen, hast thou ever read that legend of thine own delightful Andersen, wherein he tells us of the peasant woman to whom came during a storm a white goose? Dost remember, how the narrator goes on to say, that to the good woman's astonishment one morning the great bird laid for her a beautiful, shining, golden egg, and how each day this continued, until the poor old peasant became rich as any princess? How by and by, the spirit of avarice and discontent entered her heart, and she thought to herself, "why need I wait for this paltry egg coming only day by day?" Observe, my Gretchen, how altered seemed her ideas, that were but so lately astounded at her good fortune. So the poison worked and fermented, until all life seemed changed, and but a cause of discontent. Then darker thoughts came crowding in, and vague whispers were heard by her, of surer, quicker ways of obtaining this wealth, even though the pathway to success was blood-stained by ungrateful crime. And so the potion worked, until little by little, the good was driven out, and in the empty soul-house thus left free from the better spirit took refuge the seven devils of Scripture, until the day the deed was done, the goose laid dead, and nothing was left but a poor, feeble, old woman bemoaning her foolish wickedness, and bereft of all that had made her life easy or comfortable.

Perhaps, my Gretchen, it may even be thus with thee and thy Fritz, though we pray, however, it may not be. One thing, my little maid, thou must remember: It is thy lot, as well as that of other little maids, to become the "mothers of men," and dost thou ever stop to think of these little men-souls that are given



GRETCHEN'S DREAM.



into thy charge? these little impressible minds, presenting a clean, white, *empty* surface, on which is given thee the power to write, in clear, full type, the teachings of thy mind? Small as this influence may seem to thee, thou canst not estimate its force, nor how long it may lay hidden away, apparently forever lost, only that it may suddenly burst into bloom and bear fruit, sometimes the golden apples of Hesperides, fragrant with fair hopes ripening toward their fulfillment, shining with the perfect colors of good-will and truth, or the crimson flower of war and bloodshed, distilling poison as deadly as the Upas tree, and producing a fruit so terrible in its effect, that it would seem to have been born from the sulphuric odors of hell itself. Gretchen, bring up thy sons as *men* and *patriots*, let every drop of blood that courses through their veins bound like a race-horse to the call of honor and country, let them understand that to do right is not for themselves and selfish interest alone, but that humanity is a long, linked chain,

begun in Heaven, and binding earth close to God, and that each human individual is one link in this vast coil, but as each link is as necessary as the other to the continuity of the whole, so one of us cannot do wrong, cannot fall off from an absolute good, that all and every one does not suffer in consequence, whether in a greater or less degree.

Tell thy boys, Gretchen, that the land of their adoption is too good to maltreat; for the sake of the present good, for the sake of the good to come, for the sake of the right and the highest kind of freedom—not *license*—teach thy boys to *revere* *their country and its laws*. Teach all this, and more than I have space to tell thee here, that we may not have that cruelest and most heartrending of spectacles, a glorious land laid low through assassin's steel, a Niobe of nations weeping for her children, who would not when they might, and who, slighting their birthright, have ruined both themselves and their motherland.

H. S. ATWATER.

## THE LAST BULLETIN.

Dead!

What do you mean when you say "He is dead?"

I sense not the message that you bring.

Is the robin carolling in the spring

Dead to our hearts if he cease to sing?

Is the rose whose prayer of bloom is said

Dead when its fragrant soul is fled?

The song thro' the air will endless ring,

The breath of the rose to its name will cling.

Dead!

Speak not that word of loss and dread.

It puts no stop to a life like this.

The victory over Death is his.

Say not that he was. He is! he is!

The flock by its shepherd still is led,

And may not his hand still break the bread

Of the truths by which our souls are fed?

He lived for the race. We shall not miss  
The grace of his latest blessedness.

THOS. H. MUZZEY.

## CHAMP.\*

By M. G. McCLELLAND.

### CHAPTER I.

ALWAYS, from my earliest recollection, I have been earnestly afraid of snakes. The subtle affinity in disposition and properties which misogynists in all ages have pretended to discover and establish between women and serpents, in my case is conspicuously absent, or, by a freak of nature perhaps, has been transformed into an antipathy intensified by acute physical terror. This terror is constitutional and utterly unreasoning, for the tiniest garter-snake that ever wriggled is as potent to inspire it as could be the largest cobra. The difference would not be in kind, but degree, since small reptiles compel me to instant flight, while I have a theory that the sight of large ones would deprive me of volition. The psychical cause of my idiosyncrasy, to me, is misty, the physical effect is pronounced—the sight of a live snake demoralizes me utterly, and even that of a dead one produces decidedly unpleasant sensations.

My weakness is the more remarkable, the more unreasonable, because I was born and raised in the South—the land of lagoons and cane-brakes, the land popularly supposed to be rich in “fens where the serpent feeds.” Opportunities for intercourse ought perhaps to have begotten insensibility; but it did not. As my terror was in the beginning, so it is now, and so it bids fair to continue.

In my childhood, of course, the weakness subjected me to some rough practical joking at the hands of a riotous set of brothers and sisters, and might have entailed considerable suffering, but for the fact that my colored mammy discovered me one day in a nervous convulsion with the corpse of a moccasin snake artistically

coiled on the table in front of me, and reported the case instantly to the domestic authorities. A court-martial was held upon the offender—the brother next me in age—and such pranks were made an indictable and punishable offense. As I grew to womanhood and my rambles about the plantation ceased, occasions for alarm diminished and I outgrew, not the terror itself, but exhibitions of it. And when I came North to live I avoided museums, and snakes, for a time, ceased to be factors in my existence.

The events which resulted in my coming to New York were commonplace and therefore require only passing mention. I was the eldest of eight, and my father's condition might be summed up in three words—debts, difficulties, and children. The possession of a “quiverful” of the last mentioned, which should have given him the courage requisite for speaking with the enemy in the gate, even when that enemy was poverty, did nothing of the sort. My father was a Southerner of the old school, which is equivalent to saying that all realization of the first principles of economy—the use of the material at hand—lay outside of his consciousness. The idea of utilizing the thews and sinews of his sons and daughters in his struggle for existence for us all never entered his mind. His girls must marry, and his boys must have a start of some sort given them—that was the law, established by precedent and, in his eyes, immutable.

And as we grew up and learned something of the gallant fight he was making we respected it, and tried to aid him in every way save the one which would have been patent to people reared under different conditions.

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At eighteen I was considered an unusually pretty girl, so pretty in fact that it was decided to give me a chance for better things than could be afforded by my native parish, and I was sent to a maternal great-aunt down in New Orleans, with sealed instructions, as it were. My aunt lived on the French side of Canal Street and was fully alive to what would be expected of her. My inclinations were not to be forced—but, I was to be held aloof from the fascinations of salaried young men. I was young and very much in love with myself and with the world, and my nature had never been deeply stirred, so within the year I fulfilled the destiny set aside for me by marrying a wealthy New Yorker who had seen me at the Carnival and fallen in love with my pretty face.

Fate was a good deal kinder to me than I deserved, or had any right to expect—or perhaps I was the charge of that "special Providence" which is said to guard those incapable of taking care of themselves. I assumed the duties and responsibilities of matrimony with the same happy heedlessness with which I would have donned a new garment, and the fact that I escaped a hideous misfit arose from neither merit nor management of my own.

My husband was nearly double my age, but that did not seem to matter; he was kind and good and bowed his back in loyal American fashion and took on as many of my family as I chose to inflict on him.

We helped father with the education of the children, and as the boys grew old enough George found situations for them and gave them a start in life. The sister next to me—and very much prettier—married in her second season and went out to California to live, taking with her the next in succession. To plan for and help my own people was a pleasure and an occupation for me. I cared little for society and I was childless. My grief

over this, to me, terrible affliction, was so poignant that my husband concealed his own disappointment and lavished on me additional tenderness, encouraging me to have the children from home as much with me as possible and filling my life with his love and care.

Ten peaceful years glided swiftly by, and then came one of those cyclones of trouble which seize on a life sometimes, and whirl it along with the hurry of events, and twist and bend and distort it into convolutions of which the beginning gives no forecast.

Over the South swept that terrible scourge, yellow fever, and I rushed home, in an agony of fear, to find that death had been before me. My father was dead, my mother raving in delirium, and within a fortnight I had watched the light of life go out for her, and for the three children left still in the old home.

Then my husband sickened, and a night of darkness closed around me, from which I awakened to find myself desolate and a widow.

Then the years moved on full of outward calm and inward unrest. The brothers and sisters left me were prosperous, happy, absorbed in their own lives; they had no need of me, and to myself I seemed terribly alone. I threw into my life such interests as came within my reach, but, like dead leaves blown over the verge of an abyss, they seemed to whirl and eddy to the bottom powerless to fill, or even lessen, the void. For me there was no practical strife for daily living, no necessity for taking thought for the day, or the morrow, no pressure of bodily needs to take the edge off my loneliness. I worked—but from choice, not necessity; and music, painting, modeling, even reading, were, and continued to be, extraneous matter; they did not enter into and absorb my life. I had no genius, and little talent aside from industry; then, too, the muses must be wooed whole-

hearted, and will not yield their best to be used as a stop-gap in a life.

I had been used to the affection and interests of a large family. Some one to love, some one to care for me was a necessity of my being. I missed my people inexpressibly—my parents, the children, my careless Southern home, from which I had never been alienated. And above all, beyond all, I missed that other love which had surrounded me like an atmosphere.

## CHAPTER II.

ONE morning in the autumn of the third year of my widowhood, I was sitting over my desk, working myself into a delirium of disgust and uncertainty over my monthly accounts. My lack of system was "bred in the bone," and thirteen years of thrifty Northern influences had effected few modifications. Every month I wrestled with those hideous accounts, and every month was brought to confusion and shame by them. My books and bills never tallied, and no effort of mine would induce them to tally, and the attempt at verification of items invariably reduced me to a state bordering on idiocy.

On the morning in question, I had reached the stage of bewilderment in which a woman decides to trust to the accuracy of her trades-people, since it is quite beyond her to discover whether they are accurate or not, when the door-bell rang. My hand was on my check-book, and my mind made up to simplify the matter to a question of totals, by the time the door had been opened, but I paused, and turned my head as the sound of a bright young voice came up to me. Then followed a patter of flying footsteps, and I pushed the papers aside and looked up with a smile of welcome as the portiere was jerked aside and Myra Yorke entered.

In speaking, or even thinking of Myra one involuntarily used adjectives. She

was not noisy or awkward or aggressive—only emotional, enthusiastic, and intense. She lived in the neighborhood, and had an infatuation for me great enough to cause her to frequent my house intimately. There had been some jesting talk once or twice about my giving her a latch-key; but Myra herself had interdicted it.

"You'd never feel safe a moment," she averred. "You don't see how I *could* come oftener; but I assure you that consideration for your servants *is* a check. If I had a key you might grow to feel yourself in the very gall of bondage."

Myra advanced with glee in her eyes, and her absurd little nose more wickedly upturned than usual. She had a paste-board box marked "superfine confections," in her hand, and was redolent of importance.

"He's dead!" she announced, as she stooped to kiss me. "He ceased, poor dear, in the watches of the night. I've got him here," and she shook the box, significantly.

"Got what?" I questioned, rather startled. "Who's dead?"

"Tom. I've got the corpse. Do you want to see it. You needn't be afraid! 'Tisn't grewsome!"

She lifted the lid and exhibited the mortal remains of a small green parrot lying on a bed of pink cotton.

"Harsh, isn't it, and a bit gaudy," observed Myra, in allusion to the contrast in color. "It sets your teeth on edge because of the red feathers in his tail. They don't harmonize with this shade of pink. I couldn't do any better, though. My jeweler never provides for emergencies."

"An accident?" I ventured.

"No; an apoplexy—which robs the situation of pathos. Deceased is the victim of hemp seed and ginger-snaps soaked in sherry. Why don't you ask, 'Who saw him die,' like the rook. That point is important, for I'm likely to be accused



of murder, direct or indirect. Sister is away, you know, and Tom was left in my charge. His death will be 'a blow,' and when sister has got a blow the recoil affects the family."

Myra's ridiculous little face twisted itself into an expression of stolid endurance that made me laugh in spite of the solemnity of the occasion and the presence of the corpse. Myra's step-sister was, to put it mildly, a bit difficult to live with.

"I won't have even the support of the fly's testimony," pursued Myra; "for, as I told you, his little heart did flutter and grow still in the silence of the night. When I opened my eyes this morning, his corpse lay out on the golden sand in the bottom of the cage with its claws crumpled up and its beak wide open. For a moment I was sorry I had never loved poor Tom, and then it came over me that his death to-day was the disagreeable climax of a disagreeable life. If only he could have put it off till to-morrow."

"Why?"

"Sister comes on the 5.30 train this afternoon."

"What are you going to do?" I demanded, a wild notion of fleeing from the wrath to come, swinging through my brain.

Myra looked resolute. "I'm going to match him," she declared; "to match him at once, and I want you to help me. I shall exhaust this town, and Brooklyn, and Jersey City, and all the adjacent villages in my efforts to find a little green parrot with three red feathers in his tail, a spiteful disposition and an over-weening love for hemp and sherry."

"Wont honesty be the best policy?" I demurred. "It's the eye of affection, remember."

"Certainly," Myra assented, her eyes twinkling; "other people's honesty. For myself, I'm a coward, pure and simple. I prefer a living lie, a base ingenu-

ous fraud. It's what I live for just at present. The crime ought not to be difficult. Poor Tom had no accomplishments; he was dull beyond the measure of birds, and his markings are not uncommon."

"Have him stuffed, and tell."

"No: duplicated and be dumb."

"She'll find you out!"

"I'll risk it! If we can't find his twin anywhere, I'll make a virtue of necessity; but I'm going to try first. Do come, Mrs. Winn! I always rely on you in situations that try men's souls. Shall I get your bonnet?"

I yielded. I always yield to Myra. She is one of the overpowering little women who are apparently born to have their own way. I put on my things and we went out together. Myra insisted on my carrying the box, alleging that for a member of the family to perform such an office would be unseemly, and hinting that the strain on her feelings was getting intense, and that she might break down and make a scene if she had him.

Myra knew of a very interesting bird place down on — Street, which would serve as an objective point in our quest. Thither we repaired, to find that disappointment would be our portion. The bird-fancier was very polite and very regretful. He turned the dead bird in his hand and examined its plumage, and grieved to say that birds of that species were so little in demand that his stock was small, and just now was reduced to four, not one of which had a bit of red in his tail. Were the red feathers indispensable? His birds were handsome birds.

But Myra would not hear of a bird without a red tail, nor was she to be beguiled by specious talk of the superior intelligence of the larger sorts. She wanted a dull bird—dull to idiocy—and, moreover, very greedy and spiteful. The man (he was a foreigner) lifted his shoulders and spread his hands abroad,

with the palms up, and even to effect a sale could not bring himself to deprive his birds of character.

Then he directed us to the shop of an importer in the lower part of the city, whom he represented as a man of cunning in birds, an ornithologist of no mean reputation, and likely to have what we wanted, if it was to be found in New York. The trouble would be not to get a bird of that species, but to duplicate that particular bird.

We found the place without much difficulty, and very dirty and unpromising it appeared. A high and narrow youth, who reminded me unpleasantly of Harold Skimpole, and disseminated a faint odor of guano, came forward and inquired our business. His tone carried a suggestion of "the services will be continued at the grave," and when Myra briskly demanded little green parrots with red tails, I felt like rebuking her levity.

The youth gazed on our bird and then on us, with an expression which tended to convey the impression that this species of parrot had been extinct for centuries, and that we ought to have known it. Then he gradually drifted away into an inner room, holding poor Tom as if he were a dynamite cartridge.

"I don't believe they've got one," quoth Myra. "It's those odious red feathers. And they're the apple of sister's eye."

"That ghostly boy doesn't know what they have," I responded. "Ah! here comes somebody else."

The inner door opened again, and an old man, whom I took to be the proprietor, came forward with Myra's bird in his hand. His appearance was extremely interesting and so precisely like the pictures of old bird-fanciers, with which art exhibitions have familiarized us, that I could not help wondering if he had done it on purpose. The ragged, gray locks, the broad, white beard, the brimless cap

of dingy red, the carpet slippers, brown apron and big spectacles were all there, and only the high-backed chair with the parrot perched on it, the flamingo and the monkey, were needed to make the picture complete. He looked like a foreigner, and, involuntarily, we braced ourselves for intellectual effort, but, to our relief, when he spoke, his voice was soft and pleasant, and his English comprehensible.

He passed behind the counter.

"You wish a bird of this species?" he inquired.

"I want to match *that* bird," replied Myra. "As nearly as possible, I want to duplicate him."

The bird-fancier bent his head and glanced up over his spectacles so artistically, that I longed to applaud.

"A pet?" he queried.

Myra assented.

He examined the bird closely.

"The bird is here; but I don't know about a perfect match. Birds have individuality, like people. It is hard to find two birds exactly alike. However, we will try. Come this way, please—into the other room."

We followed him into a small room, a sort of sitting-room, or office, where he would have left us, but Myra insisted on going with him. She wanted to see the birds herself, she said—this matter was important.

"Don't come, Mrs. Winn," she whispered, pushing me into a chair. "You look tired to death, and it's sure to be dirty and *smelly*. We may have to go through all sorts of incantations, too, putting red feathers in, or pulling them out. Stay here and rest. I won't be any longer than I can help."

Then they went away through a door in a recess by the fire-place. The room was small and dingy; the corners of the ceiling were filled with dusty cobwebs, the homes of fat, hairy spiders; the floor was bare; in one angle of the walls stood

a corner cupboard, and a fire sulked in a limited grate. The window was filled with cages, some empty, some with birds in them—canaries, paraquets, and larks. They were not singing, and looked *caged*, poor things! On a table, near at hand, was a large cage filled with Java sparrows, and on that, another, smaller cage, in which was a mocking-bird.

My eyes wandered around the room, and encountered, near the door opening into the shop, a tall, dark object, like a photographer's camera. A slight noise attracted my attention to the corner beyond, where I discovered a monkey in the act of untying the cord with which he was fastened to a ring in the wall. I am not afraid of monkeys, and the little fellow gave me a glance of such comical intelligence that I had not the heart to betray him. It looked so dark and lonesome in his corner, and there was no mischief he could do, except let out the birds, which I could, of course, prevent. In response to my reassuring smile he skipped nimbly across the floor, and extended a withered paw, as he had been trained to do, and when he had shaken hands betook himself to the enjoyment of his liberty.

He climbed up on the mantel, where he found an apple, which he ate, and then a cup of water, and a jar of seed. He was about to mix the two together when I clapped my hands at him, and frowned and made as though I were capable of unheard-of atrocities, whereupon the little fellow leaped down and hid himself behind the veiled object near the door.

The sparrows began to hop about and grow more cheerful, and the mocking-bird jumped up on his perch and chirped. I whistled to him, and he whistled back. Then I tried him with some of the wild bird notes, with which I knew he must have been familiar in his Southern home. The poor little exile turned his head and listened, then he fluttered his wings, and,

perhaps, his home-sick heart was touched, for he took up the notes one by one and repeated them. I bent over his cage and talked to him softly, as I used to talk to the birds that haunted the old magnolias at home, and he answered, understanding all I said to him, and anxious to unburden his soul to a compatriot.

And back to me came visions of Southern nights, the whisper of wind among moss-laden branches, the bend of starry skies, the glory of moonlight, and the perfume of jessamine and orange flowers. The bird understood, and his eye grew bright, his little frame trembled, and he finally steadied himself on his perch, threw back his head, and poured forth his soul in melody.

In my interest I had forgotten all about the monkey, and it was only when I heard a sudden scrambling and scurrying, accompanied by a sharp, scolding chatter, that I remembered that the capabilities of monkey nature were to me an unknown quantity. I glanced hastily around, expecting to see the place in flames, to find the little wretch enthroned upon the mantel, scolding volubly, and throwing everything he could lay his hands on at some object on the floor.

At first, I could not make out what it was; then I looked closer, and my blood all seemed to rush back to my heart with a thrill of agony, and then dash through my veins tumultuously. On the floor, in the open space between me and the door leading into the shop, lay a horrible, writhing mass of serpents. To my panic-stricken gaze there seemed to be dozens of them, and they twisted and tangled, and then began to untangle and spread themselves about. The dark cloth lay in a heap where the monkey had thrown it, and the door of the glass case was open; besides the snakes on the floor, there were two more just crawling out. They hung in the air writhing themselves in hideous contortions, and, as I looked, one fell to the floor with a thud, and, with a

single movement of his sinuous body, coiled, and reared his crest with a sibilant hiss, and shot out his forked tongue like a tiny flame. My terror was so intense that I lost all reasoning faculty, and became an incarnate impulse. The instinct of flight dominated my being, and yet there was an undercurrent—an emotion, vague, but insistent, which caused me to grasp the cage containing the mocking-bird. I must fly, but I could not leave him—he was of my home. Of the other birds, whose danger was quite as imminent, I had no thought at all.

It seemed to me that the door in the recess was in another hemisphere, and that I was years in reaching it, although, in reality, I could not have been a second. It opened into a square hall with a big window at one end, grimy and unsightly with dirt and cobwebs. There was no mode of egress save the elevator at one side and a stairway leading upward at the other. One glance at the elevator showed me the ropes vibrating, but whether with the ascent or descent I was too terrified to discover. My desire to put distance and barriers between me and the snakes increased with each passing instant, and I turned to the stairway as a deer takes to water when the breath of hounds is hot on her flanks.

Upward, and still upward I raced, losing all count of stories, and following blindly the lead of the staircase. It ended in a long corridor, down which I sped to a door at the further end which stood half open. I pushed it wide, dashed in, turned, threw it together again, and locked and bolted it. There was a sudden exclamation of "*The devil!*" delivered with a sharp and interrogatory inflection; but I was past all heeding. There was a table near at hand, and on it I placed the bird cage; then everything grew black before me, and wavered and writhed as the snakes had done, and I clasped my hands over my eyes and staggered forward.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN I came to myself it was with a sense of peace and security. Something soft touched my face, like a child's hand, and there was a fragrance as of flowers; a strong arm was slipped under me and I felt myself lifted and laid higher on the pillows. I would not open my eyes, fearing to dispell the security, but I moved my hands, and in a far-off way heard a man's voice say:

"That's good! She's coming round. Carefully, my child!—You'll spill the stuff all over her! Here, let father have it."

Then the fragrance grew stronger, and I knew that some one was bathing my forehead with cologne.

When I unclosed my eyes they encountered the gaze of other eyes—dark blue, kindly, and fringed with heavy, dark lashes. They were set in a man's face, and a big figure bent over me, and, in a dim way, I felt that I was being taken care of. Then the face grew more distinct, and I realized a broad white forehead, wavy chestnut hair, a red beard, and the very worst built nose I had ever seen. I gazed up at it fascinated, wondering childishly whether it would not look better if the man's head could be reversed, and set on his shoulders upside down. Whether my thought was legible in my countenance or not, I do not know, but the blue eyes suddenly dived down into mine, scintillated with mirth, the dark figure straightened itself, and a roar of laughter filled the room. I laughed too, hysterically, and a little child who sat against the pillows gave a crow of delight.

"Pretty bad, isn't it?" the gentleman queried, genially. "But you see I wasn't the architect. That part of the pot 'got marred' the making, so you'll have to excuse it. How do you feel?—a little shaky still? Never mind, keep quiet a moment and you'll pull together all right. 'Twas a nasty faint while it lasted. Do you often do that sort of thing?"



"What sort of thing?" I questioned, crossly, feeling irritated without a reason.

Then I struggled into a sitting position, conscious that I was in a strange room, lying on a strange bed, with my wraps off, my dress unfastened, and my long hair streaming over everything; conscious also that a strange man was regarding me with interest, not unmingled with pride and self-gratulation. He seemed to be telling himself that he was a very clever fellow, and had managed a difficult case with consummate skill.

My emotions grew complex. I wanted to laugh, and was nettled, and then a hideous wave of nervousness swept over me, causing me to catch my breath, and turn my face to the pillow and break into a tempest of sobs.

There was a muttered ejaculation—"By Jupiter!" and a large, strong hand patted my shoulder and stroked my hair, and a kind voice said, soothingly, as one speaks to a child:

"There—there! I wouldn't fret if I were you. Whatever it is, it's all over now. Don't cry any more. The danger's all past. Tell father—Hold on!—I beg your pardon!"

I cried harder than ever, then sat up and stared at him, holding back the hair from my wet cheeks with both hands. He looked so preternaturally grave and concerned that the absurdity of the situation struck me, and I came near going off into hysterics again. The gentleman's face expressed consternation, which slowly merged into approval as I fought for self-control.

"That's it," he commended. "That's plucky. You have got an unruly team to manage, but keep a steady pull on the reins, and you'll have 'em in hand in a minute. The other thing is appalling! It breaks me all up, and I'm not sure I came up to the situation in good order."

Then the baby created a diversion. She was curled up like a kitten, and had a wicker-covered flask in her lap. Smil-

ing up at me with her bonnie eyes she pulled the stopper out and extended the bottle.

"It's dood," she said, "smell it, make her feel better!"

I took the bottle and baby too, and the gentleman turned away and went over to the window and sat down with his back to the bed.

Baby and I made friends, and then I got up and went to the wash-stand and bathed my face and arranged my hair and dress. As I did so I examined the room in the mirror which hung above it. It was a good-sized apartment, comfortably but not elaborately furnished; the floor was carpeted; the windows were curtained, and near one of them stood a plant-stand holding some thrifty geraniums. On the walls were pictures and the bureau had an embroidered pin-cushion on the slab and perfume bottles on the brackets. These things spoke of feminine occupancy as loudly as did the crib beside the bed, and the presence of the baby. Then other signs became apparent which caused the feminine influence to recede and give place to another. The corners were dusty; the pin-cushion had been pushed aside to make room for a heterogeneous mass of papers, books, and wearing apparel; the curtains were no longer fresh and the air was tinctured with a suggestion of stale tobacco smoke. That a woman had occupied the room was evident, and it was equally evident that a woman occupied it no longer.

The child had slipped down from the bed and followed me to the wash-stand. She stood on tip-toe, holding to my dress with one hand and trying to reach the soap-dish with the other; her eyes and the top of her curly head were just above the slab. I moved everything out of reach.

The little face clouded ominously, then cleared, as if by magic; an artless pair of eyes were lifted, and she said with wonderful distinctness: "Baby fordot—

say—if you please, farder. Now, give her de fing."

Instead I lifted her in my arms and showed her the mocking-bird. The cage stood where I had placed it, and the bird regarded me with an air of acquaintance and chirped and fluttered his wings as though congratulations on our escape were in order.

"What is baby's name?" I questioned, feeling some curiosity, but more with the object of letting the gentleman know that he might come forward and receive the explanations, apologies, and thanks of his unceremonious visitor.

At the sound of my voice he turned, and beholding me clothed and in my right mind, rose and came toward me.

"She'll tell you—Shant" he smiled, for the child had paid no heed to my question. "She doesn't mean to be rude, but she can't do any better. Her name is Champ—Champ Morris."

"Virginia Comedians!" I exclaimed, "you are from the South!"

Mr. Morris laughed amusedly.

"Is that deduction from the premise of my girl having a boy's name, or because the name was taken from a novel?" he queried. "No, I'm not a Southerner—you are; by the way, your speech betrays you. I am that most uninteresting of animals, a New York journalist, bred and born and reared in the smoke and din of the city," he paused, then added, "my wife was from the South—from Virginia."

That "was" explained the contradictions of the room. His wife was dead, perhaps. I glanced around pitifully, then bent and kissed the child in my arms. Mr. Morris gave me a glance of comprehension and pushed a chair forward.

"She's too heavy for you," he said, gently, "sit down a moment."

I complied, not feeling it strange at all, and more drawn toward the child in my arms than I had been toward anything human for many months. When she put

up her hand to my cheek, and laughed and chattered, there was a look in her eyes that brought back the children at home. In some occult way she seemed to belong to me, to become identified with my life, as, in a lesser degree, the mocking-bird had done. My heart warmed to her, and the thought that in a few moments I must go away and leave her was positive pain.

The unconventionality of the episode did not strike me until afterward. The place felt so cheery—so home-like, after the emptiness of my own house. And Mr. Morris was so simple and straightforward, so devoid of self-consciousness, and so ugly with all, that I seemed to have known him for years—to be simply renewing an acquaintance formed in some previous state of existence. His quiet acquiescence in the violent intrusion of an unknown female, with its attendant circumstances, invested the affair with an impersonal, commonplace atmosphere that was reassuring.

"What did you think?" I questioned, after I had given him a graphic account of the scene in the room below, and of my terror. "That I was a mad woman or a fugitive from justice?"

"Perhaps a little of both," he smiled; "or would have if I'd had time to think at all. 'Twas a unique experience, you know; there was no precedent established in my mind, so I had to open a brand-new line for you, and before it could get into working order you fainted, and I became too frightened to do anything but pick you up. I'd have fainted myself or run away but for the example to Champ. It was a stern regard for my duties as a father that made me stand my ground."

"Yes. The paternal idea was uppermost," I remarked demurely; "I noticed it."

We both laughed, and the bird, putting his head on one side, mocked us merrily. The baby clapped her hands, and pointed and shouted "Do it adain!"

Then I dispatched Mr. Morris to rec-

onnoiter, and also to discover what had become of Myra. He returned presently with the information that the snakes had swallowed all the Java sparrows and were safe in their cage sleeping off the debauch; that the monkey was in disgrace and durance, and that my friend, thinking that I had made my escape through the shop, had gone home in search of me. The baby clung around my neck, clamorous for me to remain with her, and pressing her warm, bright cheek to mine. The pang I felt when I

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

put her into her father's arms surprised me, and when he put me into the elevator with a cheery word and smile, and bade Champ kiss her hand to me, a sea of loneliness seemed suddenly to encompass me, isolating me from all my kind. And when the mocking-bird glanced up and whistled interrogatively, I could not answer him because of a lump in my throat and a mist before my eyes, which made the head of the elevator man bob up and down, and duplicate itself generally.

**WAVERERS.**—Among the practical moralities of life the habit of prompt decision should hold no mean rank. But few persons fully appreciate how much saving of time, how much personal comfort, how much actual success and happiness is involved in it; indeed, it is chiefly through the evil effects of its neglect that we estimate its value. It is not uncommon to meet with people who seem to be nearly destitute of this quality. On the most trivial question they will pause to consider and to make qualifications. If asked their opinion of some new book or new enterprise, of the prospects of business or the harvest, or a candidate for office, they tire out the most patient listener. If any one asks of them a favor, they cannot decide whether to grant or to refuse it; and so long do they hesitate that the petitioner would often be glad to withdraw the request. Two different courses are open to them, and they spend so much time in comparing them that they can follow neither to advantage. Those who value their time cannot waste it in waiting for them, and after much delay and

irritation, they leave such indecisives to themselves. In fact, their whole lives seem to be a series of waverings that end in no definite result except disappointment and inaction.

**"TIFFS."**—What absurd little things people quarrel about! What trivial matters cause ill-feeling in families! The mutton being roasted too little or the beef too much, an opinion about the temperature of the house or the style of curtains that ought to be bought for the front windows, the definition of a word or its pronunciation, are not topics worth a quarrel when peace and good-will are of so much importance in the home. A little ill-feeling is like a little seed that may grow into a large tree which will shadow the whole house. Many a man and woman must look back with regret on the hasty word or the cold reproach which was the entering wedge that split a household in two; and yet how few make a point of uttering the soft word that turneth away wrath!

## AN INCIDENT IN JULIAN DAME'S LIFE.

THIS is not the history of a life, but of an incident which had, however, an influence. We cannot always tell from what seeming happening the strongest influence may come. We sometimes go out from the solemn act of worship, cold; and are thrilled with a sudden touch of heavenly brotherhood in the most common intercourse. The garment of life is not of our weaving nor its body of our fashioning.

Julian Dame, the young owner of the mills at B., and his friend the rector of St. Luke's, were talking together one evening. The tall elms overhead murmured with their myriad leaves as a cool breeze blew, and they heard also the placid flow of the river. The tall mill chimneys were not visible from Julian's grounds, and the dust and whirr of the works there were shut out.

"You have not given up your enthusiasms," said the rector.

Julian laughed good-humoredly as he replied: "This enthusiasm, this doctrine of human brotherhood belongs to the Church. Why not then the science of social conditions? Have you not found that Paul taught in the deepest sense a radical and heavenly socialism?—for I don't know what else to call it, if not that."

"That sounds like Helen," said the young rector, with a smile, "only she doesn't theorize; she works. Half of my parish work is in her hands now."

"I did not know she was a member of your Church," exclaimed Julian, and then wished he had not spoken.

"She is not—yet," said the rector, gravely, and then, as if fearing he had been disloyal by implication, he went on: "It is the only thing about Helen that I would be willing to have changed."

There was a strong natural affection

between the brother and sister, though little likeness. Laurence thought he possessed a religious experience and knowledge which Helen had not yet attained, but, though he did not know it, she was his conscience in all practical affairs. In no other did she ever interfere. The kingdom of God, to Laurence's mind, came through observation, and his test of religion was an external one. Because he was a member of the Church, and she was not, he habitually regarded himself as religious, and, while acknowledging with real humility her superior height and loveliness of spirit, he thought of her as lacking in this one thing, and grieved with wonder that it was so.

But Julian's thought had reverted to the original topic.

"The Apostle Paul has altogether the right of it when he talks of our being—all of us, of every nation, rank, and degree—one living man. Don't you remember?"

"Now are they many members, yet but one body. And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you," and "There should be no schism in the body; but the members should have the same care one for another. And whether one member suffer, all the members suffer with it; or one member be honored, all the members rejoice with it."

He has bared his head as if he were in church, while he repeated these words in a voice that was low, but thrilled and vibrated with the power of suppressed emotion. Laurence Clayton envies him that voice. "What a gift it is," he thinks, musing on its effect on the congregation of St. Luke's, "and how little need he has of it."



Julian broke again into a laugh, boyish and mellow, but there was a suspicious moisture about his dark eyes as he resumed in his ordinary tone:

"I am trespassing on your lines, old fellow, but, don't you see, it is the human brotherhood that sets all things straight and even? That is the communion in which all hurts are healed and enmities forbid, and whose life quickens every separate nerve and fibre to common activity. By my soul, Laurence, you have a grand gospel to preach. I could wish myself in your place for the telling of it."

The young minister glanced around at the exquisite grounds. From the turn in the walk where they stood they could see the servants in the wide halls and parlors noiselessly lighting the lamps that sent out a soft glow into the shadows of the summer night. He thought of the somewhat scantily appointed and close rooms which he occupied, and an affectionate sarcasm touched the corners of his mouth and gleamed in his eyes.

"Indubitably," he replied. ("Indubitably" has rather a fine sound, I think, Julian. I usually find it convincing to the average mind), this is a beautiful figure of speech, full of strength and intensity—"

"A figure of speech!" exclaimed his friend, not noticing his jest. "Why, it is the only reality, Laurence. We *are* all living parts of one another, whether we will admit it or not, suffering, striving, growing, possessing together, or humanity is a failure. Don't you see that, Laurence?" and he paused. He was terribly in earnest.

"Theoretically, I do," answered the rector, in a graver tone. "Practically—I will be frank with you, Julian—I do not see my way to any practical realization of it. You will not be able to render it actual or real, especially in this day of anarchism and socialism. The truth is, Julian, it's an anachronism. I had a very interesting talk recently with our

bishop upon this very subject, and he drew my attention in a very philosophical manner to the point of changed social conditions requiring very different treatment from the primitive conditions of the earlier centuries. It is the great scientific principle of adaptation, you know."

Julian had lifted his head impatiently, and his eyes kindled with a deeper light.

"Oh! I grant you different conditions and different processes, but one life, one common life of humanity, and it grows. If one doubts it, there is practical proof. Guilds of the Middle Ages, communes, republics, all point toward it, with sharp accentuations of revolts and uprisings, which are evil, indeed, but act as a ferment to throw out the unliving principles. It is astonishing how slow the Church is in recognizing practically what it has always held doctrinally. I tell you Paul is more of a Republican, more of a Communist than any of the Socialistic writers to-day. Of course, I don't mean in the vulgar sense of the division of property and abolition of social forms, but in a higher sense."

Laurence smiled; worldliness for him consisted in a large income and its accompanying luxuries, and unworldliness in small rooms and straightened means. From this habit of mind it resulted that his knowledge of human nature in the rich was active chiefly in tracing out some hidden motive of self-interest. He thought he detected this in Julian's last sentence, but his smile was not unaffectionate, and he quickly said in earnest:

"I am very glad you are interesting yourself in the common people just now. We need aid from the upper classes sadly—no, not your purse this time"—for Julian's hand with a quick movement sought his pocket—"but some personal aid. Will you take a class of working-people at our rooms Sunday afternoon? We need another teacher."

Julian readily agreed.

It proved to be an interesting class, made up of various elements. Old men and boys were in it, and women of different ages. Some had stolid and dull faces and wandering eyes, but others had looks of keen intelligence and questioning.

There was one girl whose face especially impressed Julian Dame. It was so mobile to every light of thought or shade of emotion, and there was a peculiar tenderness in the wistful eyes, and in the sweet and uncertain tones of the hesitating voice.

One afternoon the chapter had been the seventh chapter of Luke—the story of Simon the Pharisee and the woman “who was a sinner.”

He had not explained it as Laurence Clayton would have done, as referring to different classes of characters. On the contrary, he said the Pharisee and the sinner were alike erring and without life in themselves, and the only difference was that the one resented and denied this fact of his inherent beggarliness, and the other humbly acknowledged it. He had spoken simply and well, and pressed home the practical conclusion that such acknowledgment takes an actual and living form of service.

“We cannot, indeed, visibly anoint the head of the beloved Master with oil, but we can do more—we can deal tenderly with our human brethren, who are our brethren simply because of His Infinite Fatherhood to all men. We cannot with these corporeal hands wash the dust from His sacred feet, or impress our kisses upon them, but we may keep back from wandering into deeper mire the feet that He has made; we can care that these go astray. And if we love Him, we will do these things.”

There was a little hush in the room as his voice ceased; and then, almost diffidently, with shuffling tread, they began to rise and go out. One man nudged another, and laughed jeeringly, but no one spoke, and the eyes of the young woman

whom Julian had noticed in the farthest corner, that seemed to set as a frame to her touched face, were full of tears. Indeed, they fell upon her hands as she went out, and the woman next her said in a rough, but not unkindly voice:

“Sally, you are a fool! Don’t you know ’tis the gentlefolk’s way of talking on Sundays? They save precious little of it for week days.”

Julian had asked Laurence afterward about her, and had heard a story that was pitiful enough. Sally Purcell had been sworn at and cuffed and turned out-of-doors times unnumbered by a wretched creature, whose relation to her was rather difficult to establish, had any one felt an interest in the genealogies of the slums; and now, when Sally was a strong, able-bodied girl, getting good wages, she hung upon her parasitically for food and shelter and clothes. She seemed to be a creature made up merely of animal appetites and needs. Surely the vileness of this, when the creature is human, confutes the materialistic thought of man! For they are not hideous in the animal, only in what might have been higher.

Sally did not disallow Granny’s claim upon her. She was one of those natures blindly tender and tenacious, to whom even the recurrent familiarity of blows and hard usage in past years wears the semblance of such claim as most habits assume. She not only worked for Granny, but she voluntarily and in spite of the derision and ill-prophecies of her acquaintances, took the charge of another waif, Bill, a blind boy, who had lost his sight in an accident at the mills, and was no longer able to earn anything for himself. Bill was vicious and lazy, and it was hard work to keep Granny and Bill from ill-treating each other. Sally was often harassed with the vain effort to devise ways by which it might be evidently for the interest of each to keep the peace. It was vain, for both understood her weakness, and had far more leisure for

devising counter schemes to fret and torment each other.

The Rev. Laurence Clayton told the story in a picturesque, and even sympathetic way, though he dismissed Julian's eager suggestions as impracticable.

But all Julian Dame's social interests were not confined to the lower strata; and by what seemed an irony of fate the woman who interested him was as far removed from any thought of a whole living humanity, or care for it, as could be conceived. Such a love would have been as unintelligible to her culture as it would have been to the ignorance of the foul-mouthed and untidy old creature whom the mill-hands called "Granny," for lack of any other individual designation. For no matter what may be the external conditions—whether the *habitat* be a palace or a slum—the mental habit of egotism dwells on the outer and lifeless edge and rim of life, and is equally remote in either from its spiritual centre. It is quite conceivable that either in the heavens or the hells a slave and a prince may consort together in closest companionship, and be unconscious that it was ever otherwise.

Miss Lily Catherwood, the woman whom Julian Dame admired, was young and most daintily fair.

One day, as she was playing for Julian and for Helen Clayton some light rippling music from one of Mendelssohn's Spring Songs, he heard in the distance the shrill sound of the whistle at the mills, the signal for the dismissal of the hands.

He knew, as if he were seeing it, how, at that moment, the doors of the mills were pouring out this dark stream of human beings, not pleasant to look at with their red and coarse faces, and their dusty and untidy clothes. The drops of the dark tide are beginning to spatter now, in the shape of individuals here and there, even on retired streets like this, and seem a blot on their orderliness and stillness.

His companion shrugs her shoulders slightly as she glances at them out of the open windows, but Julian does not notice it, so absorbed is he by his own thoughts.

He suddenly turns to her—she is so lovely, that he thinks, making the immemorial mistake of man, that she must needs be loving, and says with a blush, for Julian has still a boyish trick of blushing when he speaks of his more serious feelings:

"Do you know—I cannot express it very well—but I feel as if my working people were really me—a part of me?"

She looks at him. His dress, his manner, his appearance are irreproachable, even to Miss Catherwood's fastidious tastes, and then glances at the uncouth, slouchy figures of the mill-hands as they go by. She breaks into a low laugh.

"Do you? How uncomfortable that must be! Pardon me, but you are so odd, so original!"

Helen's eyes met his. "I understand," she said; then blushing for having seemed to put Lily aside, she added: "Lily has not had parish work to do yet, as I have. Any one who knows Sally Purcell must have great hope for these people."

"And Granny? And Bill?" he asked, smiling, but with a hope she would not follow his suggestion. "These do not give you hope, surely?"

"No," she answered, a little shadow falling across her face, "but they do not make me despair. You can reach low needs, if not high ones. They like to be warm," and she laughed and looked up.

Julian sighed. "That is the pity of it. Think of childhood and old age with only the animal nature alive in them."

The pity of it was in Helen's tender eyes, but she did not speak.

"I see nothing else," he continued half-impatiently, but as if urging her to show him more.

"We see nothing else," she repeated gently, but her emphasis on the first word and her tone gave a different meaning,

as if there were in her thoughts the Divine Love, with its far deeper insight. It was as if she had put hope instead of despair.

He turned eagerly toward her, but Lily Catherwood broke in with a light remark, and drew the current of the conversation toward herself.

Evidently the social science had no interest for Miss Catherwood, but it possessed Julian Dame like a burning desire. He made a pretext of some of his old scientific pursuits to make long excursions into the country around B., but he studied social conditions only. Alone in the still woods the brotherhood of man no longer seemed an anachronism, as Laurence called it. It seemed so sometimes at the mills, and this he recognized as the weakness of his grasp upon its practical laws. Musing upon the economic principles and the right adjustment of these too strained human conditions, he draws near the old bridge below the town. It is a fair scene, although he has not noticed it—the one dark arch of the bridge distinctly defined against the waning orange of the sunset sky, with the tender green of the wide meadow below, from which came the faint, subtle fragrance of hidden meadow flowers, the more delicious because of their faintly breathed sweetness. He noticed the dark figure of a woman—she looked very tired—leaning against the railing of the bridge. She had a bundle of herbs that she had been gathering in the meadow, and when she raised her head as he passed he saw it was Sally Purcell.

A sudden impulse made him stop and speak to her. He remembered Clayton's pathetic story of the young life weighed down by the support of the vicious and helpless creatures, and her wretched and harassed life with them, and he stopped to ask about them, and to suggest some help.

She answered his questions gratefully but briefly, and he fancied she did not want to talk of these things.

In the silence that fell between them he could hear the river below, flowing and seeming to sob in its flow, as might well befit that which came from beside the dark and filthy wharves and vile dens of the town, even though it rolled onward with its burden to the great sea.

As he turned to go she stopped him abruptly, though timidly. He noticed for the first time how beautiful her large, gray eyes were as they shone, luminous with this sudden emotion.

It was evidently hard for her to speak, especially when she saw his surprise.

"I wanted to thank you, sir, for the beautiful words you said to us in the class. I know you do care for the people, and you will help them."

"I will," he answered, earnestly, and he held out his hand to her. He had been so eagerly dreaming of this work that this incident seemed to him almost like an oath of brotherhood.

But she held back nervously.

"Oh! no, not to shake hands like that. I did not mean that, but—" she lifted up her bare hands impulsively—they were large and hardened by work, but they were shapely, womanly hands. "My hands are your hands, yours to work for you, to do you service. We, men and women, are all your hands!"

Sally Purcell was, in her blind way of feeling, as truly an enthusiast as Julian Dame in his theories. It seemed beautiful and marvelous that this man, young, rich, courted by all, should care for the sick, even for the worthless and evil, should think of them daily, and try to lift them out of their mire. She had herself laid awake at night with Bill's snores in her ears, and Granny's muttered oaths at some sharp twitch of rheumatic pain, and felt a dull, aching of pity for these and all the drunken, cruel men and cowed women about her—it did not make her dislike them because they were bad, because they lied to her and swore at her when she tried to help them. But she



had not dreamed that a mill-owner himself would feel these things so, would think of them so. The hope of such a thought—for Sally knew nothing of the opposing forces to any individual reformer—kindled her pale face with a kind of trembling light and color that made it lovely.

Coarse and rough voices were heard, as of men disputing, from the road that led to the bridge, and Sally suddenly let her hands fall, and drew her old, ragged shawl close about her.

"Good-bye," she said, in a changed tone, "and thank you for your goodness to Granny and Bill."

She had entirely vanished from sight in a few moments, but Julian Dame did not all at once leave, though the pale orange had waned to dusky gray, and a crescent moon and one shining star ruled the heavens. He could hear the river again flowing on, with its sobbing and moaning, as if over the dark lives left behind, but ever murmuring something in its flow of the great sea that was to end all.

"What is this new whim of Julian Dame's?" asked Mr. Catherwood of his mother. "He is planning a library and reading-room for the young women of the mills, as a step, he says, to *farther* innovations. He was a little crazed on the subject of human brotherhood, but now he seems to have adopted a sisterhood, also. They say Sally Purcell—that good-looking mill-girl—is the cause of it."

"Wilmot!" exclaimed his mother, with a warning glance at the open door. It was too late. Lily Catherwood had heard, and her proud head was lifted more haughtily than ever, as she looked through the open window on the flower garden. She was blind to their exquisite masses of bloom, for Wilmot's words and her mother's warning tone had touched her sharply. She had smiled at Julian's theories as something original and piquant, not unbecoming one so far removed from the masses by wealth and position, but

a hint of personal interest aroused all the feminine jealousy of possession that was latent within her.

Wilmot continued hastily:

"Of course, it is only one of Julian's philanthropic whims, but he's a little off about business. The senior partner says he makes things quite difficult for him whenever he comes here, and is wishing for him to leave. His talk makes the hands discontented with the old ways, and his ideas are quite impracticable naturally. He knows nothing of the mills in a practical way."

"Julian Dame is a fine young man," exclaimed Mrs. Catherwood, in a conventional tone of enthusiasm. "His philanthropy is visionary—we all see that—but it is quite charming. It is only because Julian is so *sympathique*. He talked to me by the hour yesterday about a wretched old creature they call Granny. She drinks and swears—a horridly coarse creature—but Julian was deeply interested in making her comfortable. It seems the house is damp, and she has rheumatism. Fancy such a protégée."

Lily Catherwood's lip curled. She understood very well that neither her mother or brother cared to arouse her pride against Julian Dame. He was too eligible a *parti* for that, and Wilmot, who was usually in an impecunious state, would find him eminently useful in the character of a brother-in-law.

Lily Catherwood, with all her soft refinement of look and tone, was fully capable of "taking the bit between her teeth," as Wilmot expressed it, if her aristocratic prejudices were once aroused. They formed for her a creed, to which even self-interest gave way. Perhaps there are few falsities so dire that they cannot thus be made to serve an educational use in putting aside the undisguised greed of self. In this respect she was one degree higher than her mother or brother; but in the present instance it was a personal feeling that was

aroused. That a girl of the lower classes should possess an interest for Julian Dame, should in the remotest degree influence him, was unbearable to her; but there was no danger of her relinquishing him on that account. The thought impelled her to a very opposite course of action.

The next day Julian was walking under the stately elms of the street on which the Catherwoods lived. He was thinking of Lily Catherwood as he had seen her the night before, so fair and daintily pure, with such exquisite grace of movement and softness of tone. It was a kind of subtle personal magnetism which made him suddenly look up to see her approaching under the elm-boughs, the flickering light through the green leaves falling over her with a delicate, aerial radiance that seemed to suit her.

He was looking toward her so eagerly that he did not notice Sally Purcell, dusty and warm, who was trying vainly to arrest his attention that she might speak to him. It was the first time that Sally had ever so forgotten herself; but a young girl had been threatened with dismissal for some carelessness, and Sally knows what that will mean for Lizzie, who is so giddy. She has promised Sally that she will try to be a good girl, if she has only one more chance, but Sally knows that she will not stand any temptation if she is cold or hungry, or loses hope. It is for her that she is so terribly anxious.

She had not seen Lily Catherwood's approach, until Julian's blush and sudden embarrassment informed her. It was not, however, unintentional on Miss Catherwood's part that Julian should have been wholly engrossed by her, and should have turned to walk with her. She did not mean this girl's presumption to be encouraged.

Julian noticed, in a half-absent way, Sally's eager look as he passed, and her hands tightly pressing each other as if in

trouble. He would have stopped, but Lily spoke to him, and even then he said:

"Pardon me, for a moment. I think that girl wishes to say something to me."

"Oh! no," answered Lily Catherwood. "She was looking at me—they always stare like that. You would only make her feel badly to notice it," and they passed together out of sight through the great iron gates.

It seemed to Sally, with a shock, that he intentionally avoided her. She had not realized before how much of his life had another side. Hearing his earnest words in the class she had thought of him only as a helper of his fellow-men, and recognizing no sundering barrier where any need was. A curious doubt crept coldly upon her.

She did Julian Dame great injustice in thinking it was because she was poor and ignorant that he had turned away at the approach of one of his own class, but she is too hurt to know this, and her head has been aching all the morning. She has had a worrying night of it, and her mental trouble is added to by the physical confusion from the hum and whir of the machinery that never pauses. Between the noises she remembers faintly the verse: "My head with oil thou didst not anoint," and again: "Thou gavest me no water for my feet."

Was it only the strange hallucination of a tired brain? As these words weave themselves in and out of the whir and hum incessantly sounding, she sees, or seems to see, in the very midst of the dingy crowding figures, going and coming, coming and going, the figure of a Divine Man, who stands in the midst of all, not coming or going, full of light, about whom there is a great peace.

Now the vision wavers, and then she sees it again, but again it grows indistinct, and there is a cry, a loud cry, and afterward an awful quiet in the room.

Mental disturbances, physicians tell us, are often precursors of an epileptic con-

dition. She has fallen in an insensible state, and the machinery, still going on and on with incessant whir and clack, has caught her dress and dragged her in, to be drawn out, as the wheels are stopped in that dreadful pause, a maimed and mangled human figure, bleeding and limp, but not yet dead.

She was carried into the office, for Julian Dame had come in, and he sent for his own physician.

She seemed to be trying to speak, and as Dr. Lathbury kindly bent down to adjust the pillow more easily under her head he catches muttered words.

"My poor girl," he says; "what do you want?"

She does not notice his question. Her words seem to be an endeavor to recall something.

A woman near her volunteers an explanation:

"Sally were powerful fond of Scriptur'. She allers were a-sayin' some'at out of a book."

Julian Dame catches a few words, and bends forward, "My head—my head with oil thou didst not anoint."

Suddenly her eyes open wide. Roaming from face to face of those standing around her, she catches sight of Julian Dame's face, and her eyes rest there. A recognition, a recollection is struggling into her look. Suddenly she stretches out her feeble and torn hands, and points to the three or four mill-hands who have been permitted to come in, though it is in working hours, and who stand curious and stolid against the wall.

They are sorry for Sally on the whole, though their own familiarity with a hard and meagre life does not make it seem a special hardship to be so near the end of it; and their predominant feeling is rather one of pride that one of them is receiving so much attention from the gentlefolks.

There is, however, some jealousy. "She warn't no cleverer worker than my

gal," mutters one woman resentfully to her next neighbor, and gets a nudge and whispered admonition to "shut up!" for the one to whom she speaks is farther in the room, and, therefore, more under the immediate observation of the "bosses," and a consequent obligation to "manners."

The poor hands are stretched out first to them, and then uplifted to Julian Dame, and she murmurs:

"Your hands—your hands—" but before she can say any more they fall nerveless beside her.

Helen Clayton, who came in with Dr. Lathbury, kneels down beside her with quick comprehension.

"You mean Mr. Dame's working-people?"

The eyes lighted up with grateful recognition and seemed to answer yes.

"He will do all he can to help them," said Helen, and looks at Julian. He comes near, but the wavering light dies out and the eyes close. Yet the dead face has a look of full content as if she were certain of the unspoken promise.

The bruised hands she had stretched out were no unfit symbol of the uncared-for labor of the world—the workers who are the hands of humanity. Nor had they pleaded in vain, though their beckoning was in the course of after events to lead from what men call success to an arduous service—the more arduous because Julian Dame's love for the poor was not enmity to the rich, but a love often misunderstood because it was an enmity to their own vices—their unthrift and envy, and ignorance and sensuality. While he cared for their outward conditions, he cared most for the men within those conditions that they should be truly men. Out of many mistakes and many failures he grew to this work. In all Helen was his co-worker, for the course of his growth led him away from the love for Lily, which was but an illusion, toward a truer companionship and union.

ELLA F. MOSBY.

A HERO IN NEED.  
A VALENTINE STORY.

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MISS SOPHIE PARKHURST frowned, very perceptibly, and beat an impatient little tattoo with the toe of her slipper, as she petulantly exclaimed:

"Was there ever such an unfortunate *contretemps*? To think that he should prostrate himself on this, of all days in the year!" and she glanced regretfully at the lovely blue gown and soft lace trimmings, that lay on a chair ready to be donned; and then at her own little piquant face, that the mirror reflected.

"What a dreadfully unfortunate girl I am, to be sure! Everything has seemed to go wrong with me this entire year; even my wished-for engagement has been a miserable failure; for Barton, although the most loving of fiancés, and one who has unlocked every unattainable, inaccessible desire with golden keys, has become tiresomely stupid to me, aggravatingly amiable as he has proved to be, and to dream of Barton all days, and every hour of my life, and never to be rid of Barton, is a thought that has nearly driven me insane, and has set me to trying to unravel and break asunder these bonds that weigh me down with their crushing responsibility.

"Why can I not fall in love, like other girls, and like them, marry, and be happy! And now, to crown all other miseries, this last, unlooked-for, unhappy climax must take place just on 'Saint Valentine's Eve' itself! Why didn't he wait a day longer before laying himself low, in such dead earnest, and how am I to know that this other tenor man can tell a sharp from a flat, or doesn't sing false, or doesn't sing out of tune, or a dozen other possible doesn'ts, needless to mention? I think it was downright wicked of Mr. Meredith to disappoint me, just at this

time, of all others; not that I at all regret his society, but his voice blended so beautifully with mine, our intonations were all so similar, and our runs and cadenzas rolled out together always so evenly and gracefully. He had a fault, though, a very serious one, it is true; there was no soul in his singing, no pathos, no thrill to his notes; he never touched your heart; but his voice was delightfully true and clear, and now our whole carefully studied programme must be spoiled by this wretched, miserable substitute.

"Not even a rehearsal, for Milly's festival is to commence at eight, and it is already half-past seven! The audience must be absolutely beginning to arrive! I have very serious intentions of sending some plausible excuse, and giving the whole thing up! But no; I could not disappoint Milly that way! Better a miserable *fiasco*, than such dreadful meanness!

"Let me read again what my prostrate, fallen tenor, says," and she unfolded, for perhaps the tenth time the missive that had been hers but a few short hours.

"MY DEAR MISS SOPHIE:—How can I begin the unwelcome, unlooked-for tidings, this miserable letter contains! Better tell the worst, at once, and have it over!

"I had a most awkward, unlucky fall on the ice this morning, and broke some important bone in my ankle, and am now, in consequence, groaning out my wretched existence in bed. The doctor had forbidden me to move, at the risk of losing my foot; so, of course, all idea of singing this evening is out of the question. I have tormented my mind with every conceivable thing to be done, in this great emergency, and have finally telegraphed to a friend



in New York, who has replied, and has promised faithfully to be here at the time appointed and fill my place.

"As to his capacity, have no fears, for he is thoroughly competent, and as far ahead of me, in musical ability, as a star of the first magnitude is greater than one of the lesser lights of an inferior constellation. He is also thoroughly familiar with the music in question, and I am positively convinced will place me by comparison in the very unenviable position of forgotten obscurity; still, for the sake of the festival, I am willing to submit to this descent in the musical ladder, but am nevertheless overcome with chagrin at the thought of introducing, thus late, a total stranger into the merry social ranks of our coterie this evening.

"He will call for you, in my place, with your permission, and were it not for the present unfortunate circumstances I would take great pleasure in introducing to you, my dear Miss Sophia, my very old and intimate friend, Staunton Powers.

"Wishing you every success and a very enjoyable evening,

"Very regretfully but sincerely yours,  
"PERCY MEREDITH."

"I don't believe it! Don't believe a word of it! Don't even believe he is competent of singing a dirge at his own grandmother's funeral! Mr. Meredith has only told me this to quiet my nervousness!"

"I never dressed with such reluctance in my life, and I see no beauty in you at all!" she exclaimed to the blue gown, as she put it on, fixed, here and there, a ribbon, and gave several vicious little pulls at the dainty lace.

"I think I fairly hate you!" she added, as she turned, for a last look, in the mirror, and smoothed down some wayward, unmanageable locks behind her ear.

"There! that is his ring I hear now! I am sure it is, for it sounds just like the ring of a little, wiry, nervous man, as I feel certain he will prove to be; tenors

always are. Yes, I knew it!" as there came a knock at the door, and Cummings entered with a card.

"Say I will be down in a moment; and, Cummings, be sure the lights in the reception-room are dim and not penetrating; nothing is so trying as these self introductions, and, if I must turn all colors of the rainbow, I do not care to be scrutinized too closely. It gives me great pleasure to welcome you, Mr. Powers," she added, untruthfully, a moment later, as she held out her hand to this embarrassed stranger. Embarrassed, but only for the instant, for Staunton Powers was a man of the world and collected under any circumstances; and, as he returned her cordial hand shake, and gazed down at her from his lofty height, it was poor Sophie who seemed uncomfortable and overawed; for instead of the little, wiry, nervous man she had expected to see, a full six foot of stature stood before her; yet not an ungainly six foot, for every inch was full of grace and dignity, while the head and shoulders were superb in their manly bearing. His face itself was far from handsome; indeed, strictly speaking, homely, but there was a power and repose in the strong features, a look of confidence in the fine eyes, an expression of gentleness yet firmness round the mouth, that fascinated and irresistibly attracted one.

Sophie was such a diminutive little morsel that she stood somewhat in shadow beside this generous amount of masculine dignity, and felt rather small and insignificant as he handed her into the carriage; but before they reached their destination the feeling had rather worn away, and Sophie was herself again, and singularly happy, she thought, under the circumstances, in the companionship of this her new and untried tenor.

The rooms were crowding rapidly as they entered the Stockwell mansion, and there was barely time for them to lay aside their heavy wraps and furs and take their place among the singers.

The festival was to commemorate "Saint Valentine's Eve," and also to celebrate the "silver wedding" of the host and hostess; and therefore the music had been carefully selected and was expected to be unusually fine, although the talent employed were all amateurs and non-professionals.

Milly Stockwell, the daughter of the house, possessed a rich contralto voice, thoroughly cultivated; while Maurice Weston, the basso, was a profundo of the finest kind; but the particularly brilliant star of all the host was Sophie Parkhurst herself. A little fairy body, with a soprano voice of wonderful sweetness and power, feeling every note she sang to her very finger tips, and educated to a remarkably degree of proficiency by one of the ablest of masters.

Selections from Wagner, Verdi, and other favorite composers were to be rendered, but the first piece announced on the silver-tinted programmes was Schubert's beautiful Serenade, and this was apportioned to Mr. Powers, the new tenor.

The flutter of fans and buzz of conversation suddenly ceased as the soft, delicate notes of the introduction were heard, and every ear was alert to catch the first sound of this new and untried voice.

As he began "*La nuit sombre*," and the notes rose and thrilled through the rooms, the silence continued and became more hushed, for the sweet, true tones, with their beautifully modulated crescendo and diminuendo, went straight to the listeners' hearts and rested there in melting harmony, as the song of this sweet singer continued. Then the swelling notes increased, soared, and died away in a melody of cadences that lingered on the ear and awoke the soul.

Sophie listened entranced, surprised, bewildered! Was she dreaming, or awake! All her senses were captured, all her faculties stirred. Never before had human voice such power over her, and her

enraptured heart was beating with ever-quickening pulses.

All too soon was it over, and the applause was so hearty and sincere that Mr. Powers, only after innumerable bows, took his seat.

Now it was Sophie's turn, and her selection was that difficult dying solo from "*La Traviata*." A little tremulous at first, still almost in a dream, then gaining confidence rapidly, she sang as even she had never sang before, and it was Mr. Powers's turn to sit, entranced, and listen spell-bound and happy. As to the enraptured audience, they were completely carried away, beyond themselves, into a country hitherto unknown to them and, as the remaining parts of the programme were rendered by the others, they, in duty bound, applauded heartily, but there was an impatience felt to hear again these two delightful voices, and they waited, a little restlessly for the last selection, a duet for the soprano and tenor.

At last it came, and then these two voices, so unlike, so sympathetic, joined; and the result was a melody of sweetness, a cadenza of harmony, bewildering, touching, thrilling, and enchanting.

The applause rang out again rapturously, simultaneously, and Sophie, not daring to meet the tenor's glance, stood with downcast eyes and blushing face, tremulously happy but nervously embarrassed.

As they bowed, again and again, in acknowledgment to the grateful audience, and Sophie gracefully took her bouquets, one by one, from Mr. Powers's hand, in an ungarded moment their eyes met.

One look was sufficient. It was heart speaking to heart, soul to soul; not a word was spoken, and as she descended the little flight of platform steps, on his arm, there was still silence between them, a treasured silence, precious guarded, and it was not until the first bars of the waltz came floating over the room, and she was carried away by Barton Campbell to fulfill

the first engagement on the dancing list, that she fully realized where she was and whose arm it was that supported her.

The waltz was only half over when she whispered :

"O Barton! I cannot finish it! I am faint and tired; take me somewhere for a breath of air."

"My dearest, forgive me!" exclaimed her partner, in a voice full of self-reproach. "How thoughtless I was! You must, indeed, be tired after so much singing! Here, sit down in this quiet alcove and rest while I bring you an ice. I shall not be away a moment!"

"Oh! that he would stay forever, that he would never return!" was the burden of her thought, as she leaned back in the comfortable *fauteuil*, and closed her eyes on all the merry scene.

Suddenly she opened them again, and looked round her inquiringly, anxiously. Where was he, the tenor? Could he have gone back to New York, without even a word of good-bye, without a single farewell! She must see him again, come what would; she must, she must indeed.

Raising herself slowly she gave a rapid glance in Barton's vanishing direction, then glided cautiously through the now deserted reception-room; thence through the brilliantly crowded hall, then on toward the parlor, where the dancers were assembled. As she entered the flower-laden room, heavy with their many perfumes, and heard the crash of deafening music, she turned faint and felt she really would soon swoon in earnest.

She paused quickly. Yes, everything was spinning round; even the room itself was turning slowly, to the rhythm of the music; all was becoming dark and indistinct. Ah! she knew she was falling, falling, but where?

Into a pair of strong, young arms that led her gently, carefully away. There was no commotion, and so quickly had the support come, that none had noticed her giddiness; and so light was she, such a

delicate burden, and so easily and gently was she borne to the quiet reception-room, that she felt rest and safety in the protection, a calm security in the firm, strong arms, and, with a deep feeling of thankfulness and an utter unconsciousness of the one who thus guided her and placed her tenderly on a large reclining chair. She slowly opened her eyes and her cheeks were suddenly dyed as the petals of a crimson rose as she encountered a very serious, penetrating glance from the eyes of the new tenor.

Again was there silence between them, but broken, this time, for Mr. Powers was a man of impulse and resolve.

He saw how quickly she had regained her strength; and, looking very reluctantly at the open watch in his hand, he said:

"Miss Parkhurst, unfortunately, business compels me to be in New York at a very early hour to-morrow morning, and I have just ten minutes in which to catch the midnight train. Our acquaintance of a few hours has been more sympathetic than an ordinary one; my friend's unlucky fall has brought to me, indeed, unlooked-for happiness; 'twill be a 'Valentine's Eve' fraught with memories never to be forgotten by me;" and, holding out his hand for a responsive and reluctant good bye, "may I hope it has been the same to you? Shall it indeed be *au revoir*, Miss Sophie, and may I come again?"

Sophie's hand trembled very visibly as she laid it in the warm clasp of his, but she had strength enough to return the silent, eloquent pressure and say, ever so softly, not daring to look at him the meanwhile:

"Yes; come soon."

Had he indeed gone? Was he here a moment ago?

She looked down, regretfully, at her hand, and thought she felt again his tender good-bye, but only for a moment, for, through the crowded room beyond she perceived Barton instigating a wild search for her. Ah! Now, judging by his

bright, happy look, he has seen her, so, with a reluctant sigh for happier memories she quietly resigned herself to the inevitable.

Two months have come and gone since "Valentine's Eve," and Mr. Powers's almost constant presence at Miss Parkhurst's has become a subject of anxious comment among Sophie's friends.

As for Sophie herself, as she walked up and down her room, restlessly retracing her steps at every moment, she was about the most miserable, joyous, anxious, unhappy girl to be imagined.

Well she knew she was Barton's promised wife, and well she knew her heart, her love, were given, surrendered entirely to Staunton Powers's keeping. To-day she felt must end the uncertainty, for he would stand delay no longer, and to-day Barton must be told.

"I will write," she suddenly concluded, stopping in her impatient walk, and gazing intently for courage and determination at a very true and life-like picture of Staunton Powers that ornamented her dressing-case. "I must, for say it I cannot!" and, seating herself before her escritoire, she was about to put her resolution into practice when Cummings entered, holding Mr. Powers's card in her hand.

Again she has put off the fatal words; again she has met Staunton Powers with smiling face and nervous dread. Oh! if only her first, wretched engagement were obliterated.

As she heard his frank, generous avowal of love, poor Sophie could remain silent no longer; but, brokenly, hesitatingly told her miserable story, and he, overpowered and confused by this terrible revelation, could only sit and gaze at her in dumb despair.

At last he resolved to seek Barton and know the worst, and tenderly bidding her wait his return, he with courageous fortitude sought his rival.

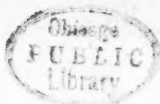
What passed between them never was revealed; but at the end of an hour, Staunton Powers returned, and holding out his arms to Sophie, with a beseeching look, convinced her without a word that he had a right to hold her thus, that she was his forever.

"He was a man, indeed, my darling," he answered her, later on, "and by appealing to him, as man to man, holding the convincing proof of your love as the only argument in my favor, I touched his generous nature, and he yielded. As he leaves us soon, with spirits crushed and hope deferred, for Southern Italy, let us wish that brighter skies and softer winds may waft him other loves and sweeter dreams than those he has resigned so nobly."

When Sophie had been long a happy and contented wife, there came the joyful news that Staunton Powers's wish had been fulfilled, and good Saint Valentine ushered in another advent with Barton's wedding bells.

L. S. L.





## JASPER ELLIOTT'S SUCCESS.

### CHAPTER II.

SHE had found herself unable to sleep one night and had risen from her bed and gone down to the porch and seated herself in the great arm-chair, where her husband used to sit, and that still stood in exactly the spot where he had left it.

So quietly had she come down the stairs that no one heard her, and all thought her asleep in her room.

Suddenly voices struck upon her ear in low but earnest and excited talk from her son's room, which was upon the ground floor and the window of which opened upon the porch.

"I tell you it ought to have been done long ago," she heard Maria say, "you never can tell when she'll break out and do something dreadful. If you hadn't been as weak as water, she'd a-been put somewhere a month ago. For my part I'm sick and tired livin' with a crazy woman, and I don't mean to do it no longer!"

"But there is no harm in her;" it was Jasper's voice now, and the mother pressed her hand tightly upon her heart as she strained her ears for his words—"she don't do anything to anybody."

"No; she aint killed any of us yet, but how do we know *what* she'll do? She goes mooning about the house all day, and says nothin' at all, and I've heard that's just the way with some kinds of craziness."

"I'm thinkin' if 'twant for wantin' the farm, you wouldn't be so very clear about the case."

"Well!" sharply, "and don't you know yourself that by rights it ought to be your farm instead of hers? Goodness knows that if a man had hold of things 'twould be worth three times what it is now."

There was no answer, and she went on,

"Now, if you could sell off some of that wood-lot, you could buy things to improve the land, and just double your crops every year. And this house, too, is just goin' to ruin for the want of improvements on it, and you can't do one thing while you are hampered by bein' under a *woman*." There was dead silence for a minute or two, and then Jasper spoke:

"But Maria, there's the child. I don't know what Nan would do without her. You see how 'tis, she cares more for my mother, and always did, than for both of us put together."

"That's just the danger," put in the ready voice. "You never know what she'll do to Nan. For my part, I've fixed one thing: that child aint goin' to stay with her, and sleep with her any more. I'm uneasy."

"Humph! it's precious little care she'd ever had if it hadn't been for her grandmother's lookin' after her."

"Suppose you sent her there only for a spell. She needn't stay always. Didn't that Dr. Raynor say that folks got cured sometimes?"

A surly and suppressed reply from her son she did not catch. It was evident that the man was making a faint struggle against his own evil nature and the cupidity of his wife; but it was all one to the mother who had borne him—it was the same as if the plan had been of his own devising.

That he could listen to it—that he could consider it, sent the iron deep into the soul of his mother.

With noiseless gliding feet and white, tearless face she tottered back to her own room, feeling that now, indeed, there was no deeper anguish for her to sound.

She threw herself upon her knees—lower still she bowed, till the faded face

was pressed upon the bare, pine floor, and the bitter cry of the mighty, but tortured King in Zion burst from her pale lips:

"O my son! my son! would God I had died for thee, my son! my son!" She raised herself at last and looked blankly around the room. A ray of moonlight from the open window fell across the bed, and glimmered among the tangled curls of the little beauty as she lay sleeping on her pillow. The poor, stricken thing gathered the little one closely to her breast, and with the touch, tears, blessed tears, came and rained upon the sleeping child.

"Grannie's darling! Grannie's own darling! yes; you are, but Grannie must leave you."

No sleep came to the woman through the long night, and when the morning dawned her resolution was taken; she would go without one single word of remonstrance just where her son willed it. She knew now the whole plan. She was to be declared insane and taken to an asylum.

She understood perfectly why they had called the strange new doctor. Old Dr. Lee, who had known her from childhood, could never have been persuaded into making out a certificate of insanity for her. He was perfectly familiar with all her quiet, shrinking ways, and knew, too, the life she had led, and how the small amount of vitality, with which she started out in her married life, had been frozen out of her nature in her uncongenial home. No; they knew better than to call Dr. Lee.

The sturdy old man would have been far more likely to call Jasper and his wife a couple of fools, and to tell them bluntly "You want to get rid of her, you want the farm!" than to question for a minute her sanity. And now the reason of all their watching her was clear to her. They hoped to see things that would help them in making out a case to the new doctor. They *wanted* to have him say she should go; her own *son* was considering it; that

was enough—she would go. She would even try to give them ground for thinking her insane, rather than to have any one in all the world know that her boy—her son, Jasper—her own and only son would do this thing. Not by a word or a sign would she attempt to rescue herself from this fate, which she knew was worse than death. One short sentence spoken to her old friend, Dr. Lee, would, and she knew it, save her from banishment and all the untold horrors that were before her—shut up for life among mad people, but that one sentence, if spoken, would brand Jasper Elliott as the meanest of men, and the thought of it sent a stab to her heart, keener far than any suffering for herself merely, could have given. She would go willingly, yes, gladly, to save Jasper from the stain of such ingratitude. What difference would it make to *her* living out a few brief years in confinement compared with the horror of having the world know that her *son* could do this thing?

She never thought of sacrifice. She reasoned simply that it was best for her to go for Jasper's sake. True, it was the bitterness of death itself to leave little Nan and the old home in which so much of her life had passed—where Jasper was born and where Jonas had died—but it must be done.

After such a night it was no wonder that Nancy Elliott, when she went down stairs the next morning, might easily have been taken for a deranged person. She was perfectly calm outwardly; but her eyes had the look of a wounded, hunted animal, and about the sensitive mouth there was a nervous quiver.

Her face was so strange that even Jasper noticed it, and said:

"Mother, are you sick this morning?" She started violently as if stung when she heard the word "Mother," then struggled for a word—but the pale lips gave no sound. She looked at the man—looked earnestly into his face for one moment, then turned away and left him.

It was like the last look into a coffin to her, and as she toiled wearily along the road and up the winding path to Jonas's grave—the one thought in her poor bleeding heart was, "Oh! if he had only died when he was a little baby!"

True to her threat—that night, *after little Nannie had gone to sleep*, Maria took her from her grandmother's bed and carried her to her own room; but when the child wakened later in the night, she cried and moaned so piteously for "Grannie" that she had to take her back, and she fell into a troubled sleep with the little clinging arms around her neck—and when she stirred the child clung closer and murmured, "don't let them take away 'Grannie's' darling!"

More and more silent and strange she grew. For days at a time she scarcely spoke to any one except little Nan.

She was gentle and unruffled at all times during the day, but at night Jasper and his wife heard often her slow, quiet footstep pacing backward and forward in her room, and a voice in low, passionate pleading. They could not hear the words—well for their consciences that they did not, for she was wrestling with the "Angel of the Covenant" for strength to bear her own heavy cross, and calling down Heaven's best blessings on the child who was about turning her out of her home forever.

Maria was elated and triumphant at all these strange ways and nightly vigils, furnishing as they did confirmation of what she pretended to believe about her mother-in-law. Jasper said very little, except to tell his wife that she must say nothing more to him about it, but leave it all to Dr. Raynor.

A few weeks later he came again, and after being closeted some time with Maria, he again examined his patient and after a very short interview he pronounced his opinion, which was that Mrs. Elliott was suffering from a decided attack of "melancholia," and advised that she should be

treated at an asylum, which he strongly recommended, in a distant city. Such was his professional interest in the case that he went so far as to offer to escort his patient himself to the institution.

Once more, and for the last time, as she believed, Nancy Elliott sat in the arm-chair upon the porch, watching the daylight slowly fade out of the landscape.

How many, many times she had sat just in that place and seen the lengthening shadows gather, and the sunset clouds piled yonder in the west with their splendors of purple and gold. The whole of her past life seemed to marshal itself before her as vividly as the events of yesterday. When she came first to the house as a bride she had sat there in that very place and Jonas beside her; and the gary-haired, white-faced woman thrilled as she recalled how he had told her that night that she was Heaven's best gift to him—that he loved her better than life itself—she could feel this minute the touch of his great hand upon her bowed head as she leaned against him and cried for joy.

And then too another *day* came back to her—a day of even deeper content than the other—when life as it seemed then to her was full even to the brim. Jonas's strong arms had brought her down-stairs and placed her in the same chair, and laid her baby, her first-born, upon her knees. She remembered that the creek made just the same trickling sound that afternoon that was in her ears now, and that the sunset light on the baby's face had seemed to glorify it, and how she had thanked God for all His goodness to her, and prayed that *her* child might be *His* child.

Alas! can we blame the stricken and wounded heart if it cried out passionately that God had forgotten her; that He had mocked her prayers, now that the very child, over whose unconscious face she had wept such happy tears and whom she had loved with such idolatry, was sending her away from home and from him forever.

Large tears forced their way through the closed lids and trickled down the wasted cheeks, as she sat alone with her grief. But now she is not alone, for little Nannie has found her and climbed into her lap, and winding her arms about her neck has kissed the thin cheeks again and again, wiping the tears from them with her soft, little hand.

"What makes you cry, Grannie dear? I love you dearly; don't you cry any more," and the child nestled closer to her heart.

The clinging arms and the soft kisses with the touch of the warm little body in her arms seemed to thaw the ice around her heart. She hugged her close and rocked her gently to and fro, then she spoke:

"Listen, little Nan, Grannie's own darling! I want to tell you something, and you must try to be a brave little girl and not cry. Grannie has got to go away and leave you to-morrow, and you must be good and love your papa and mamma, and mind them both when I am gone. Mind, dear, you will be Grannie's darling still, and I shall love you just the same—" she stopped—her strength could go no further.

The child sprang from her arms and stood before her with cheeks red as fire and eyes blazing with childish wrath.

"You sha'n't go and leave me!" she cried; "I *won't* stay without you! O Grannie! you said I was your darling; *don't* leave me! take me with you!" and she flung herself upon her neck and clung to her, sobbing as if her little heart would break.

"My treasure! My one comfort! My precious little Nannie!" she murmured, as she looked fondly down upon the tear-stained little face lying upon her breast.

"O God! help me to bear it! This is indeed the bitterness of death!"

That night the child cried herself to sleep in her grandmother's arms, and the next morning, long before Nan had waked to miss her, she was far on her way to the asylum.

Jasper Elliott had prudently found that business called him imperatively to a neighboring village the day before his mother was to leave, so he spared himself the parting. As for Maria, she was officious and solicitous about her preparations, and said quite kindly, as it seemed to herself:

"I hope you will soon be better, mother."

Very calmly the elder woman looked in her face, as she said simply:

"Tell Jasper I left for him his mother's blessing," and she went away.

There was a certain quiet dignity about his patient that rather awed Dr. Raynor, so that he left her much to herself during the journey.

"Do not hesitate to leave me alone," she said to him, as he was rather nervously making inquiries about a carriage when they had reached the terminus of the railway part of the journey; "pray give yourself no uneasiness; I shall not try to escape. Possibly you do not know that I quite agree with my son that it is best for me to go to the institution?"

How her heart swelled as she thought, "That was for Jasper's sake; I will not let this man think that my son forces me to go."

From the hour of her admission to the asylum, Nancy Elliott was a puzzle to nurses and physicians.

"Mind thoroughly unsettled—not violent, but needing careful treatment," so read the certificate of entrance; but at just what point her brain failed to act normally, no one could tell. She was always quiet and gentle in her ways, and went about the house and grounds in an absorbed, abstracted manner; seldom talking, but passing hours at a time in quietly looking out of the window—at the trees, at the clouds, oftenest at the sunset sky.

She got no letters; no one ever came to see her. When questioned, she was very reticent, only saying, "It is the best



place for me. My son and I both think I had better be here," and that was all.

In a very short time she became of great service in the treatment of some who were quite unmanageable. There was a quiet magnetism about the woman that held them like a spell; so after a while it came to be a regular thing for the head physician to say, "Ask Mrs. Elliott to see what she can do," when other means failed.

No one had ever seen her weep or smile, until one day a lady came to the asylum to make some inquiries about one of the patients, bringing with her a little, flaxen-haired child, about the age of her own little grandchild.

Nancy Elliott saw her and instantly a great light came into her face; she went swiftly to the child and without saying a word caught her to her breast, and burst into a flood of bitter weeping.

"My love! my darling! my precious little one, Grannie's blessed darling!"

An attendant drew her gently away while the astonished lady asked:

"Is she a patient here? She does not look at all like a deranged person. I thought she was a visitor like myself."

"Only a melancholy patient," was the reply.

That night the nurse going her usual round through the different wards heard a low voice in the narrow, cell-like room, that was Nancy Elliott's, and stopped to listen; she was praying wildly for help, for strength to bear it all.

"O God!" she cried, amid passionate sobs and groans. "O God! keep them safe! take care of my boy and of little Nan!"

Two years passed by—two whole years full of torture to the loving heart, and of wild yet pent-up yearning for the old red farmhouse, for the waving trees, the fair green fields and all the country sights and sounds that had so long been a part of her very life; and to the others—the three who had stayed in the Eden from which

they had banished her—how had the time passed to them?

Fortune had smiled on Jasper Elliott's undertakings, and he was now counted a rich man by his neighbors.

The wood-lot had been cleared and cultivated, and with the price of the timber valuable fertilizing appliances had been bought and used until his crops had nearly doubled. A handsome wing-room had been thrown out on the south side of the house, with a bay window in it, and when a new Brussels carpet was bought and some Nottingham lace curtains for this new room, Maria Elliott began to feel that life was worth living.

Then the black silk dress that for so long had hovered through her day dreams was now actually hers, and it was rich and soft and rustled in a decidedly aristocratic way when she drove in great state in her shining new "top-carriage" to the school-house to preaching, and when Mrs. Lawyer Ridgely shook hands with her at the door it was no small satisfaction to feel that her dress was a real "gros-grain," while the great lady herself wore one of some simpler, soft woolen stuff.

Little Nannie was a trial to her mother, for with the rippling yellow locks that would not keep smooth, and the great, wistful blue eyes and scared, brooding ways, she was a constant reminder to both father and mother of the grandmother whose name was never spoken except by the child herself.

How very little we know of what is going on in the minds of little children. They seem so careless and thoughtless that we take it for granted often that they have no thoughts or opinions, while the fact is they may think a great deal about us and our actions, and often they are weighing our conduct and conversation, and, it may be, forming shrewd opinions as to our plans and motives.

The mysterious disappearance of her grandmother had been a terrible shock to little Nannie, and she had brooded over it

in her childish way till it had become the central thought in the child's life, and daily and almost hourly, she had plied her mother with the most disturbing questions.

"Is she dead? Tell me, did Grannie die? If she is dead, why didn't there be another grave out there by grandpa's? Has she gone to Heaven? Will she ever come back home again? Oh! why did she go away and not take me with her?" And again, most embarrassing of all, "Mamma, why don't you want anybody to call me Grannie's darling any more?"

Poor little girl! like many an older and wiser one she had lost what she loved best out of her life, and was vainly asking for the "whys" and the "wherefores."

A late spring was slowly creeping over the earth. Now a faint tinge of green was on the meadows, and a soft wind like a message from the South land stirred faintly the bare branches of the oaks, and now a sharp flurry of snow had covered everything, and winter reigned again.

Two or three snowdrops had peeped up and been fondly greeted by little Nannie, but pulled with white and trembling fingers, for the child was ailing.

Old Dr. Lee's buggy stood for hours every day at the gate, and every day Jasper Elliott's face grew more anxious and his wife's a shade paler as they realized that she grew no better.

Soon the little girl was too weak to leave her bed, and the fever burned hot in her veins and the pulse flew as if the little engine was overcharged and would soon burst its valves. Dr. Lee shook his head gravely, and to the agonized questions of the father only replied: "I cannot say; she is very low, but there's hope while there is life."

For a week the child's mind had wandered and she did not recognize any of those about her, but talked all the time about her grandmother.

"Take me in your arms, Grannie, and

rock me to sleep," she would cry in her weak little voice, and then: "Where are you? why don't she come back?" or, "Put me back now in Grannie's bed, I won't stay here!" Then a long stupor followed and for two days the child had not spoken.

"The brain is seriously involved," said Dr. Lee, and the poor, stricken parents watched her in dumb despair.

Suddenly one morning she stirred uneasily and opening her eyes fixed them full upon her father's face. "Papa," said she, in a weak but clear voice, and the man's heart gave a great throb of joy, for she evidently knew him—"Papa; I am going to Grannie now."

"Won't you try to stay with papa?" was the tearful response.

"No," said the solemn little voice, "I would rather go to Grannie! You know, papa, I am 'Grannie's darling.' I think she wants me more than you do;" and now she fell again into that awful sleep so like death and yet not death.

Jasper Elliott started up with a strong purpose on his usually impassive face. "I shall send for my mother," he said. "The child thinks she is dead. If she sees her it may save her."

When Dr. Lee appeared at the asylum, armed with the necessary authority to remove Mrs. Elliott, she simply asked why he had come, and when told that her grandchild was ill and needed her, she asked no further questions but made ready for the journey.

Two days later and she was back again, for they traveled day and night.

Who shall say what thoughts were in her heart, what bitter memories, as the gate opened once more to admit her to her own home!

Some women would have wept and trembled; she did neither, but walked in as calmly as if she had left the house but a month ago.

Jasper met her at the door. His hard features worked convulsively—he tried to

speaking but could frame no words as he looked at the worn face so full of sorrowful lines—and the faded eyes that looked in tearless, solemn sadness into his own.

"Mother! mother!" was the only word that he could say, as he clasped his arms about her, and, bowing his head upon her shoulder, wept like a little child.

When he had grown a little more calm, he said, "Mother, do you know little Nan is dying? Will you try to save her for us, mother?"

And she did try faithfully and with the tenderest love and most devoted care. She gathered the child to her bosom—she called her by all the old pet names of babyhood—she watched every breath and anticipated every want, and at last the reward came, for strength crept very slowly back to the little wasted limbs and a faint color to the pale cheeks; but with returning strength a horrible fear fell upon the three who watched so jealously every look and word.

She was Nannie still, and yet *not* Nannie, for the light in the child's eyes was not the old clear light of intelligence and reason. She smiled brightly upon all of them—and kissed them fondly in her old sweet way; she knew her grandmother

and clung to her still, but alas! she thought she had died and gone to Heaven to meet her.

"Grannie, dear," she would say, "I am glad you came back to get me. I asked God to send you for me, and now that we are there, you won't leave me again, ever, will you?"

"Never; my darling never!" and she held her close.

Little Nan grew strong and well but—

"The delicate chain of thought once  
Tangled, never cleared again."

The beautiful little frame held as its tenant a clouded brain and bewildered mind.

The fields are green, the grain waves yellow for the harvest, the barns are bursting with plenty, Jasper Elliott has a large bank account, and is considered one of the successful men of his county, but if you were to see his face sometimes as he tenderly ministers to the feeble, white-haired woman who has always by her side the girl with the strange, far-away look in her eyes, you would understand that life has not been to him quite what he pictured it when first he became master of his father's estate.

MIRIAM BAXTER.

## MISS DECIMA'S LOVE-LETTER.

### A STORY OF SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

**T**OMORROW is Saint Valentine's." Byfield used to be famous in the county for its good cheer and gay winter gatherings, but since Miss Decima has been mistress, the house is empty during the month of February. Friends and kindred are sure of a welcome for an unlimited visit at all seasons at Byfield, save for the four weeks of the last month in the year, when it is understood its doors are closed to all visitors.

This peculiarity on the part of Miss Decima was supposed to have been caused

by the shock occasioned by poor Charley Randall's death, he having shot himself while hunting at Byfield, and, as he was a favorite cousin of Miss Decima, it was only natural that for a few anniversaries of his death Byfield should be closed to all merry-making. But for Miss Decima to keep up her seclusion for a whole month every year, both the family and neighbors thought not only absurd, but reprehensible. Whether Miss Decima knew of their sharp criticisms was guess-work, for the doors of Byfield continued

shut during February. When Jack comes home it may be different.

Jack was under orders for a three years' cruise, but managed to get a short leave to say good-bye. So, Miss Decima sent for me, saying, I must stay at Byfield as long as I could be spared from home.

Jack is Miss Decima's nephew and heir, and I am—well, I did not take dear Jack when a baby, as Miss Decima did, and do my best to outrageously spoil him, but I have promised in the far-off future (three years, at the least), to take him for better or worse, and I intend to keep to my bargain. So, this is why Miss Decima, for whom I am named (though I am the oldest of only three children), and who is also my god-mother, asked me to Byfield to say good-bye to Jack.

To ask me to stay with her until after Jack sailed was kind and thoughtful in Miss Decima, for at Byfield there is a daily mail (though it does not come until after dark), and a letter posted by Jack in the morning we read before bedtime. At home our postal arrangements are peculiar: a letter running an even chance of hiding behind a grocery cheese-box with a prompt delivery; the legitimate business of a country store being of equal importance with the U. S. Mail.

Jack's leave was too short to tax one's arithmetic. There was an old song Miss Decima used to sing when Jack and I were in the nursery together, a couple of the lines of which I kept repeating to myself:

"If I could clasp Time's wings,  
I'd put them close together,"

the old song said, and my heart repeated the wish. But in spite of heart and poetry, Christmas Eve and the end of Jack's leave came together on old Time's swift wings.

We had an early dinner, and as I was to drive Jack the six miles to the railway station, we started in ample time. Dear Miss Decima did not grudge me this last

drive with Jack behind the ponies. She looked white and ill, when after she had said good-bye to her boy, I came back to her for some trifling direction. Then she told me to be brave and cheer up Jack, who, God bless him! was crying like a baby.

The cool, crisp air, Jack's youthful spirits, not to mention my unworthy presence, revived the boy, and recalling my god-mother's injunction to be cheerful, I, too, left off weeping, and both began bantering each other. Love-letters was our topic, Jack declaring them trash, I contending that least they were valuable in proving that one had a lover. And that sensible people valued them, I asserted that Miss Decima herself, wise woman though she was, would set store on the genuine article if addressed to herself.

To be sure, assertions do not make facts, though some people use them as such, but mine were worth as much as Jack's assertions: that a girl ought to be satisfied when a man asked her to marry him, and not hanker after vain words put on paper, to be, perhaps, an occasion of mirth to after-generations. He would write once a week (which was rather a waste, since he would not meet with a mail for months), or he would keep a diary—"log," I think he called it—and so would have something ready "to ship," only he warned me he would have very little to record but the latitude and longitude.

I had heard Jack make the same offer for a correspondent to Miss Decima, as to quantity, not quality; which made me all the more anxious for my love-letters; for I was as jealous of my god-mother as a girl of seventeen can be of women of fifty. Jack always loyally asserted that he was a lucky little dog, who with no parents at a year old, and not a penny, had fallen into Miss Decima's lap. Of course, she must always be first with him! But I don't think I gave him the credit he deserved for the strength of his love for my god-mother. Youth is so audacious in



accepting, so prone to think want of years a strength. Nevertheless, I was anxious for the promise of my letters, even though half in jest.

So we compromised. Jack was to send me a veritable love-letter, to be written that night, and mailed so as to reach me on the next night as a Saint Valentine's gift. And I, thereafter, was to be content with the quality of matter vouchsafed me, even to the statement of latitude and longitude. Quantity, however, I reserved the right to criticise.

It was just as well that we had frittered away the time with phalandering and nonsense—youth's small coins, whereby a few minutes of exemption from the thoughts of coming or present sorrow is often bought. How the time was slipping by we never thought, knowing that we had allowed an abundance for wasting, so that when we reach the way-station, we were surprised to find, by the small bustle going on, that the train was due, and that we were just in time, which meant a hasty good-bye, a rush, the slow movement of the train, and a flutter of two handkerchiefs. That was what was to be seen, but the three long years of separation! Three years is an awful quantity out of a young life.

And so Jack was gone. Perhaps it was just as well that I had not a minute to break down in, since there were more spectators than usual at the station; none of them so busy with their own affairs they could not glance at their neighbors. What a great factor in steadying one's nerves is the common-place requirement of life, even if they do multiply one's torment. Jack was gone, the train out of sight, and I was sitting where he left me, behind Miss Decima's ponies, swallowing down my tears, and answering greetings of acquaintances. No one in the neighborhood knew that I had arrived! Was I to spend Saint Valentine at Byfield? of course they were astonished.

"It did not use to be so," the old gentleman—  
VOL. LVII.—11.

man told me. "I've danced on many a Saint Valentine's night at Byfield. I ought to like the old place, since I won my wife there. We used to draw lots and the girl we won pinned a bow of ribbon on our coats, and for the evening we were their knights. It didn't always work well; some young ones got mismatched. But I didn't, as it proved, for, as I say, I got my wife at Byfield. But, Miss Decima, she's shut the door in our faces. It used to be a duty to be neighborly."

I was glad to turn the ponies' heads homeward, even though it did seem like turning my back on Jack. I found Miss Decima watching for me, and mindful of my comfort, having ordered an extra good tea for me, which—well, I fancy it must take years to rob one of a healthy appetite, for Miss Decima eat nothing. But then, she had not driven a dozen miles on a February evening.

It was after dinner on Saint Valentine's day that I strolled down the long avenue of French maples and pines to the gate, to watch for old Uncle Pompey and the mail, which was one of our modern institutions, since both servants and horses had grown scarce with us. Now old Pompey was known to be honest, a rare virtue with his race, and also that in a certain lax way, that would have appalled his Northern brethren, he would "promptly" deliver the letters and papers in the neighborhood, there being no special reason why he would dally on the road. But unluckily for old Pompey's comfort, and our much enduring patience, Neddy, the mule, who carried the mail, was of a balking disposition. Why he choose to plant his four feet so firmly on the ground, refusing to yield an inch either by blows or scolding, no one can tell, unless it was that he took a diabolical pleasure in keeping the whole neighborhood an hour or more waiting for their letters and newspapers.

So knowing Neddy's untoward disposition, I was not altogether surprised to find that I had a good deal of time to

wait at the gate. At first it was by no means a trial to linger out-of-doors, the evening was so pleasant. The sun had set over the "old field," the yellow light still gilding the tall broom-straw, whilst the western sky was of the palest primrose, trending where it touched the blue, to a sea-green shade. A partridge in the stubble was calling up his mate musically—such a different note from the commonplace "Bob White," which the children so soon learn to imitate. Old Uncle Silas was calling "Chog, chog," in the mournfully monotonous way that hogs must prefer, since they are so quick to obey it. A whipper-will was making loud complaint whilst on the wing, as if he was afraid to alight; and a mocking-bird in the pyracanthus bush was singing joyfully to his new mate, for was it not Saint Valentine's Day, when all the birds are intent upon setting up homes of their own and selecting housekeepers. They were early about it, I thought, forgetting that snow-drops and crocus only foretell spring, but do not bring it. If they needed a hint on the subject, what better one could they find than the sound of the wood-choppers near the house. Certainly Miss Decima had no idea of giving up for some time her cheerful pies. How the stroke of the axe rings out in the stillness of the evening, and there is no sound as cheerful and home-like. And the men seem to enjoy the work, keeping such perfect time, that it was only occasionally when one of them chances to miss his stroke, that you could detect that there were two wood-cutters.

Everything made an impression upon me that evening (though I am always quick to feel out-of-door influences), whilst I walked up and down the avenue, never losing sight of the gate, just as Jack will some day pace his quarter-deck—after his promotion, of course.

But what had become of Uncle Pompey? Had the evil spirit entered old Neddy on the very day of all others, when lovers are impatient! If we only believed

that expectation is much oftener better than a certainty.

Pompey came at last, but somewhat disappointed to find me waiting at the gate, for the Byfield kitchen was a good resting-place and its hospitality unbounded. The old man should never have undertaken to carry valentines.

Pompey gave me a bundle of letters, grumbling as he did so. "There's a power of letters," he said. "But white folks never think of niggers. Times have changed. Niggers used to wait on little folks, now they serves themselves, and waits on old Pompey."

I did not think of answering him, for in the moonlight I was counting the letters he gave me. One by one they fell into my lap, all—every one—for Miss Decima. Jack had forgotten. Then I gathered up my pile, and walked back to the house. All the sweet sounds and the beauty of the evening had died out. Only an owl gave a mournful cry, as if to guard me from a hidden evil.

Miss Decima and I spent the evening reading her letters. Amongst them were some valentines—cupids and violets—but none of them told of the one we both thought of.

It was still early when I bade Miss Decima good-night, but I fancied that I saw a look of relief in her sweet face when I kissed her—a wish, as it were, to be alone. "Ah! it is very different," I thought, "to live over a dead past, than to chafe under a present disappointment."

But one moment I was sure that I was unreasonable. Certainly an accident had kept back Jack's letter, but the next I feared there was something which would make it necessary to give him his freedom.

The house oppressed me, so I stole down-stairs. Miss Decima had not yet gone to bed, for I saw a stream of light come from under her door. She, too, kept vigil, not for a delinquent love-letter; no doubt she was saying her prayers for Jack.

I threw a shawl over my head, softly undid the one bolt of the door, supposed to keep out burglars, and crept out into the night. A feeling of less resentment seemed to come over me when I felt the cool night air. I walked down the avenue, thinking of Jack, half resentfully, half tenderly, and before I well knew it I found myself at the gate, where, oh! so few hours before, my first great disappointment came to me.

I suppose, under the circumstances, I should have looked toward heaven, but I did not, but at my feet. And—well, it was no wonder that Jack's letter, of all others, should have fallen when Uncle Pompey put the bundle in my hands, for by far it was the heaviest. I wondered, when seeing it lying so white in the moonlight, I stooped to pick it up, what made it so heavy, but when I broke the seal, hoping by the moon's help to read at least the first word or two, then something unusually heavy for a letter, fell to the ground. Something not difficult to find, even by moonlight. What a real sailor Jack is, to be sure! For would any one but a sailor risk a diamond ring, though only a modest one, to the mail, even if he did believe in old Pompey's boasted honesty?

He *did* write in excuse that he wished me to put the ring on St. Valentine's night, as a token that our announced engagement was a mutual gift. Dear Jack! after all, he has his share of sentiment, as well as of carelessness. And I could very well guess that Miss Decima's last hand-clasp contained more than a pressure of good-bye, or my ring would have been less costly.

And so with Jack's letter on my heart, and his ring on my finger, I ran quickly to the house. Eleven o'clock was striking from the old hall clock, that for a hundred years had kept true time for Byfield. I was a little shocked to find how late it was, and slipped the door-bolt with a guilty feeling, of, at least, doing some-

thing unusual. Then I crept up-stairs as noiselessly as possible, with no hope of Miss Decima until next morning, for like most people who are country-bred, my god-mother believed in early hours. But passing her door cautiously, I saw the same tiny stream of light over the sill that I had noticed when I went out—well, scarcely in search of Jack's love-letter.

I was at the age that dislikes concealments and craves sympathy. Creeping out of the house when my hostess believed me in bed, was a thing to be confessed, nor could I sleep comfortably with Jack's ring on my finger until Miss Decima had seen it.

Miss Decima neither heard me knock nor open the door. She was still dressed, and sitting at a table, on which was an old Japanese or inlaid Oriental box, that I did not remember ever to have seen before. There was an odor of roses in the room; dead roses, giving a stale sweetness that was peculiar. I went forward quickly, dropping on my knees beside Miss Decima, and hiding my flushed, tell-tale face in her lap.

"O Miss Decima!" I said, "I have found it! Jack's letter. Old Pompey dropped it at the gate, and I thought Jack had forgotten. It would have been a great loss, for there was a ring, a diamond ring, in it. But dear Jack's stupid words are far more to me than a mine of diamonds."

And then I foolishly broke into tears.

I can feel now Miss Decima's touch as she softly and soothingly stroked my hair.

"Happy child," she said, "to have found your love-letter. I have looked for mine so many years, and it has never come yet."

Perhaps she guessed my sympathy (it was far from being curiosity), or it may have been, after so many years of silence, a relief to her to speak. At any rate she did. Her story was brief enough.

"It is so many years ago when I too said good-bye on Christmas Eve. California was a far-off land then, with not even the isthmus to shorten the distance. A long voyage round Cape Horn was its only access. There was no engagement between us. Only a promise on Morris's part that I should have a letter next day. I never doubted what it say; but, it never came—instead, only a bunch of roses. It was his farewell gift, and he was to be gone two years. But two years is not eternity, I thought. It proved though to cover my lifetime. No searching in the moonlight, dear, could help me. Something different than a careless old Pompey separated us, for before one year had passed Morris died, and I—so one day in February I keep vigil for my missing Valentine."

So this was the reason why Byfield was closed to all visitors in February! Not Charley's death, as we supposed, but a missing love letter, and Miss Decima keeping vigil over a bunch of dead roses. How little we know of those near us, and yet the whole neighborhood had given, as it thought, righteous judgment.

Dear Miss Decima! I had found a few hours such weary waiting, and she had waited nearly a lifetime.

I felt her hand lifted from my head, and raised myself to speak to her. She had evidently forgotten me, and was lifting from the old India box a bunch of dead roses. She raised them gently, as one might something precious and frail. But they had been too long dead, and fell into her lap, only a heap of dry but still fragrant dust. I heard Miss Decima give a little cry. She had lost what for so many years she had held as her chief treasure. Poor Aunt Decima! And then

there was a little rustle as if from stiff paper. For some moments there was a dead silence. Miss Decima was bending forward toward the lamp, reading an old yellow letter, that both time and contact with the roses had discolored. There was a pretty pink in her cheeks, reminding me of her favorite roses, and a light in her eyes, when at last she looked up at me, that gave her a look of youth and happiness. Even her voice had an exultant ring in it.

"I too have my love-letter, little one," she said. "Have had it all these years hidden in my roses. I never doubted that I held a true man's love, but a woman must have a certainty before she shows hers boldly to the world. I knew my roses held a message, but I little guessed they hid my love-letter."

I would have given, well, anything but my pretty ring, to have read Miss Decima's letter, and compared it with Jack's rather lame conclusions in regard to his feelings; but she did not offer it for my perusal, but folding up the yellow pages, she put them into the India box, heaping, carefully the rose dust over them.

After that one night in February I was never jealous of my god-mother, knowing she loved some one, if only a memory, better than Jack, and had a love-letter, even as I had, hidden away, for no one to read.

And for future Saint Valentine's at Byfield! Ah! when Jack comes home no doubt but there will be a difference, as with many other things. For, "when Jack comes home," Aunt Decima and I say a dozen times a day, as if the dear boy's return would open to us the kingdom of Heaven.

EMILY READ.



## WAITING FOR THE DOCTOR.

### A SKETCH FOUNDED ON FACT.

I DO not mean the friendly country physician, who is ever ready to obey a summons and willing to treat his patients to an unlimited supply of his drugs, time, and advice; but one of those skillful, much-sought-after city men, who have scarcely a moment they can call their own, and seem to devote their lives to the benefit of their fellow-creatures. I own it now, although at the time of which I am speaking I was of a very different opinion. Any one who has not tried it knows very little about the difficulty of obtaining an interview with one of these busy personages.

Several years ago I happened to be under the treatment of Dr. Munzer, a celebrated specialist for diseases of the throat, and I think I never before spent such an amount of time speculating on the characters of those around me. One morning in particular, I remember my indignation at the lengthy period I was kept waiting.

But that was before I learned any better. The fact of the Doctor's being a specialist, I believe, made him only the more inaccessible.

It was not my first visit, so I was not altogether ignorant of the patience which it is necessary to exercise on such occasions; but I had an idea that was a thing of the past as far as I was concerned, for I had made an appointment which I expected would insure me a prompt interview with the great man, when the right moment arrived.

Alas! I had much to find out.

My appointment was for ten o'clock A. M., and confident that Dr. Munzer would not detain me long, I made an arrangement to meet some of my friends at eleven.

Exactly at ten minutes to ten I rang the Doctor's door-bell, and was admitted

by Jerry, the boy, or I should say man, in buttons. I was shown into the waiting-room. That waiting-room! I may live to be old and gray, but I am sure I shall never forget it. I seem to see it now in all its familiarity. I do not know whether I grew to like or dislike it most. To like it because it was such a pleasant room, and a person seeing such a place, day after day, could not help becoming attached to it in some degree—to dislike it on account of the tedious monotony of the time passed there.

How often a number of patients have sat there together for hours, each one fretting inwardly over the delay, as certain impatient sighs would testify, yet never dreaming of such a thing as addressing a word of friendly sympathy to his neighbor!

If we had been doomed to spend the night shut up together I do not think any one would have been guilty of such an uncivilized thing as speaking without an introduction.

When I entered the waiting-room there were three persons present: an old gentleman with a long, white beard and a very glossy looking coat of black velvet, who laid down the paper he had been reading, and glanced up as the door opened, with an eagerness which I did not understand until I had been in the room for some time myself; a young girl, who looked very nervous and had taken a chair in the furthest corner of the apartment, as if to be as much out of sight as possible; and another man with a very red face, who also seemed to find something very attractive in the door.

"They have come before their time," I thought, as I congratulated myself that such was not my case, and settled down in a cozy little basket rocking-chair which had taken my fancy on my previous visit;

for it must be confessed if Dr. Munzer kept his patients waiting, he certainly furnished his waiting-room with a view to their comfort.

There were sofas, easy-chairs, and footstools of all descriptions, which to a more experienced person might have been suggestive of the weary hours to be spent there.

After I had finished my survey of the occupants of the room, I consulted my watch. Yes; my ten minutes were up; and at that moment the door opened. But it was not the summons I expected, but the arrival of a new set of patients—a lady and gentleman with a little girl of about six.

I composed myself again and commenced an inspection of the new-comers. At the first glance I could tell that it was the child who was the patient. Not that anything could be detected the matter with her, but I knew from the attention paid her by the anxious father and mother.

"Let me take off your hat, Lulu, we may have to wait." I thought to myself that it was extremely probable that they would.

"Are you tired, darling? Sit down here beside mamma on the sofa and rest."

"No!" Miss Lulu announced with a little toss of her head, which showed she was spoiled, that she would sit on papa's knee. Papa at once submitted, to the evident relief of the lady, who sank back in her chair with a worried expression on her countenance. She was a slight, delicately, made little person, with a wonderfully sweet face, but there was a look of sadness about the eyes which followed every motion of the child, that told its own story. As I watched her I felt she must have suffered some loss, and the feeling of contempt in my mind, with which one is apt to regard an over-indulgent parent changed to one of sympathetic pity, as a vision of a little golden-haired sister, drawing her last breath, with her tiny hand grasping mine, arose before me, and for a time shut

out all other thoughts. I was aroused by the opening of the door.

"Miss Barlow."

So certain had I been that I was about to be called that it was a few minutes before I could realize that my name was not Miss Barlow. Then the young girl in the corner, whom I had forgotten, arose slowly and with evident unwillingness, the color mounting to her cheeks as she crossed the room, with the mere effort of passing before so many eyes. She paused when she reached the man with the red face, and whispered something, accompanied by a pleading look, to which he answered aloud:

"You'll be as well alone, Polly," in a much gentler tone than I could have believed such a rough-looking individual would speak. Another appealing glance from the girl, and he got up and followed her from the room. I was filled with indignation. Here it was almost eleven o'clock, and not only was I kept waiting, but others were taken before me.

What could it mean? I would certainly have something to say to the Doctor when I did gain admittance to him. I took a paper from the table and tried to read, but I was too much annoyed to fix my attention on anything. I thought of my engagement with my friends, and wondered what they would think of me. Was this the way I would have to wait on every occasion? What an amount of time I should waste if I continued under Dr. Munzer's treatment long!

I resolved that before I came again I would provide myself with some means of occupying my thoughts, and not be dependent on the Doctor's dry newspapers for amusement.

How long was he to be engaged with the red-faced man and his sister? for so I had decided must be their relationship.

I could hear the sound of voices from the Doctor's office, which was in the adjoining room. The man seemed to say a good deal, and then there was the

quick brief tones of the Doctor just answering in as few words as possible, for he never wasted an unnecessary word on any one. I determined to waylay Jerry the next time he came to the door and find out the reason of the delay.

After spending some time in looking round the room at the pictures on the wall, several of which were well worthy of inspection, my eye fell again upon the little one on her father's knee. She was chatting gayly to him, while he was endeavoring to read the paper and answer her questions at once; no very easy matter, for she insisted upon drawing his attention to all her remarks, and they were not few. At length he threw down the paper, and addressing his wife, said in a low tone:

"How much longer are we to wait here, my dear?"

I did not hear the reply, for just then two more patients were ushered in, and I found myself hailing their arrival with the same eagerness I had noticed in the old gentleman at my entrance, and before I remembered my intention of speaking to Jerry he had disappeared. This time it was a middle-aged woman and a boy, who might have been about eleven or twelve. The former had a sharp, thin face, with large black eyes, which seemed to look everywhere at once, and made me think what a disagreeable companion she would make to be shut up alone with. She wore a shawl with large checks of many hues over a somewhat rusty black gown, and there was an unmistakable country air about her, which was enhanced by the basket she carried, as well as several parcels. These she placed on a couch and motioned to the boy to do the same with a small hand satchel, she established herself beside them, and indicated with a gesture of the head the chair she wished him to occupy. As this happened to be directly opposite me I had a full view of him, and my first idea that he looked very awkward gave way at the sight of his face.

Only a boy's round, rosy face, but it was so bright and sunny, with an air of frank good-nature, that I was at once attracted by it, and fell to wondering if he could be the son of the woman, whom he did not in the least resemble. Perhaps he was only her nephew. He was dressed in a suit of rough tweed, which gave one the impression that it might belong to his younger brother, so deficient was it at wrists and ankles.

He must have been tired; for he gave a little sigh of content as he leaned back in his chair and glanced about him with an air of satisfaction, as if things were better than he had expected to find them. After a little while his attention was attracted by little Lulu's remarks, and I could see a twinkle in the brown eyes as he listened, and once or twice when her childish laugh rang out he had some difficulty in keeping himself from joining in. And, indeed, the child seemed to be in good spirits and was gradually drawing the attention of the room by her mirth, when all at once there was a little sharp cry:

"O mamma! my throat hurts me again!" and there followed a fit of coughing and choking which left the poor little thing white and spent. We were all sorry but unable to be of any assistance. Even the poor mother had to stand by and see her darling suffer until it was over. Then the father, gathering up the little one in his arms, said, "I will ask the Doctor to see her at once," and went out, followed by his wife.

I felt relieved to think that something could be done for her, and in wondering what was the matter with the child, it was a little while before I remembered that I had again lost my chance of seeing the Doctor. The woman on the sofa, who had been much excited during the scene, and offered her advice very freely, now subsided once more into quietness, remarking solemnly, "Well, well, look at that now! Did you ever see the like? Just see what you may come to, Jack!" addressing the

boy. Jack did not answer, but grew very red at being thus exhorted before so many, and regarded his boots with fixed attention, after a hasty glance round to see who had been listening.

More ringing of the door-bell, and more arrivals. Two young girls together, and shortly after a lady dressed in deep mourning. The former took seats near each other, and commenced a conversation in a half whisper about the fame of a new preacher who was in town, and there were many little exclamations of pleasure, and a quantity of such adjectives as "lovely," "splendid," and "charming," which sounded to me, in my irritated mood, very silly.

I grew more and more impatient, and perhaps my face was an index of my feelings, for happening to look in the direction of the old gentleman I found him watching me with a look in which was mingled sympathy and amusement. As soon as he saw that I noticed him, he came nearer to me, saying gently, "Excuse me, but I think you are, like myself, quite tired out with waiting!" in such a kind, courteous way that I felt pleased he had spoken, although somewhat surprised, for as I have said, it was not the custom. I explained my situation, and he informed me that probably Dr. Munzer had been delayed in the early part of the morning, which had made him late in keeping all his appointments. It was often the case, and was unavoidable. It was not more annoying to the patients than the physician. We got into conversation and I found he made a very entertaining companion. He told me he was himself a doctor, but had not been practicing for

some time on account of a throat trouble with which he was afflicted. When he mentioned his name I knew at once that I was speaking to a man who had been one of the leading medical men of Montreal. "Many a time," he said; "I have been obliged to keep my patients waiting in just such a manner as this, and when I remember how I have worked steadily on, going without the leisure time I allowed myself for rest, because I knew how many were depending on me, I understand how to sympathize with Dr. Munzer. But you are not accustomed to this, and find it irksome," he answered kindly, as I murmured an excuse for my impatience, a feeling of shame flashing across me, when I recollected that he had been there longer than I had.

"Now, let me try if I cannot make the time pass a little less slowly for you." He began telling me anecdotes of his own life, in a most amusing style, which soon had the desired effect of making me forget my grievances. Just as I grew fairly interested, the door was thrown open, and my name called.

"My task has been a short one," my new friend said, when I thanked him for his kindness; "but I trust we will meet some other day and continue our acquaintance."

As I passed into the Doctor's office, and saw the weary, harassed look on his stern face when he turned to greet me, the words of reproach I had intended uttering died on my lips, and I felt what I had heard was only too true, realizing that the physician stood more in need of sympathy than the patients who had nothing to do but wait.

PAULINE.



## MISS LUCILLA'S VALENTINE.

MISS LUCILLA BROWN lived in a little cottage off the road, about a half mile from the village of St. Martin. Too far away to enjoy the luxuries of "town" life, but near enough to catch at any stray bits of gossip that might be flying about. She was living alone now; her boy Erastus, whom she had taken from the poorhouse to raise, had given her so much trouble that in a fit of righteous indignation she had bidden him "clare out!"

Miss Lucilla would not allow either her neighbors or her conscience to throw it up to her that she had dealt unfairly by the boy. To her conscience she declared, "Ef he didn't like the poorhouse better'n this'n he wouldn't a-quit, not ef I told him a hundred times." To her neighbors she found much more to say on the subject: "He was that impedent and contrary," asserted Miss Lucilla, the keen eyes glancing over her spectacles, defying contradiction, "when I'd tell him to slop the hogs he'd go off to the milkin', and when I'd tell him to milk he'd say as he allus slopped the hogs fust, and as I didn't giv him no time fer nothin'. He piled the wood that close to the kitchen stove as it's a wonder the house didn't burn down over our heads. And mind! the catins didn't suit him nuther. 'Cause I had chicken two days straight on when Kriss Mills's folks was over from Middlebrook, he told Sam Ryder through the fence, and I heerd him, he reckoned that any day he were as good as old man Mills, and come from a bigger house'n ever Kriss set eyes on. And when last Tuesday he sassed me I up and told him to clare out and mebbe they'd hev a welcome fer him back at his big house."

"Isn't he a mighty little feller to git that fur?" hesitated Mrs. Luckett.

"Don't worry on him not takin' ker of

hisself; he's like a cat 'bout findin' the way. You ought to heerd him tell of all the things as he drove apast when he come to these parts!" there was unconscious admiration in Miss Lucilla's voice, "you needn't worry 'bout 'Rastus."

It was St. Valentine's Day, and the quiet village of St. Martin was in a wonderful state of excitement, for *such* a St. Valentine's Day had never been heard of before.

Miss Lucilla Brown, on her way back from the grocer's, stopped in at Sallie Nail's. She hadn't time to take off her bonnet, just dropped in to see how Sallie's mother was "standin'" the cold weather.

"Is it true as Mag Weever got a valentine?" asked Miss Lucilla, fiddling with her bonnet strings. "One as has a woman on it with a long tongue and eyes poppin' out of her head? The long tongue suits, but 'pears like Mag's eyes is the same as most people's. I never noticed nothin' wrong with 'em. Tilly she squints up her'n when she talks, but Mag looks you full in the face."

"And Tom Weeks is furious!" exclaimed Sallie, with a beaming, delighted countenance.

"Did he git one, too?"

"It was in the orfice at five o'clock this mornin'. A man with a pitchfork in his hand, and underneath a rhyme, sayin' as he went round stealin' other people's hay."

"Serve's him right, holdin' himself up as the honestest man in these parts!" Miss Lucilla's bonnet was reposing on the table now. "Has any of the rest got 'em, Sallie?"

"Yes, indeed! Mother, what was that on Mollie Lambert's?"

"It said as she spent the day afore the glass a-paintin' her cheeks the color o' cherries," chuckled the old lady, "and

Moll's 'most as mad 'bout her'n as Tom Weeks 'bout his'n."

"Mrs. Riggs got a woman singin' like a screech-owl," continued the voluble Sallie, "and Bill Watkins, a man wearin' his rough boots on a Sunday."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Miss Lucilla; "and they hain't got no idee who sent 'em?"

"Don't know who they've a right to be mad at, so they're mad at the hul town."

"Ef Mandy Keefer didn't git one I'll be mighty s'prised."

"Deed she did! 'bout a-talkin' so perty!"

The three women evidently enjoyed this last more than anything that had gone before.

"And what'd Mandy say to that?" inquired the visitor.

"She said as the man what wrote it didn't talk very perty hisself."

"Well done fer Mandy! No one ever gits ahead o' Mandy."

"Charley Morris said as all the words was spelled wrong, and that set Mandy a-laughin'. Agoin' to all that trouble 'bout her, hevin' it printed and a picter painted on it, and then fer the feller not to spell good!"

"Did they send any to Mariar?"

"You better not stop to inquire ef you don't want the dish-water thrown at you. Johnny Dill he axed the same question of her very perlite this 'mornin', and he says as he come near bein' scalded."

Very reluctantly Miss Lucilla took up her bonnet to depart.

"Ef it wasn't fer the hogs and chickens I could set yer all day a-listenin'," she said, as she bade old Mrs. Nail good-bye. "'Pears like time flies while Sallie's a-talkin'."

Miss Lucilla could not keep from smiling as she walked along, though the February winds were blowing back her gray shawl and rumpling her bonnet strings.

"I'd like to a-seen Mariar," she said, never minding the winds. "I'd liked fer

to seen Mariar's face when she tore off the kiver. But I guess as no one dasn't say a word 'bout it." She was replacing the loop over the little front gate when a voice called out from the path:

"Hold on a minute, Miss Lucilla, I've got a letter in the bag fer you."

"I guess it's from Sam; he said as he'd write onct a month now he's moved nearer home. I hain't got my specs on, so I can't spell out the post-mark."

If she had had her specs on she might have seen a gleam of amusement in Farmer Boyd's eyes.

"I'm much obliged to you for hurryin' up; when one's only got one brother and nary other kin in the world, they git kind of hongry for his letters."

"That's true," assented the burly farmer, and then he trotted away. When he was half way up the hill he shouted back:

"I say, Miss Lucilla, there's a pa'cel of foolish people stickin' 'bout the earth, but the best thing to do is not to mind 'em."

"I don't know as I'm in the habit o' mindin' 'em," murmured Miss Lucilla, as she unlocked the side door and went in. "I reckon as the hogs and chickens'll hev to wait till I git done with Sam's letter."

She found her spectacles on the sitting-room mantel, and putting them on, tore open the large envelope. There was no need to look at the post-mark; all Miss Lucilla's letters came from Sam.

"Mercy alive!"

In Miss Lucilla's hand fluttered a large illuminated sheet—a miserable, little old woman crouching in the darkness over a few smoldering embers. Underneath was printed:

"A close-fisted old woman lives under the hill, With her bags of money she never will spill. She sits all alone in the darkness of night, For she's even too stingy to pay for a light."

Miss Lucilla's anger flashed out of her eyes and blazed on her cheeks. "I'd liked a-seen the day I were too stingy fer

to buy coal-ile! And as fer *me* settin' over the fire-place when there's a stove in every room in the house! The feller what painted this must a-seen me over at Riggs's tryin' to git warm. The post-office oughtn't fer to send such trash around. I mind when they said as the man had fer to read all the postal cards, and not be sendin' insuntill ones to decent people. I think they'd better see as he opens the letters."

Miss Lucilla put her valentine on the mantel, went out on the kitchen porch, picked up the wooden slop-bucket, walked over and actually threw its contents to the chickens. "Law!" cried Miss Lucilla, trying too late not to let it all go. "Ef the feller had painted that ther'd be some excuse. A woman throwin' good slop away and the hogs a-squealin' fer it—but a-paintin' *me* a settin' in the dark!"

Miss Lucilla showed her valentine to Sallie Nail, in hopes that she could explain it. "I can't make out as what he means 'bout the bags of money that I never will spill. Ef it was to git 'round that I kept money in the house I wouldn't feel safe in my bed." Then she related about spilling the slop. She didn't show her valentine to any one else, but somehow it got over the village, and one naughty boy sang after her in the street:

"She sits all alone in the darkness of night,  
For she's even too stingy to pay for a light."

"I passed on and never noticed his sass," said Miss Lucilla to her friend, Sallie; "but I don't think as you ought a-told the hul town."

Sallie vowed she didn't, not one single soul in it, but mother. And telling mother was the easiest way there was of telling the whole town.

"I said to mother as she wasn't to say nothin' 'bout it," declared Sallie, with a guilty look in her eyes. "I said as mebbe you wouldn't like it gittin' 'round 'bout your wastin' the slop."

"It's the last slop as ever I'll waste,"

cried Miss Lucilla; "them hogs kept me awake the night through."

"You don't say!"

And somehow that got around the town, too. "Miss Lucilla was gittin' too savin' to feed the hogs, and they was that hungry they kept her awake at nights." And Jim Hall said to her one day: "I reckon as you fer one'll be glad when butcherin's over, Miss Lucilla; guess as you won't hev no lard to sell this year?"

Miss Lucilla Brown began to dislike the village gossip. The winter was bringing back her old stiffness, too. The doctor, who had prescribed the one boy, now prescribed another, but she wouldn't listen to him.

"Ef I can't git along no better than last year, I guess I'll hev to pack up and go out to Sam." Miss Lucilla heaved a sigh. It would have broken her heart to leave the crocus bed in the front-yard.

"I don't b'lieve as I can git up," said Miss Lucilla, one morning, "I can't lift my legs and arms."

The snow was piled high on the window ledges; it was sleeting now.

"I wish I'd hev butchered last week," groaned Miss Lucilla. "The hogs'll starve to death while I'm lyin' yer in bed." She attempted to raise her right foot, but let it fall with a cry of pain.

"The chickens'll freeze ef they don't git some corn. I'm glad as the cow's dry, but there's no one to give her so much as a bundle of fodder. Oh! I wish 'Rastus was yer!"

Tears were flowing down Miss Lucilla's withered cheeks. "'Rastus was always handy 'bout the place when I was sick. He didn't have nice manners when he was mad, but I didn't mean to send him to the poorhouse."

The clock struck seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven. Three hundred times sixty minutes between the hours.

"I guess as when it clares off some one'll come along and find us all dead," sighed Miss Lucilla. "The cow a-lyin' stretched

out in the stable, and the chickens stickin' 'bout on the trees like I seen 'em over at Grumses, and the hogs what would hev made such nice sausages, and *me*."

"Is you sick, Miss Lucilla?"

There stood 'Rastus in the doorway, a very thin, little 'Rastus, looking as if *he* had been going through the starving process.

"Where'd you come from, 'Rastus?" There was more warmth in the voice than poor 'Rastus had ever heard there.

"I done bin 'round 'bout all the time. I seen there wasn't no smoke a-blowin' out the chimbley, and I thought as you might hev one of yer spells."

"And you aint goin' away and leave me agin, 'Rastus? You might a-known I didn't mean it when I told you to go back to the poorhouse. Ef you'd a-stayed on I'd a-bin glad."

Tears came into 'Rastus's black eyes. He rubbed his ragged coat-sleeve over them hastily. "Miss Lucilla," he sobbed out, "I'm sorry I sent that ere valentine."

"Law, 'Rastus! You never sent it. You hain't ever seen me without a lamp, and they don't give no paintin' lessons in the poorhouse."

"I bought a lot of 'em cheap over at Chaptown store. I had that quarter you giv' me when I shot the cat wot eat the chickens, and I thought I'd send 'em 'round."

"Do they keep 'em at the store?" shouted the invalid. "And they aint painted fer particular persons? Is that so, 'Rastus?"

"I jest picked 'em out of the pile, there was more'n I could count."

"And why did you pick out that crip-

pled old body, a-pushin' herself into the fire-place fer me?"

'Rastus stuck his head out in the next room. "I done it 'cause you sent me away from yer; I'm mighty sorry now, Miss Lucilla, and you a-lyin' sick."

"Sence I come to think of it, 'Rastus, it wasn't more'n tit fer tat, as the school-teacher told Edy Davis, how as 'twasn't more'n tit fer tat when Ned Norris put chalk marks on her slate after she'd run a lead pencil over his copy-book. Was it you, 'Rastus what sent all the rest of 'em?"

'Rastus hung his head.

"I won't tell nary word of it to Sallie Nail."

"Ya-as'm."

"'Rastus come and fix the pillers, I think as I can set up fer awhile. I want as you should tell me about Mariar's."

"It said as she was so heavy she broke the big scales."

'Rastus had arranged the pillows, and was standing before Miss Lucilla, grinning broadly.

"They all think as some one done it a-purpose, and you was jest a-doin' it fer fun?"

"Ya-as'm."

"I hain't got no bags o'money, 'Rastus, but I've got some in the chiny teapot, and ef you won't never go back to the poorhouse, even though it is bigger'n this'n, I'll let you tend school in the winters."

"I don't b'lieve as I ever will send no more valentines," blurted out 'Rastus at this new piece of generosity; "it aint no fun, nohow."

And he never did.

L. R. BAKER.



## THREE YOUNG WIVES.\*

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

### CHAPTER XVII.

NOT a single member of the Young Men's Christian Association was absent at the next regular business meeting. Notices had been sent out by the Secretary, each one having these two lines conspicuously printed in the left-hand corner:

"Business of special importance. Strictly limited to members of the Association."

Time enough had elapsed between the issuance of these notices and the date of the meeting for it to become generally known that in considering the report on amusements the officers of the Association had resolved to exclude as far as possible all outside influences. They felt that too much was involved. That their young men were in great danger of being carried away by the plausible reasonings of such men as Judge Glendenning, who had already perverted the judgment of many and gained, as they believed, a power over them that was fast alienating their hearts from religion. In the efforts made by Mr. Allen, the President, to show his son how, in the new associations into which he was being drawn by the Judge, he was falling into a snare, and coming into great danger of making shipwreck of faith and a good conscience, the failure had been complete. Herbert had presented him with facts which could not be ignored, and with arguments which needed something more than dogmas, authority, or any usage or tradition of the Church to set aside. If his own son, so carefully instructed and held so close to the Church, could be led astray by the specious reasonings of men of the world

like Judge Glendenning, how great the danger to all the children of the Church, and especially to the membership of the Association which he represented as President, and for the protection and well-being of which he felt himself to be deeply responsible.

It was chiefly due to Mr. Vivian that the prudential notice to which we have referred was given. Many things had been said at the previous meeting by persons not legally entitled to take part in the discussion, which had, in his view, unsettled the opinions of some of their best young men, and he felt it to be his duty to guard the members of the Association as far as possible from any further assaults in this direction.

When Mr. Allen took the chair and made a close observation of the room, it was with a sense of relief and satisfaction that he saw how well the notice had done its work. After the meeting was organized, and the Secretary had called the roll and read the minutes of the preceding meeting, the President asked if the Committee appointed to consider the resolution on amusements were ready to report. It would weary the reader and profit him but little were we to rehearse in detail all that was said and done on this occasion. There were two reports. A majority report, in which the question of amusements was discussed in a broad and enlightened spirit; and a minority report, in which worldly amusements, such as dancing, card-playing, private and public theatricals, billiards, ten-pins, etc., were condemned as in opposition to the spirit of Christianity and destructive of vital religion. It was very severe on card-play-

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ing and dancing Christians. One thing was particularly noticeable—the difference in tone of the two reports. The one in favor of widening the area of amusements was calm, argumentative, and earnest in its appeals to the Association to consider the needs and dangers of the many young men in Westbrook, for whom the prayer-meeting and the reading-room had, as yet, no attractions, and to reach down after them and endeavor to draw them away from the soul-destroying temptations which beset them on every hand; while the other report was written in a fretful, impatient, denunciatory spirit, dealing off-ener in assertion than in argument, and appealing to pious prejudices more than to clearly spoken Scripture or the dictates of enlightened reason.

The discussion that followed, brought on by a resolution to lay the majority report on the table, partook more of an intemperate wrangle than an enlightened debate. Men who belong to Churches, and call themselves Christians, are not usually distinguished for either meekness of spirit or forbearance one with another, when they happen to fall into any serious conflict of purpose or opinion. Accusation, the charge of wrong motives, angry denunciation, and the like, are as freely exchanged as among the world's people. What took place on this occasion was no exception to the rule. After a miserable struggle of over an hour, in which most of those who entered into it were wounded in spirit by the conflict, the motion was lost. Then came another battle on the motion to accept, which was finally carried. The minority report was then read and the contest renewed. It was more heated and acrimonious than before, and only closed under the gag-rule of a motion to adjourn, for which a sick and disheartened majority were only too ready to vote in the affirmative.

Thus it all ended, and the hope of many waiting and anxious hearts in West-

brook—the hearts of mothers with growing-up sons; of young wives, troubled about their husbands; of sisters who were beginning to fear for their brothers—died away, and the old shadows fell into them again. So far as the Young Men's Christian Association was concerned, it had let its opportunity go by. The leaders in reform, while holding, as they believed, a clear majority, had such an active and determined minority opposed to them that they feared more might be lost than gained for the Church if the open contest went on.

But seed had been sown in the minds of many inside and outside of the churches, and it took root, and the signs of germination and growth began ere long to appear. Was it really good seed? By its fruit is the quality of every seed known.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

AFTER the decision of a conflict, victors and vanquished are alike called upon to consider the result and to take note of the loss and gain.

Let us see how the case stands with the Young Men's Christian Association of Westbrook. Is it stronger for good than before? Does it stand higher in the respect and confidence of unprejudiced and thinking people inside and outside of the churches? Has its management come into the hands of its wisest and most enlightened members, or passed more exclusively under the control of a few narrow, well-meaning, inflexible bigots, with consciences resting on the prejudices and traditions of the past, rather than on the clearer truths of the gospel of Christ which are becoming every day more manifest?

Mr. Hugh Allen went home from the meeting far less satisfied with the result than he had hoped to be. Under his management and manipulation the party of progress had been baffled and virtually defeated. So far his ends had been gained.

But, in the breaking up of the meeting, came a free declaration of opinions and purposes from many who were sorely disappointed at the result, which rather startled him. A new organization was threatened. Young men, heretofore active in the Association, declared aloud their purpose to withdraw from the old membership. The renting and fitting up of a new hall was spoken of in Mr. Allen's hearing; and the sentence, "We'll have a talk with Judge Glendenning about it," had no very pleasant sound for his ears, coming as it did from the lips of his own son, who had taken an active part in the meeting which had just closed so unsatisfactorily to nearly all concerned.

The people of Westbrook were variously affected by the result. The general public had never before taken much interest in the doings of the Association; considering it as all very well in its way and useful in the narrow range of its chosen activities. But now, when there was a movement to widen this range, and to provide attractions for a much larger number of young men than it had yet been able to draw within the circle of its influence, the whole town became interested, and even excited. The common sentiment was largely in favor of the new movement; although, as we have before intimated, there were two parties both inside and outside of the churches. Saloon and tavern keepers, and all who were in any way interested in their success, took sides with the bar-room riff-raff in laughing at the Association and turning it into ridicule. They talked lightly about the new Church of the "Holy Billiard-Table;" and the "Ten-pin Alley Church;" and the "Church of Holy Poker;" greatly to the scandal and disgust of many good and pious people, who were hurt by such profane associations, and who saw therein the first fruits of an unwise and unwarrantable attempt to "secularize religion," and trail its pure garments in the "defiling dust of the world's unhallowed pleasures."

But among the better class of non-professing citizens, as well as with many of the more liberal and intelligent church members, a sincere regret at the turn affairs had taken was felt and expressed. Before the end of a week, at least three influential gentlemen of the town had declared their purpose to follow the lead of Judge Glendenning, and set up billiard tables in their houses; and before the end of the second week two of them had been as good as their word. At the rooms of the Association the nightly attendance of young men became less and less, and was made up chiefly of those who were more piously inclined, and somewhat given to the active work of prayer and praise meetings. The less seriously inclined; those in whom the light-heartedness of youth was predominant; who had a distaste for the solemnities which had become so large a part of the religion of the day; who wanted refreshment of spirit instead of pious meditation, sought the recreation which nature demanded elsewhere—not a few of them in far less safer places; for, as before intimated, between the rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association and the bar-rooms and drinking-saloons of Westbrook there were no places of common resort open to the young men of the town.

At the next monthly meeting of the Association the attendance was small. A dead calm followed the reading of the minutes. No objections being offered, they stood approved. Mr. Allen looked grave and solemn and ill at ease. As his eyes went searching about the room, he was troubled at the absence of so many of their brightest young men, his own son among the number. But no effort was made to call up the question which had been as an apple of discord, and after a few items of unimportant business were acted upon the meeting adjourned, the members going silently away, each with a feeling that, think as he might on the the question of amusements, the Associa-

tion had, by its manner of dealing with the subject, lost influence not only with the outside community, but with many of its own members whose appeals it had disregarded.

Meantime, in spite of a division in his Church, which was taking an aggressive form under the leadership of Hugh Allen, Mr. Vivian had the satisfaction of noting a steady growth in his congregation, the increase coming mainly from a class of intelligent young and middle-aged men who had not, heretofore, been in the habit of attending public worship. To the spiritual instruction of these, and to the higher enlightenment of his people on subjects of practical religion—the religion of daily life—did Mr. Vivian give the best that was in him, little heeding the party in opposition, and never permitting himself to be drawn into any controversy. His great advantage lay in his strong convictions, and in his power to clothe his

thoughts in clear and impressive language; and still farther in his relation to the people as a preacher; for between the pulpit and the pews there could be no heated discussions. His hearers had full opportunity to weigh his carefully considered views; which, radical as many could not help often regarding them, were always so fortified by the plain precepts of the gospel, and so accordant with reason, observation, and experience that few were able to resist them. The religion that he taught and enforced was the religion of justice, humanity, and self-denial, lived among men, and down in the world of business and social life. A religion by which a man could look reverently to God, and ask His blessing on the reception of every good gift—a blessing on his pleasures as well as on his work; on his pastimes as well as on his devotions—each being right and orderly in its place and season.

[CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.]

### “CHILD’S PLAY.”

IN a delightful article on R. L. Stevenson as a Poet, recently published in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, is this very fine extract from *Child’s Play*, an essay by Leslie Stephen:

In the child’s world of dim sensation, play is all in all. ‘Making believe’ is the gist of his whole life and he cannot so much as take a walk except in character. I could not learn my alphabet without some suitable *mise-en-scène*, and had to act a business-man in an office before I could sit down to my book. \* \* \* I remember, as though it were yesterday, the expansion of spirit, the dignity and self-reliance, that came with a pair of mustachios in burnt cork, even when there was none to see. Children are even content to forego what we call the realities and prefer the shadow to the substance. When they might be speaking intelligently together, they chatter gibberish by the hour and are quite happy because they are making believe to speak French.

How well that writer understood the feelings of children. The fact we have frequently seen stated, but by no one else so well. Mr. R. L. Stevenson is as keen

as Mr. Stephen was to feel as children feel, as this little verse will show:

“Now, with my little gun I crawl  
All in the dark along the wall,  
And follow the forest track,  
Away behind the sofa back.”

This was from *The Child’s Garden of Verses*, published in 1885. Mr. Stevenson’s new book, *Underwoods*, has much in it that shows how clear is his memory of childhood impressions. Here are some beautiful lines *apropos* to this:

*My house*, I say. But hark to the sunny doves,  
That make my roof the arena of their loves,  
That gyre about the gable all day long  
And fill the chimneys with their murmurous song:

*Our house* they say; and *mine* the cat declares,  
And spreads his golden fleece upon the chirs;  
And *mine* the dog, and rises stiff with wrath  
If any alien foot profane the path.  
So, too, the buck that trimmed my terraces,  
Our whilome gardener, called the garden his  
Who now, deposed, surveys my plain abode  
And his late kingdom, only from the road.



## THE PATH BEAUTIFUL.

IT was a lovely place, that home in the bend of the river among gray and green rocks, conical cedars, tall spruce, sweet winter-green and flowering arbutus. The glory of the rising and the setting of the sun, the full radiance of the moon, the high, wooded banks bright in autumn and white as pearl in the winter; the rush of falling water, the music of birds, the stir among the tilting branches—all combined to make delightful this picturesque home in the sanctity and silence of the country.

And when the lady visitor, her arms full of ferns and arbutus and the flowering boughs of the queenly laurel, spoke in warmest enthusiasm of the beauty of the home-nest, the mistress of the house looked around with a slightly bewildered air, and turned about as though she did not comprehend the meaning of the rapturous praise.

"Ah," she said, "do you really think so? I never thought anything about it, and if I had, I didn't mind it, anyhow."

Like many others of that class to be pitied, this woman was only beauty-blind. She was not an uncultured woman, and yet she had lived for years with this varied and beautiful picture before her eyes all the time—varied with every season and every sunset and every hour.

The wonderful picture that was one thing differing in glory, only, in spring, summer, autumn, and winter; dawn, noon-tide, evening, sunlight, moonlight, and starlight—pictures that no artist could ever paint half so perfect as the hand of the great Master had limned them, the poor beauty-blind woman had "never thought anything about it."

We hear of color-blindness. We know people who cannot distinguish between red and blue, green and yellow, purple or

violet, and yet they are less unfortunate than the beauty-blind.

We think that this beauty-sight, this appreciation and recognition of the beautiful is in a great degree a matter of education. The fact remains that the eye, and the soul through the eye, may be trained to the perception of the grand and beautiful in nature and in art just as truly as the hand may be trained to the use of the pen or the needle.

The mother should begin with her children, and while teaching them the difference between order and disorder, tidiness and untidiness, let her teach the love of beauty just as truly and make it of as much importance.

It is easily done. The mother is the one to do it. It must come from her, or in all probability it will not come at all. It should begin in infancy. It is so easy taught—the beautiful, beautiful lessons! All children naturally love flowers and pictures, and what is prettier than to see a mother explaining a book of pictures to her little ones clustering around her, like a class of eager students!

How readily one can detect this in the man or woman. We were talking about it yesterday.

Mrs. Chester, our neighbor, said, "Well, I have got our pictures home at last, handsomely framed, and I am so glad the job is done. The dealer who frames them is a connoisseur in pictures, in his own opinion. I am always hurt, made angry whenever I get work done at his store. Now my beautiful Effie Deans picture that I have cried over in spite of myself, such a grasp does it have on me, what do you think he said! Why when I uncovered it he whistled a long 'phew!' and said, 'Well, well, "Over the Garden Wall," is it?' And when we went after them to-

day while he was wrapping them he lingered over the Effie Deans, knowing that we admired it and wishing to flatter and conciliate, he said in his broad personal brogue, you know how he drawls and pronounces—"Toe things I ad-migher in this pick-ture, the cumplacency of the dawg's face-h, and the masterly burruuds' nest-h out yonder!"

"And when he wrapped up the beautiful picture of Peace, the quiet meadows and waters and hillsides in the glow of October, he said, 'Now, I wud a' had a man or boy stand hure on this hummock, and a female yander under that beech tree-ah, and I would a' had a fine mair an' coa-l-t-ah running along on this strip o' grazing land. I admire-ah life in 'em, it sturs my emotions, as ye may say.'"

This from a man who couldn't draw an ash hopper, with coal or keel on a smooth barn door, so that anybody would know what it was, unless he had written under it, "This is a ash hopper."

A dear friend, Mrs. Josephine Scott, of Bryan, O., told us how glad she was once while one of her pictures was on exhibition, and she stood back trying to feel unconcerned, two old plain farmers paused before it and made their own comments. "Yon's good pastur' land," said one. "A mighty natral rail fence that," said the other, and then they wiped their glasses and drew nigher—the dear old beauty-lovers. "A wonderful kerrect wagon track, just see!" where she had made the winding track to go through the dooryard to the wood pile. "I swow I kin a'most smell the rich sile—heh, Peter, he! he! he!" and the cronies laughed cheerily not knowing that a young farmer's wife stood near with grateful tears in her eyes, her brown, toil-worn hands working nervously, locking and interlocking her thankful fingers together. No art director's praise would have made her half so happy as the blunt, unstudied, homely phraseology of these two nature's noblemen.

No matter what the environments may have been, if this love of the beautiful is implanted in the heart it is a comfort and a blessing, and carries happiness with it. Yes, the soul hungers; a hunger that is terrible to endure, and yet God's pictures are all about us in this world, and pictures that never fade will rejoice and satisfy our longing and hungering in that Goodly Land. Who cannot afford to wait, meantime holding the ownership of these—a lover's claim on all.

"Touched by a light that hath no name,  
A glory never sung,  
Aloft on sky and mountain wall  
Are God's great pictures hung.

"What unseen altar crowns the hills  
That reach up stair on stair?  
What eyes look through, what white wings fan  
The purple veils of air?

"What presence from the heavenly heights  
To those of earth stoops down,  
Not vainly Hellas dreamed of gods  
On Ida's snowy crown.

"But beauty seen is never lost,  
God's colors all are fast;  
The glory of this sunset heaven  
Into my soul has passed.

"A sense of gladness unconfined  
To mortal date or clime;  
As the soul liveth it shall live  
Beyond the years of time.

"Beside the mystic asphodels  
Shall bloom the home-born flowers,  
And new horizons flush and glow  
With sunset hues of ours.

"A lover's claim is mine on all  
I see to have and hold."

When a minister called on us the first time, a home-bred boy with his home ways adhering to him as the bits of shells stick to the young chicken—he bluffed our favorite paintings, meanwhile running his shapely fingers through his flowing beard, with, "Now for my part I like just steel engravings best; I never was carried away with these colored things in red and yellow and blue." And he looked down at the

fringed margurites in the carpet, and winked like a toad that had traveled all the way from the stable to the garden, round past the strawberry patch, and in at the wicket gate under the willows.

We were sorry. How much the lad had missed. He had not run in pastures green. It was not for him that "the broom was blowing bonnie in the north countrie." He was one of those of whom the poet sang:

"When a man can live apart from works  
On theologic trust,  
I know the blood about his heart  
Is dry as dust."

He had seen no pictures in the glowing embers in his boyhood; no pictures in the peaked, jagged, waving, lovely fringe of woodland about the horizon's rim; no pictures in the afternoon or evening clouds, when they piled up in fleecy heaps like mountains of snowy wool, or when they parted and great aisles opened down into ravines, vistas, corridors, wonderful paths they seemed leading into the country of immortals or when they were ranged like vast armies in mortal combat—great giants like Goliath, and Brobdinag, and Samson, and the vapor-made creations in Arabian Nights, the poor minister was robbed of the glories of that delightful period, childhood.

In his mountain home he had never heard music, such as comes to the beauty lover. "The patter of rain on the shingly roof," tinkling like myriads of elfin belis in all the sweet keys of melody, was nothing to him. And "the roar of the wind in the rocking pines," sobbing, shrieking, wailing, sighing, crying out like widows in the first pain of utter desolation and bereavement, was nothing more than the noise of the winds among the wayside trees.

The evening shadows falling aslant away over the broad pasture fields, lying quiet, only as they quivered under the breezy fingers of the winds playing in the

grass, he did not see. The waving of the ripening grain, softly stirred by the zephyrs giving out its tints of green and gold and silver in the loving sunshine, came not to his blind vision.

We once knew a girl whose one thought and hope and wish was to visit Niagara Falls. She was the daughter of a farmer of very moderate means, and was the house and homekeeper for her father. It was a great undertaking to earn the money and make the journey, and she planned a great many ways, but the path was always blocked by some obstacle.

She had energy, and when disappointment came she did not despond, but kept on trying. Her soul was hungering for the sight—the Mecca to which people of all nations make a pilgrimage.

A kind man, a brother of General Sherman's, in a laughing way, said, "if I had your knack of telling stories I would write a book some time."

And this was the way to see Niagara Falls.

She acted on the suggestion. She would rise early, get the children off to school, place dinner for the family, fly like a bird till the work was all done up nicely, and then move her table out on to the shady porch under the vines and write, keeping an eye on the clock, the boiling pot, the jar of yeast, the cream that was souring for the churning, and the pigs, chickens, garden, and household matters in general. The book was finished, sold, published, and her share of the proceeds enabled her to carry out her eager desire—her "dream came true," and she gathered new inspiration, and fresh encouragement, with a strength that would otherwise never have been hers.

Her beauty-loving soul grew and built for itself more stately mansions, for "unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance."

She never once thought of fame or honor, that sun-tanned, bare-footed, bare-armed, plainly clad girl. She had no plot—she

let it tell its own story; it seemed to run out of the ends of her fingers and her pencil. It may have been a book worth printing, and it may not; this happened so long ago that we quite forget, only the kind old women in her neighborhood said, "La! I could hear Sarah Jane talkin' all the time I was readin', and I wish I had nothin' to do but read books of her writin'."

How true is this:

"For the soul that gives most freely  
From its treasure hath the more;  
In giving love you bind it,  
Like an amulet of safety,  
To your heart forever more."

How people differ—the beauty-blind and the beauty-lovers. We live beside a woman whose home until she was nineteen years of age was within hearing distance of the roar and thunder of Niagara, and yet, she says, "Somehow I never cared much about going to see the Falls; I thought I would go some time, with our Eastern visitors, but I put it off, and when 'he' came, and we were married, I didn't think of it any more."

One day we were weary writing, and for a rest we ran out to the roadside and asked an old farmer jogging along in his wagon with a load of tile, to let us ride a piece.

He was a chatty old man and told us how much he paid for tile, and how much it cost to have it laid in his bottom field, how much he had been offered for the roan on his left, and how many fine colts old Dolly had raised, and about the sharpers getting him to sign a bit of paper not to have the Bible left out of schools, and it turned out to be a note for four hundred dollars. And then he tipped up his poor blank face and pale, watery eyes for sympathy. Poor old man! We were sorry.

We rode on about three miles and met another old man in a buckboard; then we got out and told him where we lived and

whose daughter we were, and asked to ride back home with him.

His hat rim lopped down over one ear, his trousers were amply patched by hands far more careful and expert than ours, his shirt-collar was fastened with a button as big as an old cent, "so daddy's hands could find the button"—we knew how it was—his boots were two sober red foxes, and his dear old veiny hands looked like honest tools that had wrought faithfully for bygone generations.

He was chatty, too—delightfully chatty; and he told us how he managed to educate his boys and girls; how they could "speak pieces like any parson;" how smart they were in figures; how they read good books of history and biography; read aloud to the family evenings; how dutiful they were; what proper, nice pictures the girls could make, and all these things that make parents so proud of their children.

He told us as we rode along through the woods about the timber, the virtues of the roadside plants; skivage good for cuts; kinnicanick for cough medicine; fennel for local pains; brier-root tea for dysentery; golden-rod to dye yellow, and the beautiful, mottled leaves dotted with all shades of red and dun and gold and crimson were so pretty pressed and made up for holiday decoration, and would we please "hold the lines while he got some for his girls." And after he had clambered back, his slow old toes catching and halting in a troublesome way, he drew our attention to the landscape.

He said he was so fond of real pictures, not the stiff, overdrawn, made-up kind, but "scenery-pictures." We had a good ride that three miles going and three miles coming, and we hoped we had made the dear old strangers as refreshed and happy as they had made us.

The love of beauty dwells in every heart. In some it sleeps, and never wakes up. Let the mothers think of this while the tender, plastic children are theirs to



mold and train for the enjoyment in this world of much or little happiness.

The beauty-blind find this life prosaic, dull, tiresome, or as a poor woman said to us, "it-is-just-one-thing-over-and-over."

Many of us live in the country, and we are apt to bewail our deprivations of one kind and another. We often hear the complaint: "We have no picture-galleries." This is true, and yet we daily look upon pictures that would fire an artist into a frenzy of exultation and delight.

After all, we have the very skies and mountains and forests, the golden mists and purple shadows, the rosy dawn and yellow sunsets, that our artists vainly try to copy.

Many a man raves over a bit of canvas and talks learnedly of values and proportions and perspectives and all that, who is stone-blind to the vast panorama that is unrolled before him day and night.

Many a woman counts her life narrow and empty, shut in by a round of homely, prosy duties, and utterly barren and void of beauty, when all around her is "the

pomp that fills the circuit of the summer hills," and she has but to open her beauty-loving eyes to behold such glories of sea and sky and prairie and mountain and river, as poet never sang nor painter painted.

Women need beauty. Sometimes they hunger for it, their whole souls cry out plaintively after it, clamoring hungrily. They may not know it. Some of them find it hard to satisfy this longing even in these days, when the apostles of beauty cry aloud in the streets. For home decoration means money, or it means time and strength, or all three. But the grand domain of outdoors is theirs.

Neither poverty nor labor nor sorrow nor even ignorance can shut them away from sunrise and moonrise, starlight and cloud-rift; from the splendor of summer or the glory of winter, if their eyes have been anointed and their souls awakened, and they have been crowned beauty-lovers and beauty-loving. Then they will walk in "the light that is neither of sea nor land."

ROSELLA RICE.

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### ALPINE ECHOES.

FAIR valley stream ! so glad with mellow song  
 And low sweet laughter's gurgling melody,  
 Whose crystal feet are tripping toward the sea,  
 Thy voice I hear as when the idle throng  
 Of golden days in fair procession long  
 Hung tranced above thy beauty's dimpled grace,  
 And white and cool across the far blue space  
 The snowy cones were lifted clear and strong.  
 Now far above the tinkling bells I hear  
 From snow-fringed pastures, green with summer's crown,  
 And mountain songs are ringing, sweet and clear,  
 From lifted slopes of sunshine drifting down.  
 O far off voices of the vanished days,  
 Whose echoes linger and whose sweetness stays !

B. F. LEGGETT.

## PIPSEY ON AUTHORSHIP.

No. 2.

ONE time there came to us, just in the busy season of house-cleaning, when we had hardly time to put on a fresh collar, or brush our hair, a fat bundle of manuscript, with a long, wailing letter of fourteen pages.

It was from a young widow, left destitute, as some women would call it, while others would have said, "Help yourself, and God will help you," and laid hold of the first work their hands could find to do.

How our heart did ache! How puzzled we were! One minute we would think, "Oh! go and scratch, you old hen!" and the next we would say, "Poor thing, that comes of a dawdling mother, who always did the drudgery of sweeping under the beds, washing the pots and kettles, scouring tinware, and patching the grain sacks to save her daughter's white hands."

So, saying, what a pity she wasn't better born, we waded through the long story; oh! such a long one, beat out as thin as tin-foil, occasionally a sweet thought thrown in, or one that had crept in slyly.

The hero and heroine had mountains of trouble, dreamed dreams, and saw ghosts, and wandered in the moonlight, and carried each other's pictures close to their hearts, and cruel parents tore them leagues asunder, and, finally, there was a shipwreck, and she was cast upon an island, and the "*Lone Hermit of the Isle*" found her and brought her back to life, and they were happy ever after.

It was written on paper about like bank note, only not so good, in pencil, every sentence a paragraph, bad spelling, peculiar capitals, and undue attention paid to punctuation.

We said as kind things to her as we could, making suggestions gently, when lo! we found that we had opened wide the door that we had hoped to close.

Just to show what little idea she had of what writing for the press meant, we will quote briefly from her prompt answer:

180

"DEAR MADAM:—Your note with MSS. received, but an unusual press of duties, absence from home, overseeing the making of our clothing, callers, social duties, making plans for writing stories, etc., have prevented my acknowledging your welcome missive.

"I am glad your opinion concerning my cereal is as favorable as it is.

"I thank you for the time spent in the perusing.

"You speak of the story being rather to long.

"Do you mean to long for the general reader? to long for the amount of material it contains? to long for the intricate plot? or, in other words, does it contain too many words to an idea???

"You speak of my MS. as being so clean and free from interlining. I would be ashamed to let you see my first draught of a story, an article, a sketch, or a cereal, with all its marks, erasures, interlinings, and mistakes. Certainly no one but myself could decipher it, and if it stood until the next day I would find it difficult to know what all the crooks, marks, changes, and hieroglyphs meant.

"I write an article twice before copying. At the second writing I form paragraphs, punctuate, correct spelling, capitalize, correct ungrammatical errors, and polish up rhetoric and make a clean copy. Yes I am very careful getting up a *taking* kind of MS. That is half the battle, and after all, my dear Miss Potts, the editors do make horrid blunders of my work when they are sitting it up in type.

"You suggest that I try writing an article on 'Making a new Dress out of an Old One.'

"I scarcely know how to take you. I do not know what you mean, whether your signification is figurative or literal; however, I think the subject a strange one, but sometime when I am not so thronged as at present, I will undertake it. I do not have leisure for anything trivial or light.

"Once more, will you favor your trou-

blesome correspondent? A few little, hastily written sketches that I have written I will send you when my time is not engaged, and I want you to read them carefully, analyze, criticise, examine, and then give me your candid opinion of there merits or demerits.

"You will please be careful to return them, as I have kept no correct copies of them.

"Again, I want to number you on my list of correspondence. I think we would be mutually bennefitted by soul communing with soul. I have heard you very highly spoken of, and that you are *only* the daughter of a farmer, that you never graduated, that you used to run in your bare feet and bare head, and jump and climb and ride and romp like other girls. It does not seem possible!!! May I ask where you were educated and what was the course of study you pursued, and how you came to learn to write stories and poetry. I cannot imagine how such a useful life could grow out of such humble beginnings!!!

"And now I have a number of questions to ask. Can you answer them for me?

"Do editors in general object to articles written with pencil?

"What papers publish stories of a length to continue through two or three numbers?

"Can you give me the names and places of publications likely to want my cereals?

"What is about the age to which a writer must arrive before he or she begins to find authorship profitable?

"How many pages of MS., written on paper of this size, would you call a day's work?

"What editor of your acquaintance would take my stories and pay me well for them if he knew my circumstances—that I was widowed, in poor health, ambitious, hoping for fame and its reward; had two children to support with my pen and my brain, and that I was a ready writer with vivid imagination and reasonable flow of language?

"Give me full particulars at length, and let me hear from you *soon as possible*.

"Respectfully, —————."

We give this letter because it is one of many—a sample letter—such as story-

writers receive only too often. It is not necessary to tell any more about the ambitious, presumptuous widow, who made her way clear before her because of ignorance and dogged persistence. She would have made a good "pillar of fire," or "cloud by day," or an entering-wedge at a crowded reception. We met her once. She heard that we were at a resort and came to see us; came in smiling wonderfully, and puffing noisily from her hurried walk from the station. She was tall and flappy, wore a pile of flaunting hat and carried a green silk plush bag on the ends of her fingers in front of her, as if she weren't accustomed to such luxuries. She could only stop for the next train, and we talked fast and said all we could in the brief time allotted.

She glared at us as we sat darning a stocking with our glasses on, caught her breath and said, "I never would have guessed this was you! Somehow I thought—well, I thought that maybe—well, I declare for it if you don't look just like Ham Thornton's wife's sister Katie! We always call her 'Lanky,' though, just for fun. Look like other women for all the world, and—" just then the toot sounded, and her train came and she had to fly. The plush bag dropped and fell open, and a thin purse, a chunk of manuscript, and two light cakes, and some cheese and bologna, dropped out on the doorsteps. We helped her gather them up, took the snap of a kiss, with "Good-bye, sister," and she was gone, flapping round the corner like a flag.

One woman writes to another this way: "I am thirty-two years of age, married, have no children, and I have about four hours to spare every day. I would like to improve them by qualifying myself to write for the press. Will you be so kind as to let me know what books I ought to read, that I may qualify myself for the above object, or, if you think me too old to begin such a work, say so."

The answer was kindly given: "The first requisite in a writer is ideas; then comes expression or style, though some people care more for the manner in which a thing is said than for the thing itself. The books this lady should procure must have some relation with the subjects upon which she feels impelled to write.

"If on art, she should study up on that

subject; if on social topics, she must read in this line; if on domestic affairs, she will inform herself with respect to these, and so on of others.

"Having chosen her themes, she must, when she has something to say, put it in the most forcible, concise, vigorous, agreeable shape she can, and send it to some paper to whose columns she thinks it is suited.

"If one paper declines it, send it to another, always inclosing stamps for return postage, and keeping a copy also.

"It is unwise for beginners in journalism to send articles to leading newspapers. Let them begin in the local journals. If they show real talent, they will be invited up higher and paid well for coming.

"Pursuing this course, whether the lady succeeds or not, she will find the discipline excellent for herself. Her ideas will become defined and her own intellectual life will be wonderfully quickened.

"Having an object in her reading and writing she will find of incalculable advantage to her; and if she is really in earnest to contribute to the sum of human knowledge and human happiness and to develop to the utmost her own powers, there is for her no such word as fail.

"According to her talents and her improvement of them will be her reward.

"This course of action is a thousand-fold nobler than bending over the sewing-machine, or the useless novel, or the craze for the latest new stitch, or painting owls, or gossiping emptily with neighbors, or fussing wearily over the grind of toil required to keep one's house over-nice."

We often wish, when we hear young men, boys or girls speaking, "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," that they knew all about the author, the poor, poor little girl who came up through great tribulation. None of the pretty things said of her by flowery newspaper reporters are true.

We like to read the personal experience of an author. If the picture is too high-colored, or too sombre, the same influence which painted it in just those shades has made him what he is. One author sits calmly down to his task and prepares his article carefully and laboriously, correcting and revising as he proceeds. A dozen lines is a good day's work. Another has conceived a thought which will not rest; it throbs and vibrates through his brain,

it pulsates through his impatient heart, and sets his nerves a tingling. He grasps his pen and writes in feverish haste. The thought flies faster than his pen. While it is burning in his brain he must write it down or it is lost forever. Thoughts fly faster than lightning. Then there comes a time for calmer criticism and careful revision, but not at the moment of its conception. So, was Curfew written.

The author of it, Rosa Hartwick, was a sixteen-years-old school girl then.

She had always made rhymes readily. Made them when she rocked her dolly, and put an apron on her kitten and cuddled it to sleep with the songs she made up and sang. Wonderfully imaginative were some of them, wilder than the songs of the crazed creatures in lunatic asylums, but there was enough sense to them to convince her mother that Rosa was as strange as an elf-child on the heathery moors of Scotland.

When the little girl, in stiff starched sunbonnet, started to school, sometimes her mother gave her a penny to buy a stick of mint candy or liquorice, but the cent was always given in exchange for a sheet of foolscap paper. Great possibilities lay in the great, long, wide, white expanse of a whole sheet of paper, to do what she pleased with it.

She could print her little rhymes on it, and if she chose, which she frequently did, to illustrate them, so much the better. She could color them with the green obtained by closely folding up a plantain leaf and rubbing it on; the blue, by a squeeze of the indigo bag used on wash day; the purple and yellow from the petals of flowers and from the bits of gay glazed papers swept out from stores and milliner shops.

Stories in rhyme never wearied the little embryo author. The family were very poor. Rosa wished with unutterable longing for a blank book. It would cost a half dollar. Her father was a tailor, and there were seven in the family.

Finally, when she was sixteen years old the mother bought the coveted blank book, on conditions, that it be used for a diary only, not lumbered up with verses.

For a time the record of daily events were kept, but after awhile the events began to run in the channel of rhyme in spite of Rosa.



About this time, 1865, a woman loaned her some *Peterson's Magazines*, in the September number of which was a story about Bessie and her lover, given as a historical fact.

The pathetic story wrought on her mind to such an extent while in school bending over her problems in arithmetic, that she was compelled to rub out her work and poise her pencil, waiting for the poem to shape itself into something that she could get hold of.

Suddenly it came. You who write can understand. You have seen a caption, as it were, before your eyes, in the darkness, in the daylight, in the space in front of you. You have seen the line as if written in fire. You have heard the words as if spoken by a strong, sweet voice. You may have been puzzled at the tangle of incoherent things, odds and ends of sentences, when suddenly it would burst upon you, bringing such rest and relief, and joy and gladness. Just the very thing you wanted and wished for. "Curfew Must Not Ring To-night," were the words.

Now she had something tangible.

She wrote it down on her slate. That evening in her own home, sitting on the floor, her sunbonnet shoved back off her head, and oblivious to everything in this world, she wrote. Click, click, went the pencil. Now it paused. Now it rushed; now slow, now fast, now faster, until the writing was quite like the inscriptions on the wall of old Pompeii.

It began: "England's sun was slowly setting,—" Thoughts crowded faster and faster, and just as fast, if not caught, they flew away forever, and were not found again.

Her mother came to the door to say that one of the school girls had called. Rosa looked up imploringly, and the mother divined the pleading request and excused her daughter, who had snatched up the arithmetic, pretending that her attention was absorbed in her hard lessons.

The poem was copied into the fifty-cent blank book and laid aside for that time.

It had been published in different languages, and was popular on both conti-

nents for ten long years—its authorship claimed by different men—before its writer ever realized a penny for any article in prose or poetry.

Not until after her marriage, and after motherhood came, did she find intellectual food to satisfy her hunger. She lived in a neighborhood where to be a good housekeeper was woman's highest ambition.

Women met social condemnation who ever took up the pen to write anything more than letters to relatives. They might read, if they did not neglect their work, but writing, never. Who ever heard of a woman-writer that was a good housekeeper?

Sometimes, after a hard day's work, when the babies were tucked away in bed, she would take up her pen guiltily, but not often. A good woman heard of her. She came to her, the first literary person she had ever met. And she opened the door to the new life that was so tardy in its coming.

She sent a poem to the *Youth's Companion* the week after, and received her first check from a publisher. She considered it presumption to expect pay for anything she could write. They were poor. She wrote on, and the "fives" and "tens" that followed after her patient toil were like fortunes dropped down into her tired, hard-worked life.

At first, all returned MS. was thrown into the fire as worthless. Now, she knows better. What one editor does not want, another one does.

The same of critics. What one approves another disapproves. She says: "The song which captivates most hearts is not the scholar's studied production, crammed with superior wisdom, burdened with big words, but those simple heart-touches like the spontaneous warble of birds, that which seems to kiss away our tears and join hands with us in our wanderings, an echo to our every joy and sorrow."

To accomplish our most acceptable work we must not be swayed about by censure or praise, only to "see ourselves as others see us."

PIPSEY POTTS.



## RELIGIOUS.

### CLEAN HANDS.

"Beautiful hands are those that do  
Work that is manly, good, and true,  
Moment by moment the whole day through."

AND clean hands, or they could never be beautiful, could never do "work that is manly, good, and true."

"He that hath clean hands and a pure heart," wherever his place or whatever his circumstances may be, he shall "see God." See Him in nature and humanity, see Him in his own heart, and feel His beneficent presence and strength day by day. Clean hands—beautiful hands! Do you ever think of all the words imply? To have clean hands, one must live above all "greed of gain," above all sordidness and impurity, all selfish strivings and low desires; he must "keep his record clean," as the dying Gough said, for clean hands can only be an index of a clean life—a life lived for noble purposes, and with a steadfast hope in all that is good and beautiful. Clean hands come only from a daily living upward. Clean hands and a clean conscience are synonymous terms, and without the one the other is impossible. The hand means so much to us—the mother-hand, whose soft touch we first learned to recognize; ah! how we turn back to it through all the years of after life! how vividly memory recalls its lingering caress upon our heads! The dear, patient hands, that worked for our comfort "moment by moment the whole day through." Well is it for us if, when we see them shut under the coffin-lid, we can each feel we did what we could to lighten and brighten their toil; well if we let them guide us into safe paths in earth-life and by faith can still see them reaching down from heavenly heights to beckon us on. Father's hands, so strong, yet so tender to the twining of our little fingers in childhood, so firm and unrelenting in ways of righteousness, the hands of brothers and sisters and friends, clasping ours in love and helpful comradeship; oh! how we love to think of them all, and how good and beautiful, how clean they seem to us!

Let no one think to keep gain or keep clean hands through idle dreaming; one

must "do" noble things, not dream them merely, and have the courage to say "no" to every form of wrong—as comparatively few do have. It is a courageous man who dares to speak and act his honest thought without fear or favor. Most noble was the reply given by a poor man to his wealthy neighbor, when the latter would have influenced his decision in a matter of public trust. "In a case of this kind, I must act my own honest judgment; I have no friends to favor and no foes to fear now," said he, and one felt his manhood in every word, and we thought, "How clean his hands are!" If all men in their public and private capacity would answer thus fearlessly when the tempter comes to them, how soon our government would purify itself. We should have no more disgraceful trials of "boodle aldermen;" no breach of trust suits, and no absconding bank presidents or cashiers. Is it not a shameful pity that we, the "great American people," cannot, or do not, elect our best men to fill our public offices? As a people, we love purity and right, yet who can keep down the blush of shame when reading the record of some who are filling the high places in our national life? Why is this so? Is it because money is all-powerful with us, and we dare not say "no" when it asks for favors? In the political world, at least, it would appear that "might makes right," and too often money, not worth, wins the day. How often, when rival candidates for office are spoken of, it is said: "A—— will win, for he has the most money." It is a sad travesty on American manhood when this can be true, for it shows how sadly are the clean hands and the pure heart lacking in many.

"But politics have become so dirty and disgusting, I cannot bear to mix with them. I can hardly go to the polling-place to cast my vote any more," says the honest man. My dear sir, I do not wonder at your disgust, but did you never think of how much worse the state of things will become if men like you stay away from the polls and have "nothing to do with politics"? It would be left wholly to the unclean then and go "from

bad to worse," with nothing to restrain the foul stream. Because politics are "dirty and disgusting" is just the reason that every true man should be at his post working with might and main to stem the loathsome tide and send the pure waters of healing through it. Go, every one of you, in the glorious might of manhood and do what you may to upbuild our national life. Fight as God gives you time and strength, against all wrong and evil-seeming, assured that the day shall yet come when right will prevail, and again, as in the old days, the people will send "their wisest and best men to make the public laws." Do not sit idly waiting at some Bethesda for the angels to come down and "trouble the waters," but go you yourself to work and the angels shall work with you.

I kiss the dimpled hands of our baby with a whispered prayer, "Lord, keep them pure and clean always," yet well I know how much it depends on me whether or not my prayer is answered; well I know that I, his mother, must be alert and watchful to every influence around him, that I must train him to purity and leave nothing for God to do that I can do myself. It is well to pray, but better still to *act*, and to remember always that "God helps him who helps himself." Let your good deeds be your prayer to your God.

How strangely our prayers are answered sometimes! It is many weeks since I wrote the preceding page, and left it unfinished to care for the precious baby, whose presence had made all the summer-time glad and bright for us, the baby whose little hands I prayed might be kept clean and pure always, and now my prayer is answered, for he has gone to live with the angels, and nothing unclean can touch him forever. The words of grand old Martin Luther, as he stood by the grave of his child centuries ago, find an echo in our hearts: "How strange a thing it is to be so joyous in spirit and yet so sad in the flesh." Joyous because of the joy and blessedness come to one who was dearer than life to us; sad, so sad, because of our desolate home and empty, aching arms. All day, all night, we miss the bright little face which cheered us; we listen in vain for the soft cooing of baby-lips; in vain we long for the falling of the dear baby hands, and it is hard,

God knows, and He loves us! We hold fast to this thought—sometimes it is the only thought we dare to have. Measured by weeks and months, the baby-life here was very short, but measured by what it wrought in our lives, by the joy and beauty it awakened for us, by the hopes and prayers linked with it, it was long, and, oh! so beautiful! Now it goes on and on forever in a beauty and brightness of which we can have but a faint conception. One among the angels in Heaven is all our own—ours by every right of love and parenthood—given by God; our son always, whatever the changes and delights of heavenly life may be. O my friends! though you mourn with us for the loss and loneliness, rejoice with us also, for we are father and mother to an angel now! The thought will inspire us with new strength to live aright, and, because we know the anguish of letting go, because we have a little grave to care for, our hearts overflow with pity for all who suffer and weep, and we shall try yet more earnestly to carry the comfort of His love into the darkened homes around us. Was it for this baby came? for this he was taken away? Ah, He knows!

Clean hands, pure feet forever! Going up the heights of life unstained! Coming to angelic manhood unspotted by any thought of evil—with all to help and nothing to hinder! Is it not worth all the pain of these lonely days to feel all this coming to one we so tenderly love? Ah, glorious hope of Heaven! of life and love full and joyous evermore! Thank God for it! Thank God for the stars shining through our "cypress trees."

"And time is eternity, love is divine,  
And the world is complete.

O Life, O Beyond!

Thou art strange, thou art sweet."

"I'll meet him in the world's rude din,  
Who hath outlived his mother's kiss,  
Who hath forsaken her love for sin,  
I will be spared her pang in this.

"Man's way is hard and sore beset;  
Many may fall, but few can win,  
Thanks, dear Shepherd! my lamb is safe,  
Safe from sorrow, and safe from sin.

"Nevertheless, the way is long,  
And tears leap up in the light of the sun,  
I'd give my world for a cradle-song,  
And a kiss from baby—only one."

EARNEST.

## HOME CIRCLE.

### THE MOTHER'S ROOM.

"STUPID girl!" exclaimed Isabella Munson, in a tone of annoyance.

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked a cousin who was on a visit to the family.

"That stupid servant-girl has gone and asked Mrs. Brown into mother's room instead of mine, as I told her to do. The parlor is being thoroughly cleaned this morning, and as Mrs. Brown came earlier than visitors generally do, I thought I would have her asked into my room."

"Well, I don't see what difference it can make whether she was asked into your room or your mother's," replied Cousin Anna, who had not been an inmate of the house long enough to find out "the true inwardness" of things there.

"Well, to tell the truth," replied Isabella, blushing a little, "mother's room is rather shabby." Her own room was quite handsomely fitted up, with a nice, new set of furniture, and various little niceties and adornments of the modern æsthetic school.

Cousin Anna was silent. Isabella's words left a painful impression on her mind. Surely, it could not be a right and orderly thing that the mistress of the house, the queen-bee of the hive, should have a chamber so shabby that it would vex and mortify her daughter for a visitor to be invited into it. And what a laborious and devoted wife and mother she had always been. Now, that she had begun to traverse the downward slope of life, it was a small enough requital for years of loving service and painstaking that her family should contribute as much as possible to her ease and comfort and pleasure. Her husband and children were not unloving, nor were they especially selfish. They were merely thoughtless and unobservant. Her thorough unselfishness, her habit of considering her own needs and tastes last and least of all, while it had elevated her character, had tended to lower theirs. Cousin Anna was clear-sighted enough to soon perceive this, and the incident about the room especially served to bring out in bold relief

the fact that the family had fallen into a way of thinking (from the mother's own standpoint) that anything would do for her. She had suppressed her own wants and tastes and fancies till the family had grown unconscious of the fact that she had any.

That afternoon Mrs. Munson came into Cousin Anna's room while the latter was unpacking her trunk and taking out many little elegancies of the toilet, for, being a single lady in good circumstances, and living in the city, she paid due attention to all the niceties and refinements of life. Mrs. Munson expressed so much admiration for the pretty things Cousin Anna was unpacking that Isabella laughed and said: "Why, mother, I didn't know you noticed or cared for such things."

"I care for them more than you think," replied her mother, "but I have had so many cares and employments pressing on me for years past that I have not been able to give them any attention."

"But now, most of your children are grown, and the pressure on you is decreasing, you might spare the time and means to fit up yourself nicely," said Cousin Anna.

Isabella gave a little laugh—anything dainty seemed so out of keeping with her laborious mother, whose dress and personal belongings were all so plain and meagre. Cousin Anna could not repress a little frown, the laugh jarred on her so much. It was not many days before she sought an opportunity to gently hint to Isabella what a suitable and desirable thing it would be for the family to fit up Mrs. Munson's room nicely and freshly for her. "The mother's room," added she, "ought to be a sacred spot, a rallying point for the whole family. If my mother were living, I would far rather fit up her room tastefully and comfortably than my parlor, if I had to choose between the two."

Isabella was really an affectionate daughter, though thoughtless, so Cousin Anna's words opened her eyes and carried conviction to her mind. She lost no time in broaching the subject to her father, who was a well-to-do, good-natured farmer. As soon as the idea was presented to him,



that his wife's room was dingy and shabbily fitted up, he at once agreed to have it fitted up as Cousin Anna and Isabella wished. "Why, bless your heart, child!" he exclaimed, "you know I am willing to do anything in the world for your mother, but I had gotten so used to the old room I did not notice how shabby it looked, and, besides, I didn't know your mother cared for nice, new things, but Cousin Anna says she does, and maybe she is right. Any way, I will give you money to fix up the room. I have just sold my wheat crop for a pretty good price, so I'll give you anything in reason to fit up the room. How much will you want?"

"I'll have to consult Cousin Anna first," said Isabella, "she is just from the city, and knows all about the styles and prices."

Away she flew to communicate with the delighted Cousin Anna the success of her application to her father. They both agreed that it would greatly increase the pleasure of the undertaking if they could keep it a secret till it was accomplished. "But how can we manage to do that?" asked Cousin Anna, with a perplexed air.

"I have thought of a capital plan," exclaimed Isabella. "Mother hasn't been to see her sister for several years. I'll persuade her to go and spend a couple of weeks with her while you are here to chaperon me."

When this scheme was first proposed to Mrs. Munson, she seemed afraid that Cousin Anna would consider her rude if she went off on a visit while she was there, but, at length, being reassured on this point, she went off in fine spirits to see her sister, and enjoyed a much needed change and recreation.

Then what endless consultations followed between Isabella and Cousin Anna! The questions of papering, carpeting, and furnishing generally were all thoroughly ventilated. In regard to papering, Cousin Anna said it would swallow up too large a proportion of their funds if they got paperers to come from town to do the job, and, therefore, as she had some practical knowledge of papering, she proposed to undertake the job herself, with the assistance of Isabella and the oldest boy of the family, a youth of seventeen, provided Isabella was willing to trust it to her. This Isabella was very willing to do, as

she had the utmost confidence in her cousin Anna's knowledge and executive capacity. Accordingly, they sent for samples of papering, and out of a large number selected a lovely one, with sprays of pink holly-hock on a neutral tinted ground. First of all, they had the ceiling merely whitened; then, they had the walls roughened and "sized," as paperers call it.

Then Cousin Anna, with scissors in hand, a long table close by, to lay the strips on as she cut them, a bench to stand on, and a bountiful supply of paste, fell to papering, with the assistance of Isabella and her oldest brother, a tall youth, whose height proved of great assistance in this case, as it enabled him to reach up to the top of the walls, and put on the strips of papering there. At length the task was successfully accomplished, and the dingy walls bloomed brightly and cheerily with pink holly-hocks.

Next came the question of a carpet. They had some inclination to get a red and white checked matting, but when Cousin Anna noticed what a pretty floor it was, made of finely grained, old-fashioned flooring plank, she advised Isabella to leave it as it was for the summer, Mr. Munson pledging himself to buy a carpet for it in time for a Christmas gift.

The furniture question entailed many discussions and consultations. "The white woods are all the style now," said Cousin Anna, "but I think a set of walnut furniture would suit your mother a great deal better, and we can get one on very moderate terms, as the fancy for light-colored woods has brought down the price of walnut furniture."

They decided on a set of walnut, and in a few days the heavy farm wagon came from the depot fairly groaning beneath the weight of the new furniture. When it was put up, it looked so nice that Isabella fairly danced with delight. The bureau with its large glass, and broad, shallow drawers, was such an immense improvement on her mother's old-fashioned chest of drawers, surmounted by a little dim, cracked glass. The handsome new washstand, too, looked so widely different from its predecessor, a dingy old wooden one, with the paint worn off. The wardrobe, commodiously fitted up with drawers, shelves, and hooks, was a showy and elegant

piece of furniture, but, after all, there was nothing in which Isabella and Cousin Anna took more satisfaction than in the low rocking-chair, which they knew would be so restful and comfortable to the good housewife when her day's work was over. By the expenditure of a small sum, they bought enough cheap sprigged white muslin to make graceful, flowing curtains, imparting an air of coolness as well as of refinement to the room. They also improvised a pair of good curtain shades out of white cotton, stiffly starched, getting the necessary attachments out of a pair of old shades.

Never was a set of children more delighted with new toys than the whole family were with the newly fitted up room. It was a rallying point for the whole household. They spent nearly their whole time in it, examining and admiring it. Even Mr. Munson was so fascinated by it that he relaxed in his accustomed close attention to his crops. Cousin Anna pronounced that "something was lacking yet, not a roc's egg, but a few pictures."

"Yes, I think so, too," said Isabella. "What shall we do about it? Buy a couple of chromos? We saved so much by doing the papering ourselves that there is still a little money left."

"No, don't let's get chromos," said Cousin Anna. "Unless they are of a very superior kind (in which case, they are expensive) they merely vulgarize art. When you have only a limited amount to spend on pictures, I think it is best to invest in photographs of fine paintings or sculptuary. Just before I left town, I recollect seeing at my bookseller's a beautiful large photograph of Guido's 'Aurora,' Phœbus driving the chariot of the sun, with the Hours, represented by young maidens, following in his train. Suppose we write to him for this, and for something to match it in size and style, directing him to have them neatly framed? They will cost no more than chromos, and will be a thousand times prettier."

Isabella willingly deferred to Cousin Anna's superior taste and judgment. Accordingly, the pictures she recommended were sent for, and they added a charming finish to the room. Cousin Anna, as her contribution to the fitting up of the room, sent to town for a little set of hanging book-shelves, with a few books such as

she thought would please Mrs. Munson's fancy, a pair of vases for the mantelpiece, and some pretty fancy articles for the bureau. She moreover spent her leisure moments in embroidering in red an elaborate design on a pique "splasher" bearing the motto, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness."

On the day of Mrs. Munson's return, any one might have thought a bride was expected from the appearance of her room, lovely, fresh, and handsomely fitted up. As a last finishing touch, Isabella filled the vases with white lilies and tea roses. Amazement and delight rendered Mrs. Munson speechless for several moments after first going into her room. It seemed like a trick of magic, the transformation of her dingy room into this beautiful, fresh-looking apartment. At length her overwrought feelings found relief in exclamations and in a few tears. "How perfectly lovely! How charming! How convenient! How kind and thoughtful!" burst from her lips, while the family and Cousin Anna stood by, as much pleased as she was.

"Now, mother," said Isabella, "I find we shall have to reconstruct you entirely. We began with your room, but now we will have to go on to your wardrobe, for you know it would look shocking to wear shabby old clothes in this lovely room, so you may look out for a bonfire of your old, faded gingham."

"If you all don't mind," said Mrs. Munson, with a bright, affectionate smile, "you may find the fitting up of this room like the carriage a man's mother-in-law gave him. This present necessitated his buying a pair of carriage horses and employing a coachman, and then he thought it necessary to fit up his whole establishment in conformable style, and so, at length, he became bankrupt."

"I am not at all uneasy about your making me bankrupt," said Mr. Munson. "The fact is, you have been so backward about expressing your wants and wishes that I have spent only too little on you, but in future I mean that you shall have every indulgence in my power to make the evening of your life pleasant and comfortable, for you are surely entitled to this, after having so bravely borne the burden and heat of the day."

MARY W. EARLY.

"JEST NICE AN' COMFOR'BLE."

"HEY, Bunchy! where under the sun yer been this long time?"

"I've been stayin' to hum, Jim; my back's been worse'n usual an'—an' then little Sis—she went away."

"Gone off, hey. Where's she gone?"

"They say she's gone straight to Heaven, but anyhow they went an' buried her—the purty little thing!"

"Why, Bunchy! your little Sis as you war allers a-talkin' about. Well now if that aint too bad; but don't cry, Bunchy, don't! I've heered tell how thet Heaven's a prime place to git to, an' everything is jest splendid an' comfor'ble there."

"That's jest wot the mission-teacher said, Jimmy; ye know she come lots to see little Sis, an'—why, if it's all jest as she said, it's a heap more comfor'bler than anybody's got round here; the richest of 'em all aint got things so nice as little Sis. The lady aint never been there, she said, but she knowed it wus an orful good place."

"Well, that's nice ter think of, ole feller."

"Yes; but, Jimmy, yer can't think how lonesome 'tis to hum; why it's so still an' solemn in our room, that I can't sleep o' nights, an' then my back gits to achin' so bad, an' I ache so in my throat for wantin' to cry, but I don't give in on 'count of poor mom, 'cause she thinks I'm a-sleepin'; an' the days is so long I couldn't stand it to hum no how; thought mebbe I'd git a shine or two, but I don't feel ekal ter doin' 'em now. What luck you had, Jimmy?"

"Good; made all I wants ter make ter day, so I'll jest keep 'long side an' ef any customers comes why I'll shine 'em up fer ye; ruther do it 'n not; wish I could jest straighten yer back out good as mine."

"O Jimmy! if yer only could, an' take the ache outen it; but then, wot'd be the use with little Sis gone? 'pears I should ache all over jest the same."

"I'm sorry fer ye, ole feller, blest ef I aint; but hadn't yer best go hum agin? This ere fog aint doin' yer no good, an' it's nigh as wet as rain. I'll carry yer box around; it's fit ter drop yer be."

"Yer orful good, Jimmy. I s'pect I best go, but 'pears I shell die 'long of missin' little Sis; she was allers glad ter see me."

"Well, yer best keep a-thinkin' 'bout the good times she's a-havin', Bunchy."

"I do; why, the mission-teacher she said how that there wasn't no cripples, there, nor no bein' sick an' achin', nor nobody didn't git cold nor hungry; jest think o' that, Jimmy; they're all jest comfor'ble."

"Guy! ef the hull lot of us wus there it'd be a good thing, wouldn't it, Bunchy?"

"That's jest wot I says ter myself, Jimmy."

The next day the crippled boy was not on his accustomed corner, and the day after rough, ignorant, noble-hearted Jim went to find out the reason.

"An' it's Lenny ye want ter see? ah, the poor dear, he jest died in the dawn-in'," said the sorrowing mother. "It was all onexpected like, but it 'peared he couldn't live without Sissy noways; an' how I'm to live without either of 'em, the dear knows! Mayhap ye'll like ter look at him, lyin' peaceful as a lamb?"

And Jimmy, instinctively taking his cap in hand, went in and stood beside the little misshapen form—the boy whom his fellows had nick-named "Bunchy," but for whom they had a sort of tender care, and though ready to laugh at him, were equally ready to fight for him if occasion required.

Jim recalled many such times when he had been his champion, shielding him from harm, helping him across the crowded street, and shouldering his blacking-box; but now it was all ended. How he should miss the patient little face which showed in every outline the pitiful story of life-long suffering.

He brushed the tears off his cheeks with his rough jacket sleeve, and turned away, awed and puzzled by the mystery of death, but somehow holding to a blind faith that Bunchy had found his little Sis, and that they were together in some fair glad place where tears and aches are unknown, and where all the inhabitants are "Jest nice an' comfor'ble."

LILLIAN GREY.

## HOME HINTS.

**T**HE door is ajar. We ask admittance. If allowed to enter, we lay our mite, not at the feet of Fame or Fortune, but before the busy mothers and wives of our great land, whose time is limited and their readings, if indulged in, must be condensed. Next to our hearts are the little children. They should be employed. When tired of play and they ask mamma what to do, have some interesting as well as useful occupation ready. A child of six is not too young to be taught many helpful things.

A little girl near me has worked on muslin, in outline stitch, several tidies and wall-splashes, previously stamped, and from her own store of pennies has bought lace to trim them. Each special friend has been remembered by one. On her little underwaists she has worked cat and feather stitch. She keeps her mother in holders for ironing and lifting kettles from the stove, made from worn colored hose folded together, then stitched through and through with needle and thread. A small loop is sewed upon one corner to hang them by. This need not be only the girls' work—let each boy also learn to sew. Education in small things as well as great will be no load to carry.

If you live in the country, let each child have a garden spot that no one else is allowed to trespass upon. Supply them with seed, a few bright, yellow marigolds, a red pepper plant with the showy pods; also a melon vine, that they may reap reward in taste as well as sight.

The beautiful white silk handkerchief, so often presented by a friend, is too delicate for immediate use, consequently is laid away to turn yellow. An exquisite banner may be made from them by cutting on each side until it is the required width; embroider or paint a moss rose and sprig of mignonette; line with padded cambric; on the bottom sew pink crescents, two inches apart; mount upon plush banner rod. A covering for a closed door is made as a curtain from dark-brown canton flannel with a strip of blue, the same material stitched on side and end about four inches. Outline-stitch of old gold wool, fans about six inches apart, beginning at the blue and extending upon the brown. Loop the curtain back with chain and

ring as for a window. In a small house it is very difficult to keep flies from the kitchen, especially when there are many to keep the screen door on a continual swing. Objections are made to the poisoned fly paper, as the ceaseless dropping of flies is disagreeable. This can be lessened by keeping a plate of paper outside the kitchen door; the greater number will dine heartily here, and your plate, always ready inside, will catch the occasional intruder. Save your steps in kitchen and dining-room; keep the table laid, the unnecessary taking off cloth and dishes at every meal can be avoided, only when clean linen is required. Secure a small stand or table; if you cannot buy one almost any woman can make it out of a coffee box, with board legs nailed on the right height. If it is a little shaky, do not get discouraged, but put on more legs until it will stand. Cover the sides to the floor with dark cloth and the top with white oil-cloth. Place this stand near your dining-table. Wash the dishes here, brush the crumbs, and replace the dishes; all the washing and wiping may be accomplished upon your high stool. If you have no sink in your kitchen, always keep a wooden pail with a wall-splasher of heavy brown paper handy for waste water. This can be emptied by the man of the house, who is generally glad to relieve all he can. I have among my acquaintance a kind and obliging husband who, when he comes home, does not think it beneath his dignity, when no help is in the house, to don the "big apron," bring in water, coal, and empty waste about the house, and I have reason to believe there are many like him.

Clean your milk strainers (unless they are of cloth), when washed and allowed to dry, with a stiff bristle brush. Discolored silver cups may be made to look as new by allowing them to stand over night in sour buttermilk. Then wash with soap and water. Sickness had left us with weak eyes. We found dark-colored spectacles beneficial when going out doors in the bright sunlight. The room we sat in was darkened, all but one window opening upon a porch. The eyes were bathed three or four times a day with a solution made of one teaspoon salt, one teaspoon of white vitriol, cooked upon an old porcelain or copper plate un-



til perfectly dry; then put into one gill of soft water; drop in a piece of blue vitriol, the size of half a pea; let it stand in the bottle a few minutes and it is ready to apply.

RUTH CHASE MCPHERSON.

#### THE FIRST PAIR OF BOOTS.

I SAT in a store one autumn day,  
Where various goods were on display.  
From silks and laces and ribbons and gloves  
To boxes of polish for shoes and stoves;  
And not the least of the things displayed  
Were the boots and shoes for the "country trade."

Two persons stood by the counter there,  
A wife and husband, a toilworn pair.  
His brow was furrowed by lines of care;  
He looked at the boots with a thoughtful air,  
And felt of the leather as one who knew  
What kind would "wear" in a boot or shoe.

Two sturdy pairs were chosen at length

Whose soles and "uppers" proclaimed  
their strength;

Then the husband said to the wife, "I know

That pair up yonder would fit our Joe.

Up there in one of the upper rows,

Them little fellers with copper toes.

You know, this morning he asked for some,

But I told 'im *his* boot time hadn't come;

I said I'd get boots for Benny and Tim,

But I told him that *shoes* would do for him;

And he quivered his chin an' batted his eyes,

But now we'll give him a grand surprise."

The mother smiled at the happy thought,

And said, "Let's do," and the boots were bought.

I thought that eve, what a world of joy

Two little boots gave to a little boy;

And I oft imagine how some one's feet

Tramp proudly forth into snow or sleet;

How somebody dances and yells and hoots

And prances about, in his first new boots.

MARTHA GYON SPERBECK.

#### EVENINGS WITH THE POETS.

##### SORROW.

UPON my lips she laid her touch  
divine,  
And merry speech and careless laughter  
died,  
She fixed her melancholy eyes on mine  
And would not be denied.

I saw the west wind loose its cloudlets  
white  
In flock careering through the April  
sky;  
I could not sing, though joy was at its  
height,  
For she stood silent by.

I watched the lovely evening fade away—  
A mist was lightly drawn across the  
stars,  
She broke my quiet dream—I heard her  
say,  
"Behold your prison bars!"  
VOL. LVII.—13.

Earth's gladness shall not satisfy your  
soul,

This beauty of the world in which we  
live;

The crowning grace which sanctifies the  
whole,

That I alone can give."

I heard and shrunk away from her  
affraid,

But still she held me, and would still  
abide.

Youth's bounding pulses slackened and  
obeyed,

With slowly ebbing tide.

"Look thou beyond the evening sky," she  
said,

"Beyond the changing splendors of the  
day,

Accept the pain, the weariness, the dread,  
Accept, and bid me stay!"

I turned and clasped her close with sudden strength,  
 And slowly, surely I became aware  
 Within my arms God's angel stood, at length,  
 White-robed, and calm and fair.

And now I look beyond the evening star,  
 Beyond the changing splendors of the day,  
 Knowing the pain He sends more precious far,  
 More beautiful than they.

CELIA THAXTER.

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FROM DAY TO DAY.

ONLY from day to day  
 We hold our way,  
 Uncertain ever,  
 Though hope and gay desire  
 Touch with their fire  
 Each fresh endeavor.

Only from day to day  
 We grope our way  
 Through hurrying hours;  
 But still our castles fair  
 Lift to the air  
 Their glistening towers.

And still from day to day  
 Along the way  
 Beckon us ever,  
 To follow, follow, follow,  
 O'er hill and hollow,  
 With fresh endeavor.

Sometimes, triumphant, gay,  
 The bugles play  
 And trumpets sound  
 From out those glistening towers,  
 And rainbow showers  
 Bedew the ground;

Then "sweet, oh! sweet the way,"  
 We smiling say,

And forward press  
 With swift, impatient feet,  
 And hearts that beat  
 With eagerness.

Yet still beyond, the gay  
 Sweet bugles play,  
 The trumpets blow,  
 Howe'er we flying haste,  
 Or lagging waste,  
 The hours that go;

Still far and far away,  
 Till comes the day  
 We gain that peak  
 In Darien; then, blind  
 No more, we find,  
 Perchance, what we do seek.

NORA PERRY in *Harper's Magazine*.

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THE LITTLE KING.

A LITTLE face to look at,  
 A little face to kiss,  
 Is there anything, I wonder,  
 That's half as sweet as this?

A little cheek to dimple  
 When smiles begin to grow,  
 A little mouth betraying  
 Which way the kisses go.

A splendid little ringlet,  
 A rosy little ear,  
 A little chin to quiver  
 When falls the little tear.

A little hand so fragile,  
 All through the night to hold,  
 Two little feet so tender  
 To tuck in from the cold.

Two eyes to watch the sunbeam  
 That with the shadows plays—  
 A darling little baby  
 To kiss and love always.

*Leeds Mercury.*

## BOYS AND GIRLS.

### THE STORY OF THE KEY.

IT was from Uncle George that I first heard the story. He told it to George and me in his own particular sanctum, where he kept his books and fishing rods and all his other treasures. I had never liked our name very much before I heard the story, I must confess. "Clay," short and uninteresting, with nothing poetical or romantic in the sound, but now I never hear it spoken without thinking of Marie and the key. But I am anticipating. To make you understand the story I must go back to the beginning, and tell it just as Uncle George did the night I first heard it.

The very beginning is a long way back, he said, for it all happened at the time of the last invasion of France by the English—and the heroine of the story is a little French girl called Marie. I do not know her other name; I don't believe she had one. I only know that her mother was a washerwoman, but she was a very nice little girl all the same. She had fair hair, rather fluffy, and it was kept neat, with great difficulty, by being pushed back, and tied down, under a close muslin cap. She had very large brown eyes with a babyish look in them, although she was twelve years old and anything but a baby.

I don't know what she wore on ordinary days, but on the eventful days on which her picture was painted she had on a blue woolen skirt, and a white apron with pockets. The picture—and a very fine painting it is—hangs in the town hall of that quaint French city, and there I saw it first more than twenty years ago. Well, it was a very hot day, and the little town was fast asleep, so she had wandered out beyond the gates with her brother, Jean Marie, to while away a few hours in the soft, green meadow grass, through which the river ran.

There was a dusty road, lying like a white ribbon between the green inclosures, but Marie, and Jean Marie, with their bare feet, kept to the soft dande-

lions and daisies, and did not tempt Providence by walking on the stones. Little Jean Marie went to sleep presently, and he had slept a good while, when he was awakened by a sharp cry close to him.

"Wake up, Jean. Wake up, *mon brave!*—the enemy!"

Mothers used to terrify their naughty children then with that same cry, so it had lost a good deal of its effect in the little city, to which the enemy had never come. Jean sat up rubbing his eyes and whimpering. Marie was standing in the gray roadway shading her eyes, and looking away into the distance.

"Where, then, are the enemy?" asked Jean, half crying still. Marie pointed with her small forefinger.

"But I see only dust!" cried little Jean.

Marie, however, saw something more. A gleam here and there, where the sunlight glanced on a sword or pennon—a red light where, once and again, the cloud of dust had lifted, or settled down—heard, too, the muffled thunder of feet on the hard road.

She looked round at the iron gates of the little city—wide open! at the old porter nodding on his bench, the careless sentinel drinking at the alehouse door, with his rusty sword propped up against the table—and then back to that thin red line that was growing out of the dust and sunlight of the distance.

She took Jean's hot hand, and dragged him on.

"Come back, Jean," she said, in her quick, young voice. "The enemy are here, my friend, and no one sees, and the city gates are open!"

Jean's fat legs struggled on obediently.

"It is so hot, Marie," he panted.

"Courage, then," said Marie. "We are getting nearer. Dost thou not see the soldier now, and old François?"

"I cannot see, Marie, the sun dazzles me."

"Hurry, then, Jean, dost thou not hear the enemy behind?"

"I cannot hear, Marie, only what thou sayest."

A little longer silence, whilst they hurried on, then Jean spoke again.

"I cannot run any more, Marie, my legs are tired."

Marie stopped and turned suddenly to look at him. All the day had darkened to her eyes, and she felt sick and giddy. She knelt upon the dust and held him close, stroking his hair.

"My little Jean, they will not hurt thee! my brave, brave little Jean. I must hurry on to shut the city gates, but thou art too little, and the way is hot! Sit here with thy daisies and watch the soldiers, and do not cry for me." No Joan of Arc, no Charlotte Corday, fired with pride and patriotism, could have done a finer action.

Poor little Jean was only too glad to tumble down into the long, cool grass, and watch the soldiers, but Marie's eyes were dim and frightened.

"The Holy Mother keep thee, little Jean!" she said. "The good soldiers will not hurt thee."

"But they are not good," said little Jean; "they are wicked—wicked—thou hast told me so, so often."

"Not these," said Marie.

"And thou wilt come back soon?"

"When the gate is shut I will creep out."

The leader of the dusty band of red coats had paused for a minute under a tree. He was shading his eyes to look down the sunlit road.

"The way is quite clear," he said, cheerfully. "The gates open—every one asleep, apparently—nothing in the way but a little lass and lad, flying before us like chaff before the wind, half dead with fright, I'll be bound. Here!" to an old soldier standing beside him; "be careful of the children, if we come up to them; one has fallen by the way! On, men! No delay! St. George for Merry England!"

With her cap aside, her feet trembling, her soft hair hanging damp about her face, Marie struggled on. The stones tore her feet, and made her limp. The beating of her heart was almost pain. All her senses seemed concentrated in her ears, listening for the *thud, thud* of horses' feet upon the road.

Wearily, breathless, panting, she toiled

on, trying to cry out, or make some sign, but all unnoticed. The sentinel had laid his head upon the inn table beside the empty flagon; the old porter was nodding on his bench; over his head, Marie could hear a caged thrush singing in the sunlight. Away behind her there came, more distinctly now, the thunder of the hoofs. "Jean! Jean! Jean!" she cried out aloud, not thinking of any other word to say.

But still she struggled on! The singing of the thrush was louder now, and more exultant; a sound like surging waves was in her ears; she could not hear the thunder of the hoofs because of it, but looking back, with frightened eyes, she saw the stirring dust not three hundred yards away, and riding by himself in front, a solitary red figure, waving something in his hand.

She stretched out her hand and felt the gate. Blinded, terrified, drawing long breaths like sobs, she stumbled through. The drunken soldier rose feebly to his feet and barred her way, but, with the strength of despair, she thrust him back.

With all her might she strove and pushed at the great iron gates and felt them move at her touch and roll easily forward. As in a dream she heard them meet and clang, and then, with both her hands, she seized the iron key and tried to move it.

Once, twice, it half turned and stopped. With a desperate effort of her ebbing strength she tried again, and then, with a grating, creaking sound she turned it in the lock, leaving a stain of blood, like a red seal, upon the handle.

The solitary, scarlet figure drew up sharply not one hundred yards from the gate.

"Bravely done!" he said. "The little maid has shut the gates and bolted them in my very face."

The troops were left in after a brief parley. What else could a little city do with no fortifications and only a few muddle-headed volunteers to guard it? But with the enemy *outside* the gate instead of *in*, they could make terms and thus be spared the horror and the bloodshed that had deluged fairer cities.

They brought in little Jean when they came at last. He was seated on a trooper's horse, guiding the great rough beast



up the narrow street very proudly. And he went from the trooper's horse straight into his mother's arms.

All the quiet townspeople had come down to their doors to see the red soldiers go jingling up the quaint and pretty street, going peaceably enough with jest and laugh and with swords in their scabbards instead of flashing in the sunlight. They all came down—that is, all but Marie, who was tossing in a fitful fever in her hot little up-stairs room, always being chased in her delirium by phantom soldiers through an endless desert.

No! she did not die! If she had, her picture could not have been painted, which it was, "by order," when she was a little better and able to sit in a great armchair by her window. M. le Maire and all the city dignitaries came to pay her a visit then, accompanied by heralds and trumpets and all the luxuries of the middle ages, including, probably, an embossed address, a horror which did not die with the middle ages, unfortunately! On a purple velvet cushion they presented to her the city key, carefully pointing out the faded stain the drop of blood had left upon it, but, probably, she remembered that as well as they did.

They ennobled her family, who took the name Du Clef at first as a sort of title. "Marie Du Clef," I fancy the child used to be called at first—and the motto "Clef du Clef," which I literally translate "The Key of Keys," was adopted by the family. I hope and believe that they gave her something more substantial also, for the family seems to have become somebodies from that time.

Of Marie's after life I can find out nothing—it was merged in that of her husband, whoever he may have been; but Jean's great-great-great-grandson, in direct descent, married an English lady and their children anglicized the name to Clay, though they always kept the French motto. The key is under the glass case in the gun-room still, lying on its velvet cushion, but I am sorry to say that there is no stain upon it now.

In time, I dare say, people will doubt the story and even dispute the fact that little Marie's blood once stained the key. But I hope, children, my uncle concluded, you will fight her battle with your latest breath, proud of your motto, the Clef du Clef, and of the drop of blood which bought it.

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## USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

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**N**EVER put any greasy substance into jars which are to be used for preserves. Jars in which fat is kept should be used for no other purpose.

Honey is now being extensively used in place of sugar in curing hams. It is claimed to give a better and sweeter flavor to meat, and it is believed that honey-cured hams will some day take the place of "sugar-cured."

To revive carpets by sweeping, strew fresh-cut grass over the carpet, and let it remain a few minutes before sweeping, which should be done with a tolerably stiff broom. Fresh grass prevents dust from arising, and imparts to the carpet a bright and fresh appearance.

To renew stale bread, spread a good-sized cloth at the steamer, and lay in any dry biscuit or slices of light bread you

may have. Cover closely with the cloth, which will absorb superfluous moisture, and steam ten or fifteen minutes. The bread will be almost as fresh as when new. If the necessity of cutting hot bread be imperative, the moist unpleasantness may be avoided by using a warm knife for the purpose. The heating of the steel prevents chill, which causes the sodden look so well known to those who have been compelled to cut the warm loaf. A d'oyley should be laid upon the plate upon which the slices are placed.

**HELPS TO HEALTH.**—Suitable dress is one condition of health. Clothing should be warm, light, and comfortable. Woolen stockings should be worn throughout the winter, and such boots as will effectually preserve the feet from dampness.

Cloth boots, however thick the soles, are unfit for wet weather, as the ankles are sure to get wet, and they remain a long time damp. By far the most comfortable boots for wet weather are such as are worn by gentlemen. The thickness is a protection both from wet and cold, and they are more readily taken off than those that button or lace. The popular notions of a beautiful foot are extremely erroneous. It is thought desirable the foot should be very narrow and tapering at the toe. Now, this is not the form in which feet are made, consequently, the modern boot is calculated to produce deformity.

But the foot is not the only part of the frame that we delight to deform. What shall we say to the tight-lacing system and the tortures endured? At the present day so much has been written against the improper use of corsets that some of the new generation do not wear stays at all. Still many thousands do. Many sudden deaths have occurred solely from tight lacing. But to describe a tithe of these cases would be to fill a volume, and for the present we must content ourselves with admonitions. Another common error in dress is to allow a great weight to rest on the hips. No heavy skirts should be fastened round the waist without a body or strap over the shoulders to throw the weight on them. But, indeed, lightness should be as much studied as warmth in selecting articles of dress. To walk or take other exercise in heavy clothes is to add enormously to the fatigue. Nor must it be forgotten that we catch cold more frequently from exposing our backs than our chests to draughts. The lungs are attached to the spine, and are placed between the shoulders, and through ignorance of this fact, we protect our chest from cold, but think the shoulders of no consequence. Both parts should be covered with flannel.

The best safeguard is to strengthen the constitution as much as possible. Cool sponging is an almost certain preventive of cold catching. Fresh air is another necessary of life and health. As soon as you rise from bed, you should throw off the bed whole of the clothes, and open windows in order that a thorough draught should air the sheets and bed. In damp weather a fire is better than having the window open too long. The nightdress

also should be thoroughly aired after being taken off, never fold up directly, as is sometimes done. The same rule applies to linen taken off at night to be put on again in the morning.

**LEMON JUICE.**—Lemonade made from juice of the lemon is one of the best and safest drinks for any person, whether in health or not. It is suitable for all stomach diseases, excellent in sickness, in cases of jaundice, gravel, liver complaints, inflammation of the bowels, and fevers. It is a specific against worms and skin complaints. Lemon juice is the best anti-scorbutic remedy known. It not only cures this disease, but prevents it. Sailors make daily use of it for this purpose. I advise every one to rub their gums with lemon juice to keep them in a healthy condition. The hands and nails are also kept clean, white, soft, and supple by the daily use of lemon instead of soap. It also prevents chilblains. Lemon is used in intermittent fevers, mixed with strong, hot, black coffee, without sugar. Neuralgia may be cured by rubbing the part affected with a cut lemon. It is valuable also to cure warts, and to destroy dandruff on the head, by rubbing the roots of the hair with it. It will alleviate and finally cure coughs and colds, and heal diseased lungs, if taken hot on going to bed at night. Its uses are manifold, and the more we employ it internally and externally the better we shall find ourselves. Lemon juice is useful in removing tartar from the teeth, anti-febrile, etc. A doctor in Rome is trying it experimentally in malarial fevers with great success, and thinks it will in time supersede quinine.

**TO PREVENT RUST.**—Iron or steel immersed for a few minutes in a solution of carbonate of potash or soda will not rust for years, even when exposed to a damp atmosphere. To preserve polished iron-work from rust, mix some copal varnish with as much olive oil as will make it greasy, to which add nearly as much spirits of turpentine, and apply. To clean rust off iron or brass (when the latter is not gilt or lacquered), mix tripoli with half its quantity of sulphur and lay it on with a piece of leather, or emery and oil will answer the same purpose. If steel be rusty, oil it and let it remain two or three

days, when wipe it dry with clean rags and polish with flour-emery, pumice-stone, powdered or unslacked lime.

**WASHING WOOLENS WITHOUT SHRINKAGE.**—Scrape one pound soda soap, and boil it down in sufficient water, so that when cooling you can beat it with the hand to make a sort of jelly. Add three tablespoonfuls spirit of turpentine and one of spirit of hartshorn, and with this wash the article well and rinse in cold water until all the soap is taken off. Then apply salt and water and fold between two sheets, taking care not to allow two folds of the article washed to lie together. Smooth with a cool iron. Only use the salt where there are delicate colors that may run. If you can get potash soap it will be better, as woolen manufacturers do not use soda soap.

**LAUNDRY MARKING INK.**—Dissolve, with the assistance of heat, twenty parts of brown shellac in a solution of thirty parts of borax in three hundred to four hundred parts of water, and filter the solution while hot. Then add to the filtrate a solution of ten parts of aniline black soluble in water, three-tenths parts of tannin, one-tenth part of picric acid, fifteen parts of spirit of sal ammoniac, and one-quarter ounce of water.

**RENOVATING PICTURE FRAMES.**—You may improve dingy or rusty gilt picture frames by simply washing them with a small sponge moistened with spirits of wine, or oil of turpentine, the sponge only to be sufficiently wet to take off the dirt and fly marks. They should not be wiped afterward, but left to dry of themselves.

**REMOVING DISCOLORATIONS FROM MARBLE.**—Mix quicklime with strong lye, so as to form a mixture having the consistency of cream. Apply it immediately with a brush and allow to remain for a day or two, and then wash off with soap and water.

**A CEMENT FOR STOPPING CRACKS IN**

**SINKS.**—Take of litharge twenty parts and one of burnt lime in fine, dry powder. Make into a putty with linseed oil.

**A LIQUID BLUING FOR LAUNDRY WORK.**—Take one ounce of soft Prussian blue, powder it and put in a bottle with one quart of clear rain water, and add one-quarter ounce of oxalic acid. A teaspoonful of this is sufficient for a large washing.

**PAINTING TIN ROOFS.**—For painting tin roofs use red oxide of iron (Prince's metallic paint) mixed with boiled linseed oil. Temper the color with lampblack if a darker color is required, or with white lead for a lighter color. If necessary to facilitate spreading with the brush, add a little spirits turpentine. This paint is tough, holds well, and if neatly done looks well. Coal tar paints are sometimes used, but are liable to chip in cold weather.

**EBONY FINISH FOR PINE WOOD.**—Dissolve four ounces shellac with two ounces borax in half gallon water. Boil until a perfect solution is obtained, then add half ounce glycerine, after which, add sufficient aniline black (soluble in water), and it is ready for use.

**TO CLEAN KID GLOVES.**—Provide a tall glass cylinder, in the bottom of which place strong aqua ammonia. Be careful to remove from the sides of the jar any ammonia that may have been spattered upon them. Suspend the gloves to the stopper of the jar and allow them to remain for a day in the atmosphere of ammonia. They must not come in contact with the liquid. Rubbing with bread crumbs, in connection with the above, or without the use of ammonia, is also much practiced.

**RELIEF FOR CHILBLAINS.**—Dissolve one ounce ammonium chloride in half pint of cider vinegar, and apply frequently; half pint alcohol may be added to this lotion with good effect.

## BABYLAND.

JANUARY.

THE BABIES.

**Q**UIETLY creeping to mother's side;  
Kissing her lids till they open wide;  
Patting her cheek with a warm little  
hand;  
'Tis the baby's duty in every land.  
And what would we do in a world like  
this,  
With never the baby's morning kiss?

Cosily cuddled in mother's arms,  
Shielded safe from the day's alarms,  
Winking and blinking the sleepy eyes,  
Trying to look very wakeful and wise.  
Oh! what a dearth in our hearts would  
creep

If we hadn't the babies to rock to sleep!

KATHARINE HULL.

### "PLAYING 'POSSUM."

**T**HE soft, sweet lullaby grew fainter  
and fainter and two-year-old Hilda's  
long lashes drooped over her dimpled  
cheeks. Then mamma stooped and kissed  
her very tenderly, but the lashes swept  
back suddenly, revealing the blue eyes  
wide awake, and the little girl laughed in  
the greatest possible glee.

"O you rogue!" cried mamma; "so  
you were 'playing 'possum!'"

Who knows what "playing 'possum"  
means? I haven't time to tell you here,  
for scarcely had Hilda's mamma finished  
a second song when the door opened and  
Harry's closely-cropped head made its  
appearance.

"Softly, my son," said mamma, raising  
her finger.

"I got a 'possum," explained the little  
boy, in a delighted whisper; "me and  
Uncle Jake caught him in the persimmon  
tree. He's in a box up on the back  
porch. Do come and see."

In a few minutes the laughing lady and

the happy boy were hurrying to visit the  
prisoner.

But when they reached the porch what  
was their astonishment to see the opossum  
lying dead in its box.

"O the poor thing!" said mamma, "it  
must have died of fright."

"Poor 'possum!" sobbed Harry. He  
was not a very big boy, so you must not  
blame him for crying. He turned the  
opossum over and over, but it was quite  
stiff and showed no signs whatever of re-  
turning life.

"You better have it taken away, my  
dear," said mamma.

Here Dinah came out of the bath-room,  
grinning broadly.

"I'll pitch him over in de yawd for  
you," she said; "Jake ken do de buryin',"  
and at this Dinah laughed so she could  
scarcely stand.

"You're a cruel thing to laugh," said  
Harry, tearfully.

But all the same Dinah cheerfully  
picked up the dead opossum and threw it  
over the railing. Then the most wonder-  
ful thing happened! No sooner had it  
reached the ground than all the stiffness  
disappeared from its body, and Harry saw  
"poor 'possum" taking for the woods at a  
tremendous speed.

Now, who can tell me what "playin';  
'possum" means?

If Uncle Jake had come one minute  
earlier, he would have explained all about  
it, but he arrived breathless and too late.

"Wha' wha' fo' yo' let dat 'possum  
go?" stammered the old man, "he, he  
was a fine fat 'possum."

"We thought he was dead," said Harry,  
sorrowfully.

"Yo' yo' did?"

Then Uncle Jake looked up, and seeing  
that Harry and his mamma were both  
considerably frightened, he showed his  
white teeth and grinned audibly.

And that naughty Dinah was in the  
bath-room actually stuffing one of the  
fine towels into her mouth.

ELEANOR McELROY.



## FEBRUARY.

WHAT a dreary morning!  
 Sweetheart run and play—  
 Don't you hear them calling:  
 Jack and Baby May?  
 O February, February!  
 Will not last for aye.

Such a weary evening!  
 Birdie softly lay  
 Her bright head on my shoulder;  
 Tired of romp and play.  
 O February, February!  
 Will not last for aye.

R.

## QUEEN MADGE.

QUEEN MADGE, that is what the boys called her, though no court trains ever became entangled with her little feet, and she had no wise counselors to preach her long, dry sermons as to what she must and must not do. But for all that she was a veritable queen, and at this moment she stood all alone in the boy's little boat with her bare toes clinging tightly to the wooden floor, and held one great oar steadily in her chubby hands. But the boat was tied, and so the boys kept on gathering flowers and laughed at Queen Madge's determination to row herself home.

But suddenly Charley turned about and the laughter died out of his merry eyes, for the rope hadn't been tied so securely, after all, and Queen Madge, still holding fast to the oar, was drifting out to sea. Bob's eyes were on her, too; then the boys looked at each other and burst out crying. They didn't know what to do, but ran hither and thither along the shore, trying to tell poor little helpless Madge how to bring the boat back, but farther and farther it drifted away.

The boys got home by land, over rocks that were considered impassable, and told to mamma and papa their pitiful, sobbing tale. But the terrible truth had scarcely entered mamma's loving heart when a laughing voice cried out:

"I've got her safe and sound!" and fisherman Jack put the little Queen Madge down before them all. One subject—the truest of all subjects—fell on her knees, and taking the little girl close in her arms, kissed her over and over, and that was mamma. One subject stood and longed for mamma to give him a turn, and that was papa. Two subjects, looking at each other's bloody little hands and scratched faces, just found out all the wounds they had suffered for their queen, and laughed and made merry, and they were Charley and Bob. Another subject, upon hearing the news, came running out of the kitchen-door and waited her turn for a kiss, and that was Aunt Betsy. Now, isn't it a good thing that Queen Madge didn't wear court dresses? else Aunt Betsy never would have got her kiss and ten minutes later Queen Madge wouldn't have sat at the long kitchen table and eaten that nice piece of bread and jam.

SAILOR.

## SEEKING SYMPATHY.

A LITTLE black boy on a summer day  
 Mashed his finger while hard at  
 play,  
 "Dat sas-bag Dinah" she didn't care,  
 And Mammy was off he knew not where.  
 So he mounted high on the white-washed  
 fence,  
 With a world of wisdom and free-born  
 sense,  
 And quietly watched till a carriage passed,  
 When he held out his finger and sobbed,  
 "It's maashed!" E. McELROY.

## PAPER FLOWERS, AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

**I**T will be needful for the paper-flower workers to provide themselves with a little stock-in-trade before commencing, as without the necessary articles, which will shortly be enumerated, little or nothing can be done.

As paper flowers are made of tissue-paper, some few sheets of the various colors, such as white, red, pink, yellow, and lemon, should be got, also a bottle of liquid gum or Diamond cement, a piece of cardboard, a small, smooth, flat, thin piece of wood, about six inches square, a pair of sharp scissors, two molders, a pair of nippers, various thicknesses of wire, a long pin with a head, some of the parts of flowers that are very difficult to imitate, such as stamens, pistils, and calyx; but these, with the other articles above mentioned, may be all purchased at the fancy shops, or at various other shops.

### THE ROSE.

We will commence with this flower, that is known to every one from its beautiful fragrance, and also from its variety of shade of coloring. The numerous flowers that the paper-worker can produce from this one species alone is almost incalculable. We have the white, the red, the striped, and so on; so that the rose may be said to offer the prettiest variety of shade and color to us in comparison with other flowers. For our purpose we will select a red rose. It is always advisable, if possible, to obtain a natural flower to copy from, that you may form some idea of the positions of the several petals or leaves. If we have one, and pull it to pieces, we shall find that there are in all about sixty petals, large and small. We find there are ten or twelve of the smallest petals, fourteen or sixteen of the second size, twenty or twenty-two of the third size, and about a dozen of the largest size.

We must commence by cutting a pattern of the various sized petals on cardboard (they should be put carefully away for future use), then cut a strip of the red-colored paper you intend using, about a quarter of an inch deep, fold it

over into squares about the same size, and holding them firmly between the finger and thumb, press closely together; now place the cardboard pattern on the top, and, with a sharp pair of scissors, cut closely round the pattern; you will find you have nearly enough of the smallest petals; if not, proceed as before, and so on with all the other sizes of petals, only of course the strips of paper must be wider, for instance, the second size will be nearly an inch wide, not quite; the third size will be a trifle more than an inch, and the larger will be quite an inch and a quarter. All your petals being cut carefully out, you must now take a piece of the thickest wire, roll some green paper round, gumming it previously (a narrow strip), bend over the top of the wire, like a crook, make a ball, the size of a small pea, of cotton wool, pass this into the bent part of the wire, paste some green paper over, and twist the ends round the wire very tightly, pressing the bent portion very firmly between the finger and thumb, taking care to keep it in as round a shape as possible; to make sure of its being firm, tie some silk round the base; this little knob forms the centre of the rose, and also prevents the wire being drawn through the petals. Take each petal separately, commencing with the smallest size, and place them one at a time on the palm of your left hand, and with the point of the smallest molder press them firmly in the centre of each, giving a very delicate turn of the hand at the same time; this action gives an incurve to the petal, and also removes the stiffness from the paper, tending to give the finished flower a more natural appearance; at the lower extremity of each petal give a good coating of cement or liquid gum, and fix each of them in regular order close under and around the centre of the rose, extending slightly above it, so that the eye may be buried in the folds of foliage. When the first batch of petals is fixed, take each petal separately, between the blunt back part of the scissors and the ball of the thumb, and give them a little outward turn, or

they may be placed between a hairpin, and pressed gently over; now proceed in the same manner with the second sized petals, as you place each row of petals, arrange them so as to fill up any spare spaces, be careful not to have them in lumps, but in rotation round the previous row of petals, pass the half-made flower, every now and then, between the thumb and fingers of the left hand, giving them a gentle pressure at the same time, to keep them up in proper form. Now take the petals of the third largest size, and fix them in their places underneath and around the previously arranged petals. Give these two rows of petals the same gentle turn outwards at the top as was directed for the smallest row; having done this, arrange the fourth and last row carefully, and turn them over rather more than the previous rows had been done, between the scissors and thumb.

The rose is now nearly complete, and will require looking over, and pressing the petals into proper form and place. The next thing to do now is to fix on the calyx (these are bought ready made), by placing the wire through it, cementing or gumming it inside, and pressing it well on to the junction of the last row of petals and the wire. Should any petals have got out of shape, touch them again with the scissors, curling them either inward or outward as they may require. Some people use these flowers without adding any leaves to them, as when mixed with evergreens, leaves are little wanted; but if they are to be used in vases, leaves and buds can easily be fastened on to the stem; they are to be had ready prepared at the shops where the other articles were purchased.

#### THE GERANIUM.

This is a flower which offers also many varied specimens, as the rose, from the pure white to the intermediate lighter shades on to the darkest maroon. If we look at the natural flower, we find it is composed of fine petals or leaves, and in the centre of the flower, as we will call it (although the proper name is corolla, the name "flower" being applicable only to the perfect bloom), we shall see standing erect six thread-like stems; these are the stamens and pistils. The calyx is at the outside of the flower, in which all the leaves are fixed, as in a cup. The stem

is the long, straight piece on which the flower stands.

With this short explanation, we will cut out of stiff pieces of cardboard a set of small leaves, as patterns to cut the thin paper from of which the geranium is to be made, and also a set of the larger sized leaves for the same purpose. It is a very good plan to place a natural leaf on the cardboard, and trace the shape with a sharp-pointed pencil, as then the worker in paper flowers is certain of having them of the correct form. As we said previously, it is far better to purchase the stamens. Having cut five leaves out of the paper of the color you wish your geranium to be (we will suppose it you have chosen a white one), first of all take a piece of thin wire about two inches long, gum it at the top, and close round the very top fix four or five stamens and bind tight with fine black silk or strong thread. While this is drying take the three small petals which form the lower part of the geranium in your left palm and gently press them, and also smooth them up and down, as it were, with the round molder, to remove the stiff appearance, and also to give the natural tendency to a gentle curve that the leaves should have. Gum these at the points, and fasten them by a gentle pressure to the thin piece of wire close under the stamens; treat the two larger leaves for the upper parts of the geranium in the same manner, and fix them to the wire in their proper position with gum; press gently. Next take a piece of green paper—or white if more convenient, it does not much matter—and, having gummed it, twist it tightly round the base of the petals. Then take the calyx and slip the wire through it, and press gently but firmly over the part where the several leaves meet. This one bloom of the geranium is now complete, with the exception of any little coloring which may be thought necessary; a little tint of light pink may be applied close to the stamens, decreasing in intensity as it goes further up the leaf. It is seldom one meets with a wholly pure white geranium; some have dark maroon spots, others pink. Should you have one of that variety of flower to copy from, imitate the shade to the best of your ability. As the single bloom will only form one of a truss of flowers, some four or five

others must be made after the same fashion, the ends of the wire being firmly twisted together to form the truss. These, again, must be fastened on to a stronger length of wire, which must be covered with green paper, and a bunch of geranium bloom is complete. With all the various colors the same system must be adopted, and should any of the geraniums you are copying from have veins of color on them, these may be imitated by using a small camel-hair brush with a little carmine, and should the veins require to be made darker, a little Indian ink or Prussian blue may be used over the carmine when dry. Some very good specimens of coloring may be obtained from the illustrated catalogues issued by some of our nurserymen and florists. These are quite as good to copy from as the natural flower, and one advantage they possess is, that they may be had at all seasons of the year. A few trusses of scarlet geranium should always

be made, they being so excessively showy and bright in Christmas decoration. The leaves must be fixed on in appropriate places; no rule can be laid down for their position, but any one in the habit of seeing these flowers growing will have no difficulty in fixing them in their proper places. Every truss of flowers, after completion, should be carefully looked over, and, where necessary, the proper curves given to the various leaves. In using the scissors for this purpose, you must hold them so that the back part only presses upon the paper, which is held firmly by the ball of the thumb; if you are not very careful the top of the leaf will tear off, and the truss be spoilt. Where there are no pincers, the back part of the scissors may be used to give the leaves the slight creases they sometimes have, by pressing the back part of the scissors down gently and drawing them upward. The pincers are inexpensive, and will be safer for the beginner to use.

## HOUSEKEEPERS.

### THE DESIRABLE AND THE UNDESIRABLE GUEST.

THE postman had just brought Mrs. Grant a letter from a country friend which ran as follows: "If convenient to you, I would like to have one of my girls spend a week with you during the convocation of our church next month."

"Which one, I would like to know?" said Mrs. Grant—"Fannie or Jessie? The latter, I hope."

"Why, my dear!" said her husband; "Fannie seemed to me equally as pleasant a guest."

"That is because you are a man and are so little at home," replied Mrs. Grant. "You bolt down your breakfast in the morning and then hurry down to your office, where you remain until six o'clock in the evening, so you have but little opportunity to observe 'the true inwardness' of things at home; besides, no one but a housekeeper can really judge whether a person is a desirable guest or not."

"Well, I can only say," rejoined Mr. Grant, "that in the glimpses I had of Fannie, she struck me as being a very intelligent and agreeable girl."

"So she is," replied Mrs. Grant; "but

for all that, she is not a very desirable guest."

"Pray enlighten me," said Mr. Grant, "as to your definition of a desirable guest." But before she could reply other members of the family began to drop in, and when they heard the contents of the letter, they all, with one accord, expressed the hope that Jessie might be selected as their guest instead of Fannie.

"Really," said Mr. Grant, "I am more and more mystified to know why you all should set Jessie so much above Fannie."

"The secret of it lies in this," said Mrs. Grant; "Jessie has a great deal of tact and she is very considerate of others, constantly seeking to avoid giving trouble and to avoid interfering with the arrangements or convenience of others; whereas, Fannie makes her own pleasure and convenience paramount objects. Then Jessie has so much tact; she never jars on any one, but Fannie frequently does. For instance, Jessie never criticises any one whom she sees to be a friend or favored guest of the household. Fannie, on the contrary, will criticise or ridicule any one she meets here, if she feels in the mood



for it, without noticing whether it is distasteful to us or not."

"And if we make up any excursion for them," said one of Mrs. Grant's daughters, "Jessie always leaves the plans and arrangements entirely to us, and seems perfectly satisfied with whatever we determine on, but Fannie wishes to take things in her own hands, and doesn't hesitate to say when we carry her to some place of amusement that she would rather have gone somewhere else. Indeed, she is so much a young lady of her own head that I have known her, without consulting any of us, engage to go out driving on the very day we had invited company here to meet her. But Jessie never makes any engagement without first consulting us to find out whether it would conflict with any engagement or arrangement we have made."

"Another thing that renders Fannie an undesirable guest," resumed Mrs. Grant, "is the fact that she is very unpunctual about meals, and this is a sore point with a housekeeper. She is almost always so late for breakfast as to prevent the chambermaid from cleaning her room during that meal, according to my rule, thereby throwing me out of my ordinary domestic routine, and every housekeeper knows that a half hour lost in the early morning is more than an hour lost in the afternoon. Not only the chambermaid is delayed, but the cook is also, for I don't like to give the servants their breakfast till our guests have been served, so the cook hangs about, waiting for her breakfast and delayed about her marketing, till Fannie comes dawdling down, for I don't like to send the woman out fasting to market on a cold morning; and all this time, too, I am delayed about clearing up the breakfast table."

"Well, my dear, you are making out quite a strong case against Fannie, I must say," remarked Mr. Grant.

"These things may seem trivial to you," said his wife, "but only a housekeeper knows the sting of them. You are only at home for a little while in the morning, and then again to spend your evenings, and you find Fannie a pretty girl, with an agreeable flow of conversation. You have the rose and I get the thorn."

"I know the chambermaid will wish as heartily as the rest of us that Jessie may come instead of Fannie," said one of the daughters, "for she certainly does dislike

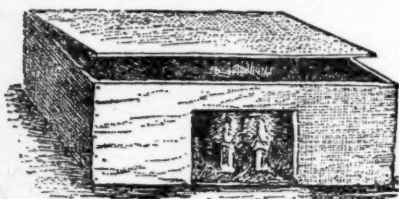
to clean up after Fannie. The latter leaves her clothes, parasol, overshoes, and all her things strewing about for the maid to put away. She leaves her brush, comb, toothbrush, shoe polish, shoe buttoner, glycerine, and other little effects scattered about over the room to be put back in their proper places, whereas Jessie is so careful about such things that there is no clearing up to be done after her. She puts everything in the nicest order on the bureau, washstand, and mantelpiece, not an article is left awry, not an old postal nor any sort of litter to be seen, and every article of her clothing carefully put away in the wardrobe or bureau."

"Yes," said another sister, "and she is equally careful to avoid giving trouble in all other respects, so it is no wonder that the prospect of a visit from her is hailed with so much more pleasure than one from Fannie."

"But we must not be too hard on Fannie," said Mrs. Grant; "she has not been so fortunate as to have had the same good training Jessie has received. You know they are only step-sisters, and Fannie, left motherless at an early age, has passed the greater part of her life in a boarding-school, away from the amenities of home, and the careful, tender training of a mother, in an atmosphere where *saave qui peut* was the motto, and where it was thought vastly more important to acquire the true Parisian accent than to learn the kindly, gentle ways, and the habit of considering and deferring to others, which render home life smooth and happy. Home life is something like an orchestra. The different members have to be trained to play their parts together in order to produce a harmonious result. In the atmosphere of a boarding-school, hotel, or other unhome-like life, people seldom acquire much consideration for others in the little details of life, nor realize the necessity of merging their own will and way into that of the household in general. Persons with ideas and habits like Fannie's carry an atmosphere of hotel life with them into whatever home they may enter, but Jessie, carefully trained by her good mother in all the tact, self-abnegation, and consideration for others which are such necessary elements in the order and happiness of a household, seems to make a person's home still more home-like when she enters it." MARY W. EARLY.

## AN EGG TESTER.

THE accompanying illustration shows a very simple and efficient egg tester, which farmers' wives and country shopkeepers can use to advantage in "caudling" eggs. An ordinary soap-box will answer the purpose, and it should have nearly one-third of the front cut out; while the lid can be fastened with strap-hinges, to make it more convenient. The interior of the box must be painted or stained a deep black, and when it is dry, set two short candles about two inches apart and three inches back from the opening. Fix them firmly in place, by dropping some melted tallow on the bottom of the box, and setting the candles upright in it. Now close the lid and turn the open side away from the light. Next



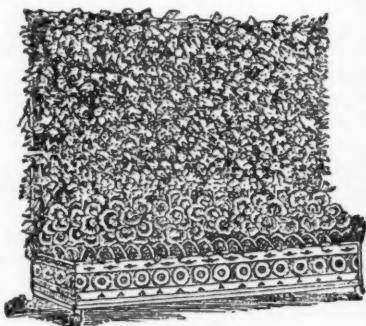
EGG TESTER.

proceed to light the candles. To examine the eggs, place them between the thumb and finger, and turn them before the strong light. If they are perfectly clear they are fresh, if they have a spot on one side they are stale, while if they are very dark all through they are spoiled. Almost any one can soon become so expert as to handle two eggs at a time, and nearly as fast as they can be picked up. If farmers' wives, country shopkeepers, and others who send eggs into towns and cities, would use one of these simple and

easily constructed "testers," they could guarantee the quality of their eggs, and avoid the unpleasantness of selling them at a reduction for cooking purposes, or having them returned as useless.

## IVY FOR WINDOW SCREEN.

THE English ivy, trained on a wire trellis in any pleasing form, is an excellent plant for the window. It is peculiarly elegant for windows so near the street in cities and villages as to be unpleasantly conspicuous, obviating, as it does, the necessity of always keeping the blinds closed. The illustration given is from an example with square frame, and so made that the blind can be drawn down to the plant if



IVY FOR WINDOW SCREEN.

required. The plant is shown in an ornamental window-box, with the addition of a row of flowering plants. The ivy stands the dust and smoke of cities moderately well, and if the plant is healthy and the leaves often washed or sponged to maintain a lively green, it is always an attraction in the window.

## NOTES FROM "HOME" HOUSEKEEPERS.

WELL-TRIED recipes, helpful suggestions, and plain, practical "talks" on subjects of special interest to housekeepers, will be welcome for this department, which we have reason to believe that most of our readers will find interesting no less than useful. Our "HOME" friends will here have oppor-

tunities of assisting each other by giving timely and helpful replies and letters, and of asking information upon any subject they wish light thrown upon. All communications designed for this department should be addressed to the Editor "HOME" Housekeeper, P. O. Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

## A WINTER JINGLE.

The exchanges, queer papers, report all the capers that chance, whether funny or wise; and just at this crisis I'm hearing that ice is to be very light and will rise. At latest advices, reporters of prices 'bout here no such story could bring; and ice, for that reason, will be cheap for a season, but probably rise in the spring. Some think what costs little worth scarcely a tittle, and should not be minded a jot; while things really needed sometimes pass unheeded because they're so easily got. Now, here is this article, every particle so precious in feverish heat; yet how few, while they're able, prepare for their table half its orders to meet. Then, fix up your ice-house—if you can't make a nice house, a part of your cellar will do; set four posts, each side boarded, that the ice, snugly hoarded, may dream not that winter is through. In those inner spaces, closely fill all the places with saw-dust, or tan, every pore; make a shelf to put lamb on, and another for salmon, and, lastly, a good, double door. When the ice is selected, as will be expected, not porous, but solid and fair, pack it closely, each crevice fill up by some device—you may as well pack ice as air. It is such a luxury, when the swift mercury mounts up toward the top of the scale, to hear the tick-ticking, the merry click-clicking, of the ice 'gainst the sides of the pail. When on brows over-heated, the often repeated drops gather fast into a stream, and are constantly dropping, no prospect of stopping, how soothing the cooling ice-cream. When the sultry air, fired, grows so sluggish and tired it almost forgets it must move, and vainly you wander o'er the house and out yonder for a cool breathing spot in the grove—then if you wish at all, 'twill be for the crystal pure water, all sparkling with ice, for the water-pail brimming with diamond drop trimming, broad sealed with the frost king's device. I know, when at zero the mercury appears to be lazy, ambitionless, slow, you may smile at my humming of sultry days coming, when you'll long for the ice and the snow. But do not thus flatter yourselves in this matter, summer's heat has been and will be; you may wish you'd attended to one who befriended you with such advice as you see. And when salmon are plenty, nor strawberries scanty,

when the cream and the butter are new; to acknowledge my labors for your benefit, neighbors, invite me to dinner with you!

BRIDGET.

["Bridget's" advice is none the less good and interesting—is it, friends?—because given in a (n) ice jingle instead of sober prose.]

## THOSE CHILBLAINS.

DEAR HOME:—In answer to Addie C. S., I send a remedy for chilblains, which will probably prove a certain cure. Take one-half pound of lard, boil in water ten or fifteen minutes, take off the stove and let stand until cool; then remove the lard from the top of the water and mix with it (the lard) as much sugar of lead as you can put on the point of a common dinner-knife. Apply to the afflicted parts every night, just as you would any other ointment.

L. K.

EDITOR ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE:—I see one of your correspondents asks for a cure for chilblains. One that I have known to be successful in many cases is: Give the feet a good soaking in water as hot as you can bear it; have alongside your foot tub a pitcher of ice-cold water; and as you lift your feet from the hot water dash the cold water over them, then wipe dry. Two or three applications will not only cure the chilblains, but give one warm feet for the winter. Yours truly,

J. E. DAVIS.

DEAR HOME:—I would like to tell Addie C. S. what cured chilblains for me. I made a strong solution of white oak bark as hot as I could bear, and bathed my feet every night before retiring. It made a perfect cure. I had been troubled so much that I used to dread the cold weather on that account; my feet would fester and be so swollen and sore that I could not wear shoes. Now, I have no trouble; have had no chilblains since I applied this remedy, a good many years ago.

D. M.

## A PLEASANT LETTER.

DEAR HOME FRIENDS:—May I bring in my chair and have a little chat with you? I am so full of appreciation of our MAGAZINE that I must find a way to ex-

press a little of it. Dear Aunt Temperance, come often; you cannot say too much against the use of wines and brandies in cookery. How I would like to belong to that "Top-rail Club!" its members are so sociable and neighborly. "ARTHUR'S" would hardly be ARTHUR'S without Pipsey. Can one read those pieces from the pens of Edna and Lichen without a desire to live better and purer, without feeling that

"The future hath space for truer life,  
For generous deeds and nobler strife"?

May choicest blessings be theirs, and may they reap a rich reward for the good they are doing.

I think this department of the "HOME" so good and useful that I am tempted to add my mite, and ask a few questions. This is my way of making cakes for the little folks' holiday dinners, pronounced by them as "awful good, and so funny!" Some evening beforehand, after the babies are safely tucked in bed, bring out the raisin box and select some of the plumpest, largest ones, and with a darning-needle make little holes, one on each end, and two on both sides of each raisin. Now, take some cloves and insert one with the blossom end out, for the head; snip off the blossom ends of five more cloves, insert two on each side for the legs and one at the other end for the tail, and you have a turtle "cute" enough to make some of the older folks smile. Prepare as many in this way as you will want. Now, for the cakes: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of sour milk, two eggs, well beaten, two cups of flour, one-half teaspoon of soda, flavor with lemon or anything you like. Fill muffin or patty pans one-half full and bake in a quick oven. Frost, and while the frosting is soft, place a turtle on the centre of each one.

Now that eggs are so scarce, can some one give recipes for pumpkin pies, cakes, etc., without them? Here is my way of making cookies without eggs: One cup of butter, two cups of sugar, one cup of sour milk, two-thirds of a teaspoonful of soda, flour to roll. In rolling out cookies it was nearly always my luck to use too much flour and, consequently, have tough cookies; so I adopted this plan and like it very much. I mix them up to the right consist-

ency, get the pans ready, sit down in a high chair by the table, and pat the cookies out with my hands, one by one. It is surprising how deftly and quickly one can do it with a little practice.

Is there any way to remove that shiny look from men's black clothing? It makes them look so shabby, long before the clothes are at all frayed or much worn.

I tried Lilly's lemon creams (in the July number), and found them splendid.

THYRZA.

[A spoonful of corn-starch or a rolled cracker takes the place of an egg nicely, in pumpkin pies. Try this way of making cookies, sometime: On the evening before you are to bake them, stir them in as stiff a dough as you can easily do, and set them in a cool place in winter, on ice in summer, until next morning. You will have to add very little, if any, more flour, and the cookies will roll out much more smoothly than if baked as soon as stirred up. Thank you for your appreciative words of the "HOME" MAGAZINE and its contributors. We hope to have a "Note" from you often.]

FROM A WESTERN FRIEND.

DEAR "HOME:"—I have been a constant reader of your good Magazine for the past year, and have enjoyed it very much, especially the "Notes from 'HOME' Housekeepers" and the Fancy Work Department. In reading the different letters of inquiry and help from so many places, I have often wondered why none ever came from Nebraska. Is it because we of the West are more timid than our Eastern sisters? I will "start the ball rolling" and see who will follow me in this State. I tried the recipe for Boston baked beans, given by "Lauraette," and had excellent success. Kindly greeting to her, and tell her that I, too, have a dear boy five years old, just in pants, and happy in consequence; and a dear little golden-haired girl, aged three.

Let me give you a "cute" and inexpensive way to make a "letter-holder." Take a large palm-leaf fan, pour boiling water over to render it pliable, then bend it into the desired shape, turning up about one-third of it. Tie cord around to hold it in place until dry; then gild the fan,



fasten a piece of ribbon on each side, draw across to the front and fasten with a pretty bow. A "cute" bow on the handle finishes it. Let some one try it and report success. I hope the interest in fancy work will be kept up through the coming year; and if this is found worthy a place in the "HOME," I will come again with something better.

A. V. H.

[We shall be glad to receive frequent contributions from you. The letter-holder described is certainly unique.]

**GOOD BREAD.**—Yeast is the first consideration in having good bread. Take six large sized potatoes, peel, and boil till soft, in about two quarts of water. While boiling put two cakes of dried yeast (I like the "Magic" best) in some warm water to dissolve—sweet yeast left over will do just as well. Mash the potatoes smooth, put into a two-gallon jar, add one cup of sugar, one-half cup of salt, one cup of flour, and cold water till lukewarm. Run it all through a colander, fill the jar to within three or four inches of the top with warm water, then add the dissolved yeast cakes, stir well, put in a warm place, and within a few hours it will be light and ready for use. Now for the bread: Make a sponge over night—some time in the evening; two cups of yeast, well stirred, will make one good loaf. No other wetting must be used. Stir up a stiff batter, keep in a warm place in winter, anywhere in summer. In the morning it will be all ready to mold. Add a little butter if you wish. One-half hour is long enough to get the baking things all ready and mold the sponge. Long molding may make it whiter, but no better, I think. Put in the baking tins, and when light, bake. A loaf should be as large again when raised as before. My bread is usually out of the oven by ten o'clock. When I make Graham, as I usually do, I allow two cups for a loaf, put in the same sponge. In the morning I take out what I want for the Graham, add a little molasses, and mix till stiff, but do not mold it. I think if any one should try my way they will find it just the easiest way of making good bread that can be. Will send more if you wish.

AUNT CLARA.

[We do wish, decidedly, and we're  
VOL. LVII.—14.

almost inclined to wish, too, that we might have allowed our "HOME" Housekeepers to read a part, at least, of your personal letter.]

#### CROCHET PIN-WHEEL LACE.

DEAR EDITOR:—In response to many inquiries I inclose directions for crocheting a very pretty lace. Also a sample of the same, that you may be able to judge of its merits.

Begin with a chain of fifteen stitches.

First row—Three treble crochet in fourth stitch of chain, chain one, three treble crochet in same place (this forms a "shell"), chain six, three treble crochet in the last stitch of chain, chain three, three treble crochet in same place, turn.

Second row—Shell in shell (that is, work three treble crochet, three chain, three treble crochet under the three chain of previous shell), chain three, fasten with one single crochet in middle of two rows of chain, chain three, shell in shell, turn.

Third row—Chain three, shell in shell, chain six, shell in shell, turn.

Fourth row—Shell in shell, chain six, shell in shell, turn.

Fifth row—Chain three, shell in shell, chain three, fasten as before in middle of two rows of chain, chain three, shell in shell, fasten with one double crochet in last stitch of shell of fourth row, chain ten, turn, put one single crochet in sixth stitch of chain; this forms a loop. Chain eight, fasten in top of last stitch of shell in first row, turn; sixteen treble crochet in chain eight; one single crochet in loop, turn; (x) chain eight, one treble crochet in eleventh treble crochet of the sixteen in previous row, chain two, one treble crochet in thirteenth, chain two, one treble in fifteenth, chain two, one treble in last, turn; chain five, one treble in first treble of last row, chain two, one treble in next treble, chain two, one treble in next treble, chain two; sixteen trebles in eight chain, one single crochet in loop; repeat from (x) until you have eight spokes in the wheel, seven trebles in chain four.

Sixth row—Shell in shell, chain six, shell in shell, turn.

Seventh row—Chain three, shell in shell, chain six, shell in shell, fasten with single crochet to the twelfth treble in last spoke, turn.

Eighth row—Shell in shell, chain three

fasten as in fifth row, chain three, shell in shell, turn.

Ninth row—Chain three, shell in shell, chain six, shell in shell, fasten as before in the last treble of the sixteen in spoke, proceed with the shells until you have fourteen rows, then begin the second wheel with the fifth row. Fasten the wheels together with a single crochet at the points of the last two spokes in preceding wheel formed by the two chains.

Will send other patterns if you would like.

MRS. A. D. TORSEY.

[Do so, please. The sample inclosed is very pretty, and we would be glad to have it illustrated, as you suggest, if possible.]

#### TESTED RECIPES, ETC.

DEAR "HOME:"—Mrs. R. S. G. asks for a rule for making good Graham bread. Will give her mine. Set a sponge same as for white bread, with white flour. When light, add a pint of molasses and mix with Graham just stiff enough to form in loaves; put in pans, grease the tops, and when light bake. Will take longer to bake than white bread, and if you get it too stiff will be crumbly.

I would like to exchange small seashells and moss with some of the ladies for silk floss, arasene, or fancy work.

MRS. B. R. INSLEY.

SANTA ANNA, CAL.

[One pint of molasses to how many loaves of bread, please? We hope all our housekeepers will kindly be as explicit as possible in giving directions of any sort, especially recipes; what seems very simple to one may be "Greek" to a younger and more inexperienced cook.]

DEAR EDITOR:—To help you with your tested recipes, here is one for drop cakes: One cup of sugar, one-half cup of sour milk, one-half cup of butter, one small teaspoon of soda dissolved in the milk, flour to make a stiff batter; drop by spoonfuls in your baking tin and bake in a quick oven.

LIZZIE M. WILLIS.

[Thank you for your appreciative words. Have written you by mail.]

SNAPS.—One cup each of butter, sugar, and molasses, one-half cup of milk, one

large teaspoon of soda, one scant tablespoon of ginger; boil together the sugar, molasses, and butter; when cool add the milk, in which the soda has been dissolved, and flour to roll; roll thin, bake quickly; these will keep a long time if kept closely covered in a warm and dry place.

MRS. HARRY.

#### QUESTIONS.

DEAR EDITOR:—I am greatly troubled with dandruff, which appears to grow worse all the time. Will you kindly suggest a remedy?

M. P. L.

[It is a good idea to wash the scalp carefully and frequently with tepid water and white castile, or other pure soap, with occasionally the addition of a very little borax. This will tend to prevent the accumulation of dandruff, and is probably sufficient in all ordinary cases. Where it has become a disease, however, it would be advisable to consult a physician who treats skin diseases especially.]

If not too much trouble, would some lady give me a recipe for making nut cake?

SISTER MARTHA.

DEAR EDITOR:—Do you suppose any of your readers could tell me how to do "Kensington Painting," in imitation of embroidery? Also something about what is called "French Transfer"? And oblige

AN INVALID HOUSEKEEPER.

[As a general thing it is rather difficult for any one other than a "professional" to give instructions in any kind of painting so that they will be understood by an amateur. Why not obtain one of the many books on the subject? Send us your address and we will tell you where to obtain a very good work on Kensington painting at small cost.]

NEEDLE WORK DEPARTMENT:—Will some friend be kind enough to send to this magazine directions how to knit (not crochet) a baby's sacque, and oblige an old subscriber?

MRS. WEIDEMANN.

[The directions shall be given very soon.]

## THE CHILDREN'S FAVORITE.

This sketch, from "*All The Year Round*," though brief, is a touching picture of scenes in a London children's hospital. Such extremes of distress are probably truer of that metropolis than of any other city in the civilized world, but the miserable reflection cannot be evaded, that destitution and suffering of the same kind exist as well in our own as in foreign lands.

IT was the first of January, and the snow, thick and white on the London house-tops, had degenerated in the streets to mud and slush. Gas was alight everywhere, for the fog was thick, and the New Year had arrived in anything but a pleasant garb. Gerard Lorrimer had left his bright home in the country some days sooner than was necessary, to be present at the Christmas Tree in the Children's Ward of the City Hospital. As the train bore him from the glittering country, where the sunlight gleamed through branches frosted with rime, into the darkness and dirtiness of London, Gerard Lorrimer's thoughts strayed in the old direction, that contact with sordid humanity immediately spoils the beauties of nature.

It was yet early in the forenoon, but already one end of the ward was screened off from the eager eyes of the children, though the top of a large fir-tree towered above the screens.

As Gerard entered the long ward with its fifty little cribs, he was greeted with a perfect shower of childish welcomes: "Mr. Lolo!" "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lolo!" "Mr. Lolo's tum back!" "'Appy New Year, Mr. Lolo!" and a nurse's smiling face peeped round the screen as she said: "We are so glad to see you, Mr. Lolo."

Each little hand held out in greeting got a return grasp, one still, upturned face got a grave kiss, and then Mr. Lolo vanished behind the mystic screens.

He was only a student of twenty, a tall, strong young man, with a powerful face and a pleasant voice; but he was an immense favorite with the children, who had abbreviated his name of "Lorrimer" to "Lolo," until he was known throughout the whole hospital by that appellation only. It was the height of a small patient's ambition to have Mr. Lolo for "my doctor"—all students and dressers are doctors in the children's eyes; but

those who could not have the professional services of the favorite were not debarred from the labors of love which occupied all Mr. Lolo's spare moments. The merest babe who had dropped a toy, had only to put its little fist to its eyes and begin to whimper; and, if Lolo was in the ward, he immediately divined the cause of grief, and restored the lost plaything with a smile which would have drawn an answer from Henry the First himself.

Now, there was eager watch kept for the appearance of Mr. Lolo's head above the screen, as some decoration was added to the top of the tree.

"Der he is!" "He's dot a dolly!" "Hi! Mr. Lolo."

Lolo turned and made a face at his eager watchers, and then dropped down behind the screen again, amidst shouts of laughter.

At last the tree was finished and Lolo aided the nurses to turn all the cribs toward the central point of attraction, and then came the dinner-hour, when students were told to leave the ward.

Lolo strode away to his lodgings to get a hasty meal, and see whether any letters were awaiting him. He had a habit of becoming interested in the future of his patients which was bad for his private purse. He sat now with creased forehead, perusing an appeal for "just a little aid," knowing well he had given in Christmas gifts every penny he had to spare. It was enough to make a man, reared in the country, sick of heart, to be brought thus suddenly face to face with the misery and vice of London. What use was it that Lolo worked all day and read half the night, he could not relieve one-tenth of the deserving cases of pain and poverty that came under his own individual observation. There was always something left undone; there was always the weary thought that the meal he was eating might have saved some starving wretch, that, though he was in warmth and comfort, hundreds were in cold and grief.

But there were the children! The wrinkles left Lolo's brow as he glanced at the clock and saw it was time to light the tree.

"Thank Heaven for the children!" he exclaimed, as he strode off to the ward where he received the usual enthusiastic welcome: they, at least, were comparatively innocent and happy and capable of ignoring all but the pleasure of the moment.

"Where is Bessie, Sister Mary?"

"We had to discharge her, Mr. Lolo, she was getting no better, and the bed was wanted for another case."

"But Bessie had so looked forward to the tree, poor child! Tell me, Sister Mary, may I not go and fetch her just for this afternoon?"

"Of course you may, Mr. Lolo, and God bless you!"

Only a few streets off Bessie was lying alone in a cold room, crying in a hopeless, endless way, when there was a sound of feet on the stairs and Bessie's sobs stopped suddenly in a perfect rapture of surprise as Mr. Lolo's head peeped in at the door. "Mother had gone out," so a neighbor was hastily informed that Bessie would be back before evening and then perched on Lolo's broad shoulder with tears yet standing in her laughing eyes, the wizened wee mite was carried off to the Christmas Tree.

Oh! what an afternoon that was for the children! A bright spot long remembered in many dull little lives. There were lots of visitors in rich garments strolling about; there was the wondrous tree laden with gifts and lighted with hundreds of little candles; there was a toy for each child's "very own," and there were also oranges and sponge-cakes for tea. Who would have thought that those cheery little ones, all laughing with delight, had each a burden of physical suffering to bear, and a daily portion of weakness and weariness to pass through?

It was over. In some magic way the cribs were back in their places, the tree and the visitors had vanished and most of the tired children were sleeping with arms tightly wound round their newly received treasures. Lolo returned to the ward after showing some friends round the building and found Bessie sleeping quietly on a blanket before the fire.

"How can I take her back to her dreary home, Sister Mary?"

"You must, Mr. Lolo. She has had some beef-tea and is all right for to-night.

We must try and get her sent to Margate."

Sister Mary was older and more experienced than Lolo, and had given up complaining of the inevitable. She went cheerfully on her way doing what she could and leaving the rest to Heaven. Lolo had less faith, and rebelled against the fate which banished the poor little girl from the warm fireside. He lifted Bessie gently in his arms, and, covering her face from the fog with his handkerchief, carried her, still sleeping, to her home and laid her on the wretched bed.

"I have brought Bessie Langley back," he said to a woman on the floor below.

"Oh! sir, be you a gentleman from the 'orspital? I do wish you'd step in and see my 'usband. 'E is that bad I dunno what to do wi' 'im, and they won't take 'im in there without a letter, seeing as it isn't a haccident."

Lolo went into the room where a man lay on a bed breathing heavily. It did not need the use of the stethoscope to tell that he had inflammation of the lungs.

"Have you had a doctor?"

"'E went to some chemist on Monday, not feeling well and not being equal to 'is work, and the chemist 'e give 'im a pill and told 'im to come again; but 'e 'asn't been able to go, as you may see."

"Can you make a poultice?"

"Yes, sir. I 'ave done a lot o' nursing in my time; wot with 'aving ten children, mostly gells, as was given to—"

"Put a poultice of linseed-meal on the back here, and on the chest here, and I will send a doctor to you. My man, let me raise you a bit, and your breathing will be easier."

"Double pneumonia; too bad to be moved?" said the parish doctor when Lolo told him. "I fear that is hopeless. Good nursing is an absolute necessity, and that wife of his is the biggest fool that wags a tongue in this babel of ours. Believe me, I once found her putting on a poultice in a waterproof bag so that it shouldn't mess the clothes! Hang the women for being either angels or idiots!"

"Is there no district nurse who would help?"

"You might ask at the Home; but the good Sisters are overworked as it is."

Lolo went off to the Sisterhood and



persuaded the Superior to send a nurse down, and then having dined at a restaurant, he returned to his lodgings to read. Luckily his work interested him that night and took away his thoughts from individual suffering to the great subject of the general alleviation of pain by anesthetics.

"I don't think bromide of ethyl has had a fair trial," he said next day, as he stood chatting to one of the house physicians.

"I don't think it has; but it is rather risky to experiment on one's patients."

"Well, I want a tooth dug out, and, as business is dull, I am willing to try the bromide."

"Are you, old fellow? That is good, for you can recount your sensations afterward, which a dog cannot. And, I say, we must try grafting on that boy in Charity who was burnt. You don't mind parting with a few portions of your epidermis, I suppose?"

"Oh! no. Anything you like!" said Lolo, laughing. "My vile body is quite at your disposal."

The bromide of ethyl was not a success, and Lolo did not look well for some days following the experiment. He was going up for his degree at the London University the next autumn, and reading for that, together with attendance at the hospital lectures and dissections, and in the wards, told even on his splendid health. Some people connected with a "mission" also got hold of him, and, under the belief that they were keeping a fast young medical student out of temptation persuaded him to spend many evenings at a boys' club. Lolo never liked to refuse appeal for help, and his assistance was given to all who asked. "Have you the time?" asked the Chaplain, hesitatingly, as he concluded a request for aid in re-arranging the chapel seats.

"I will make time," replied Lolo, gravely, for indeed he could not see from whence a spare moment was to be snatched in his busy day. Just then a nurse came along, bearing a large can of milk. Hospital etiquette is very strict, but it broke down before Lolo's noble longing to share all burdens.

"Excuse me," he said, hurrying after nurse, and extending his hand.

"No, sir," replied the girl, blushing, and swinging the can across to the other hand. If the house-governor were to see her letting a student address her, much less aid her, on the stairs, there would be trouble; and should the students meet Lolo carrying milk, he would be laughed at for months.

Lolo was a man and scorned these trifles. He stepped in front of the girl, and said, smiling:

"Put down the can, please."

She was constrained to obey for sake of quiet, though she remonstrated, saying she could carry it quite well.

"It is not fair to ask the nurses to do this," said Lolo, indignantly.

"The ward-maid was cut, and the milk was wanted; besides, I am every bit as strong as our ward-maid, who has to carry up four cans of milk every day."

"It ought to come up in the lift."

"O Mr. Lolo! if we none of us have heavier burdens than that to bear, we shall be lucky. Please let me take it now?"

But Lolo marched straight into the children's ward, and placed the milk in the pantry in the calmest way.

The Sister called him to see some child, and having got him into a quiet corner, lectured him sternly on turning himself into a milkman.

"Where is your self-respect?" she asked, in conclusion.

"My self-respect and right to the name of a gentleman would have gone forever, had I allowed a young girl to carry such a heavy weight in my presence."

"You are hopelessly Quixotic, Mr. Lolo; may you learn common-sense some day," and the Sister passed on to a crying child.

No one was much surprised when Lolo was absent from the wards for a day or two. There was a general feeling that such extraordinary energy must work itself out, and require recuperation by a day or two in bed. Mr. Tabor, the house-surgeon, strolled across one evening to see how Lolo was.

"Hullo! old fellow; so you've caved in at last? You'll be more reasonable in future."

"Don't come near me, Tabor, I'm afraid I'm in for a fever. Shouldn't

wonder if some of those little wretches have given me measles."

"Any rash? What's your temperature?"

"No rash yet; temperature one hundred and two degrees. I caved in because I didn't want to carry infection anywhere."

"You look rather feverish; but with your physique you'll pull through everything. Shall I send the chief over to see you?"

"To-morrow? Yes; unless I send word to the contrary. Was Warrenport there to-day?"

"Yes, and operated on that boy in Ten bed; but, I fear, unsuccessfully."

"Poor child! How did he bear it?"

"Very badly; Warrenport did it without chloroform."

"What!" shouted Lolo, starting up in bed.

"My dear fellow, do be still! It was a slight affair, and Warrenport said he couldn't come again to do it. He had forgotten to send word to Sister Mary that he was going to operate, and the child had just swallowed a big dinner; he couldn't give him ether."

"May I never live to become a great surgeon, if I must needs grow like that man!"

"You are feverish, Lolo; I mustn't talk to you. Have you got all you want?"

"Yes, thank you; Mother Green looks after me. I say, tell Ten I am so sorry for him. I wish I could go to the ward!"

"You might give them all scarlet fever if you did. Sister Mary told me to tell you she has got Bessie a bed at Seaford."

"That is one good thing," said Lolo, weakly.

"Good-night; and I hope you'll be better, to-morrow."

"Good-night," replied Lolo, closing his weary eyes.

The next day there was a rumor that Lolo had been removed to the Fever Hospital; but an unusual number of accidents received, kept Sister Mary too busy to make inquiries. When Mr. Tabor came round on the following morning, however, she found an opportunity to ask:

"Have you heard anything of Mr. Lolo?"

"He is at the Small-pox Hospital,"

was the grave reply. "He must have caught it maundering about the back streets, as he was so fond of doing."

Sister Mary did not answer; but she felt uneasy, and listened to all chance scraps of conversation she could hear as the day went on.

"Poor old Lolo is down with small-pox. A virulent type, too, I believe. He's very strong, though; he'll pull through."

"Matron has just heard that Lolo's people have been sent for," said some one, later on.

"Wonder if he wasn't vaccinated last autumn with the rest of us?"

"No; he went as far as Malta with poor Earle just then. There is an awful lot of small-pox all about now, and I am down amongst the out-patients."

In the evening Sister Mary strolled down to the entrance-hall to get the latest news. Students stood about in quiet groups, their low voices harping on one name—Lolo.

"What is the last bulletin?" asked Sister Mary, joining a group.

"We have just telegraphed to know; wait for the answer, Sister Mary."

"Sister Mary, he is very ill;" and one young fellow stretched out his hand for sympathy in the simplicity of his grief. Sister Mary grasped and held it, knowing vaguely that Lolo had been the salvation of this boy.

There was an eager movement by the door as a telegraph boy appeared through the darkness. The piece of pink paper was handed silently from one to the other. It bore only three words: "Worse. No hope."

Sister Mary went swiftly back to her ward, and entering her own room, threw herself on her knees, and prayed passionately: "Not Lolo, O Lord! leave us Lolo!"

Of all the students Sister Mary had ever known, none had given greater promise than Lolo. His was that splendid skill, strength, and gentleness which make a perfect surgeon; and his wondrous power of winning love and confidence, was the gift of one in a million. Could not death have been satisfied with another, instead of snatching away their dearest and their best, just as his rare faculties were beginning to develop?

Lolo; beloved of all; the little children's friend.

A knock at the door recalled Sister Mary to her duties and she rose and went out into the ward to see that all her small charges were made comfortable for the night. As she reached each nurse she told the sad news in a low tone and passed on, leaving glistening eyes and trembling lips behind her. These women had learnt self-control in a stern school; but they were none the less sympathetic and tender-hearted, because they could restrain their most powerful emotions.

The lights were lowered and the small patients lay quiet in their cribs; everything was straight for the night. Sister Mary stood at the far end of the long,

dim ward, and in a low voice, distinctly heard in the remotest corner, said: "Children, close your eyes and clasp your hands; we are going to pray for Mr. Lolo, who is very ill."

Then she knelt down and prayed.

At that moment the spirit of Lolo departed forever from earth.

Sometimes you may hear the doctors, nurses, or students, mention in low, loving tones, some past good deed done by Mr. Gerard Lorrimer. But the name of "Lolo" is never spoken, though never forgotten. Deep in many hearts it lies, sanctifying the hardest labor by its association, and breathing patience and power into many a much-tried soul.

## HOME DECORATION AND FANCY NEEDLEWORK.

### NEW SUGGESTIONS FOR THE NEW YEAR.

DECORATED calendars are pretty and appropriate gifts for this season. They may be very elaborately mounted, so as to make really elegant ornaments, handsome enough to present to the most fastidious, or they may be more quickly and cheaply made. One of the very prettiest is so arranged that, by removing the calendar and replacing it by another, the panel may be used year after year. The foundation consists of an oblong piece of thin wood, seven inches wide and nearly ten inches long, covered with velvet on one side and satin or any pretty lining material on the other. The velvet is first decorated with an embroidered branch of a flowering shrub which is designed to look as though laid carelessly across the panel, the end of the pocket and the bow which terminates it being, seemingly, all that holds it in place. The foundation of the pocket is a piece of cardboard seven inches long and nearly two wide at its widest part, shaped somewhat like a crescent with the points chipped off. It is covered with rich plush on which the motto is embroidered, and lined with satin, care being taken when covering this and the panel to have the material very smoothly applied or the result will not be at all satisfactory. The calendar is hand-made, and is very easily

done with the aid of an almanac, or a common printed calendar—which might be used instead, but would not be nearly as pretty. Twelve pieces of nice tinted paper are cut; each three and one-half by two and two-third inches, and ruled off into divisions, as seen in the illustration, by lines made with fancy-colored pencils, pen and ink, or water colors, the letters and figures being made in any fancy style—or in one's own hand, which would help to make it a constant reminder of the giver if presented to a familiar friend. A bit of a favorite quotation suitable for each month, or a short message of one's own for the one who is to receive the gift, might be added to each leaf in the small space left without figures, each leaf having several empty spaces.

After the different parts are all prepared the calendar leaves are laid evenly in position and fastened to the panel by a small tack at each upper corner, and another a little below the middle of the upper edge. The pocket is then put in place, a row of slip-stitches underneath, fastening the lower edge to the velvet; where it covers the calendar the stitches must be taken farther from the edge so as not to touch the paper, which might be trimmed out a little above the middle tack. The ends of the pocket are curved in a trifle, so as to make the upper edge

curve out about an inch from the foundation in the centre, and very securely fastened. Full, soft bows of satin ribbon are placed over each end of the pocket, and the ribbons seem to pass through the panel and be tied together in another airy bow at the back to suspend it by, but of course the two ribbons are fastened to the satin lining just where they give it that appearance.

In despair of finding anything more appropriate, I was about to take "Happy New Year" for the motto to embroider on the pocket, when I chanced to read the following:

"Touch us gently—Time!  
Let us glide adown thy stream  
Gently, as we sometimes glide  
Through a quiet dream!"

It seemed very suggestive to me, and I wished to use it instead of the good old time-worn wish I had selected, but could not find space for it, so concluded to use the first line alone rather than to give it up entirely, for it would be appropriate throughout the whole year while the other would be nice only at the beginning.

(It seemed to me, too, that having that thought presented constantly to mind, as one referred to the calendar day by day, would help make one strive to keep the conscience pure, the mind at rest, and the heart in peace, so that Time would, indeed, touch one so lightly in passing that what might otherwise seem like heavy strokes would be transformed to the touch of a kindly hand, serving only to remind one that another "day's march home" had been accomplished.) The pocket may be used as a receptacle for jewelry, glasses, or anything small and light. A small gilt hook might be fastened near the upper right-hand corner of the panel for a watch, letting the chain and charms rest in the pocket. By omitting the calendar and adding a row of hooks across the lower part, for glove and boot buttoners and keys, another handsome ornament might be made. Painting or etching would be very pretty instead of embroidery.

To decorate another calendar, use heavy cardboard covered with satin, Surah silk or any smooth fabric for the panel; sew the paper leaves in place, and cover the top with a band of fancy ribbon drawn across in soft folds and terminating in a

careless bow at the left hand corner. Quite a large space will be left, which may be embellished by any chosen motto, quotation, outline sketch or floral design. Of course, the work should be done before the panel is covered. The following quotations would be suitable:

"Another beautiful year—God's gift."

"Let each to-morrow  
Find us farther than to-day."

"Nightly we pitch our moving tents  
A day's march nearer home."

"O may He guard thy life, and make  
Each coming New Year fair."

**PERFUMED BOOK-MARK.**—Those who gladly greet new ideas in fancy work will be pleased with a novel book-mark and sachet combined. It is sweet as well as beautiful, and can be made in a very short time. Two broad satin ribbons, with a picot edge, are required, one several inches longer than the other, and of a darker shade; also, some half-inch satin ribbon of the same dark shade. Both ribbons are deeply fringed at each end, and the shorter one decorated with a cluster of growing daisies, painted in oil or water colors, or embroidered—water colors are especially suited to this work. The decorated space in the centre for the sachet should be about twice as long as the ribbon is wide. They are laid evenly one over the other and caught together along the sides of the space with invisible stitches in the fancy edge. At the ends of the space a row of small holes are carefully pierced through both ribbons; so carefully that no threads are broken, and the narrow ribbon is laced out and in through them, and arranged in neat little bows at opposite corners; the other ends are turned in between the two ribbons at the sides, and fastened invisibly. Before closing the last end, sprinkle sachet-powder between two layers of the finest sheet wadding procurable, or, better still, divide a single layer, add the powder, and put the parts together again, for it must be very thin, and slip them into the opening. The design could be varied in many ways; the ends might receive the ornamentation instead of the sachet if they were lengthened, or ribbons of contrasting colors might be selected. Yellow, and white with ox-eye daisies, or pale blue, and cream-white with forget-me-nots, would be



delicate and artistic enough to grace the volume of poems so often selected as a gift for a bride or an absent friend. Narrower ribbons with a painted text would be pretty for a small Bible.

"Mizpah" would be beautiful for such a purpose. It has long been a favorite word with many for working tokens of love for those who are far away or about to depart. The full meaning may be found by referring to Gen. xxxi, 49. It would add greatly to the value of many a gift by suggesting tender thoughts of the loving Father's care, as well as of the love of the giver. This little design might be reproduced in many ways for gifts too numerous to mention, hardly any piece of fancy work being too small to afford room for it in some corner, if it is not large enough for decorative purposes.

**TOILET PIN-CUSHION.**—To make one, cut from cardboard a star six and a half inches across from the upper to the lower point, and four inches from side to side across the centre. Cover it first on the back side with cambric, folding it over to the front and catching it across with a few long stitches from one part to another, thus gaining a good edge to sew the covering to around the points.

Pad the upper side with fine cotton or hair about an inch and a half deep, except near the edge where it is quite thin, and baste on a cambric cover to keep it in shape.

The velvet cover, considerably larger than the cardboard, on which the rose and foliage has been embroidered, is next added, being careful to fit it as smoothly as possible along the *sides* of the points, disposing of any extra fullness in tiny plaits at the corners; turn the edges under and baste it to the cambric. Shape a satin cover for the back side like the cardboard, allowing a seam's width to turn in, and overhand it to the velvet around the edge. If it is designed for a gift, a name or monogram written on the back, worked with fine silk in outline stitch, would be nice; also, a little sachet-powder sprinkled in the cotton. Satin ribbon bows complete the cushion; the ribbons by which it is suspended are secured to the lining high up on the back, so that it falls flatly against the wall. Pretty brocade remnants or pieces of figured silk are often

used to cover such ornaments, arranged so that a cluster of flowers or leaves takes the place of the embroidery. They may be made much smaller, if preferred. One covered with soft, bright cashmere and suspended by a twisted wool cord tipped with tassels, would be pretty, especially if a similar cord were used to outline the edge.

FRANCES H. P.

**SLEEPING-SOCKS.**—Three ounces Allos wool. Brass or steel needles, about No. 8.

Cast on fifty-six stitches and knit two plain and two purl for fifteen inches, then begin the foot by knitting nineteen on first needle, eighteen on middle needle, and nineteen on the remaining needle. With middle needle knit same as leg for six inches, then knit plain garter stitch for eighteen rows, then knit about ten more rows, taking in by knitting two stitches, slip one, knit one, then pass the slip-stitch over at beginning of every row. There should now be eight stitches on the needle; break off and join at right-hand needle, and knit the nineteen stitches off plain and pick up the side stitches of the piece; knit like heel of stocking, and also four of the eight left on the middle needle. Now knit the other four and pick up as before, and knit off the nineteen stitches on remaining needle. There should be fifty-four stitches on each of the two needles. Now knit ten rows, taking in at toe end when the right side is toward you, then knit ten more of loop knitting, still taking in at the toe end. Loop knitting is made thus: Knit three plain, put the needle into the fourth stitch, wind the wool once round your finger and then round the needle, knit it in, repeat until end of row, leaving three stitches at the end, which knit plain. Next row plain. There should now be about forty-four stitches on each needle. Now knit thirteen more rows, still continuing the loop stitch, but take in at both ends of the needle. Now take off and sew up.

These are extremely neat and comfortable.

#### LAUNDRY SLATE.

**T**HE laundry slate is arranged in this manner. A strip of paper is pasted down one-half of one side of the slate with a list of necessary articles written on it. Then the number of each to be sent

to the laundry is set down opposite on the around it. The frame is given a coat of  
slate, so it can be erased. The front of liquid silver. A slate pencil is tied on a



LAUNDRY SLATE.

the slate is ornamented with a Christmas card, which is pasted in the middle with a band of silver-gray ribbon, velvet pasted narrow ribbon through the hole in the top and also a bow of scarlet ribbon with a loop to hang it up.

## "HOME" PUZZLES.

**SOLUTIONS** and solvers' names in the April number. All communications relative to this page must be addressed to the "Puzzle Editor HOME MAGAZINE," Box 913, Philadelphia, Pa.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 88.

#### DOUBLE LETTER ENIGMA.

In "lullabies," and "sweet bird's song;"  
In "leaves" that "rustle" all day long;  
In "evanescent" summer showers;  
In gay and fragrant border "flowers."

A total plain, a desert wide,  
No prime the rippling brook beside;  
Here's last of comfort and of grace  
Than other spot of earth gives place.  
CANTON, ILL. TRANZA.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 89.

#### SUBTRACTIONS.

1. Take what printers would gladly dispense with from what most people hold tenaciously, and leave a plant.
2. Take a medicinal salt from one who gives warning, and leave a family of plants.
3. Take a harmful beverage from what is frequently called for on change, and leave a planet.
4. Take a residence from faithfulness, and leave a small sailing vessel.
5. Take evil from spontaneous, and leave part of a bird.
6. Take a rank from pithy, and leave a girl's name.

C. H. S.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 90.

#### A PROBLEM.

What number of five figures is that in which the sum of the first and last is one-fifth of the first two figures, the first two figures is one-tenth of the first three, and the first three is one-tenth of the first four.

ROLLO, ILL.

EVA.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 91.

#### PYRAMID.

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      O
     . O .
    . . O . .
   . . . O . . .
  
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Across:—1. In Spain. 2. To disfigure. 3. A bird. 4. Allied by kindred.

Down:—1. In France. 2. A personal pronoun. 3. A prefix denoting ill. 4. A small rodent found in South America. 5. To work at less than established prices. 6. A personal pronoun. 7. In India.

PARIS, ILL.

OSMAR.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 92.

#### CHARADE.

My first is a boy's name, put in the possessive case; my second is usually highly prized by those who possess it, and longed for by those who do not; my third is found in a fort. My

whole is something which I wish might be found in every second in the land.

BROOKFIELD, VT.

J. C. S.

### "HOME" PUZZLE No. 93.

#### A DIAMOND.

1, is a pronoun. 1, 2, 3, is the last. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, is an empire. 3, 4, 5, is to expire. 5, is a part of speech.

PHILA., PA.

M. DOUGLAS STERLING.

### ANSWERS TO DECEMBER "HOME" PUZZLES.

#### No. 75.

N E A T R E S S  
E N T W I N E  
A T T E N D  
T W E E D  
R I N D  
E N D  
S E

#### No. 76.

Ba(S)te  
Mo(C)ha  
Us(H)er  
Sw(O)op  
St(O)op  
Co(L)in

#### No. 77.

Chanticleer.

#### No. 78.

Too many cooks spoil the broth.

#### No. 79.

1. Howells ("Ho! wells"). 2. Ireland. 3. Burnett (burn it). 4. Stockton. 5. Faucett. 6. Bishop. 7. Haggard. 8. Roe.

#### No. 80.

Incisions (in C is I on S.)

#### No. 81.

Whiskey.

#### SOLVERS.

December "Home" Puzzles were solved (partially) by Nettie M., "Peri Winkle," Mamie B. Carson, Ella H. S., Katie McF., "Punch and Judy," Charley M., Lewis H. Johnson, Myra A. Stowe, "Fan C." Izora F. R., "Jack Daw," H. L. G., Harry Furbish, J. A. Piercy, "A. S. Olver," Ida M. Grimes, Marguerita. Osmar. Pansy, "Biddy Ford," Mrs. A. G., Lora Mayhew, Laila Mayhew, "Little Nell," Lucy J. Chase, "Tranza," Miss Louisa Brakefield, Belle Shahan. "Brownie, No. 2," Mamie B. Carson, O. W. L., Ada Parton, M. T. C., Belle Purdy, Allan Napier, Willie R. Allen, Maggie C. Ethelina, Freddie Parker, S. H. D., M. J. Babb Mrs. L. M. Y. Twombly, Harry P. Boynton, "Sara," Mabel E., Mike A. Doe, "Cousin Clare," and "Brownie."

#### ROLL OF HONOR.

Prize for first complete list is awarded to "Sara." Second to "Cousin Clare." For three best incomplete lists, M. J. Babb, "Tranza,"

and Lucy J. Chase. For first answer to No. 80, Mrs. L. M. Y. Twombly.

#### NEW PRIZES.

For the first two complete lists we offer a handsome valentine. For best two incomplete lists, first received, a pretty valentine token.

#### CHAT.

Osmar.—Glad you like your prize; come often. More puzzles from your pen would be acceptable.

Kate M. Johnson, and others:—Your answers did not arrive in season to be credited last month.

Puzzlers All:—Please send in a vote on the "address" question. In writing puzzles for publication you will confer a favor on the puzzle editor by writing each puzzle on a separate bit of paper and signing name or nom de plume to each. Always give your address every time you write.

## FASHIONS.

### WALKING DRESS.

FOR quiet morning and walking costumes, in cloth, the formal tailor cut still remains, but if this is thought rather too plain in effect, smarten it now and then with a broad contrasting band, which usually encircles the hem of the skirt and corresponds with the jaunty waistcoat. Thus, a red band will warm up a black or green material, whilst a figured galon in a subdued tone of yellow looks well on other colored cloth.

Elastic or jersey cloths are more than ever in requisition, especially since they are dyed in all the fashionable dark and light colors, and are used for the fancy bodices now most popular. These are either lavishly braided, beaded, or plainly trimmed with a row of gilt buttons, or with galons embroidered with dainty camaieu silk and glittering tinsel threads. Such trim and glove-fitting bodices are worn out-of-doors with a Louis XVI vest, also ornamented with embroidery.

New fur tippets are laid on a background of velvet of the same tone as the pelt. This style is most becoming to the wearer, as it is rounded in such a fashion that it shows the lines of the figure to perfection. It is caught together at the throat, widens at the bust, and again diminishes at the waist, ending in a muff which forms part and parcel of it. This muff is curiously shaped. The outside is round, with a circular bordering of fur, having a puff of velvet in the centre; the back is also circular, but is composed entirely of velvet. The boa and muff combined are made in blue fox, gray fox, and in sable.

Long fur-lined cloaks are useful; they rarely go out of fashion. This season the Russian cloak has been revived in favor. It opens down the front, with no fastening

and the outside is of cloth or some thick brocaded woolen fabric. The fur lining is continued as a large roll collar and borders the edge of the front. It finds favor especially when lined with Labrador fox fur. It is almost perfect for traveling and as a wrap.

EVENING DRESSES.—White and gold is the popular combination for evening wear. White tulles have their crisp voluminousness held in place by thick gold braid that comes made up in patterns. White satins and silks are embroidered in gold upon the material and some charming London gowns of silky white cashmere are richly edged above their hemmed borders with deep gold thread embroideries in arabesque designs. One handsome opera cloak is of a heavy white cloth brocaded with gold leaves. The border is of white curled Persian lamb, and it is lined with yellow silk. One of the most charming of these white and gold gowns has a foundation slip of golden yellow faille Francaise, and over it is draped many yards of white Indian tissue.

IN BONNETS.—Quite unique shapes that look oddly off the hat are exquisitely becoming to young faces. A conical-shaped bag, more like a fool's cap than anything else, when drawn slightly into shape with a knot of rich lace, makes a stylish bonnet in gobelin blue. Quite unique is a Cardinal hat in red, with its soft dented crown and flat brim lined and toned down with black velvet. In front there is a cluster of shaded ostrich tips intermingled with stiff "ears," deftly fashioned with black watered ribbon. A favorite hat, in verdigris velvet, has a high crown bordered with a wide brim raised high on one side. A torsade of light colored watered silk en



circles the crown, and is knotted in front amongst a panache of feathers gently drooping at the back; black velvet, with a twist in pink moiré silk, and black feathers, is another adaptation of this style.

Very dressy bonnets for light mourning are made of black watered silk shirred on cords in a cone-shaped crown, edged with two torsades or twist along the brim, one of the silk and the other of China crape, and trimmed with a crown bow of black watered ribbon, or of gros grain with watered edge, and strings of the same.

**IN GLOVES.**—Dark mahogany, terracotta, tan, dark laurel moss, olive green, and golden brown are the most fashionable shades. Warm winter gloves are manufactured of the finest Saxony cashmere, with very long Jersey wrists that cling closely to the arm. These are shown in dark cloth shades, in six and eight button lengths.

Gloves with evening gowns are not worn much above the elbow, and they are not as heavily wrinkled as formerly in favor, but pulled up plain and smooth if the arm is plump enough to admit of it.

**ODDS AND ENDS.**—For a girl from ten to twelve years old, a frock in dark brown fawn cashmere has panels of fawn-colored changeable (checkered) silk; these are laid on with a revers each of narrow gold-colored velvet ribbon. A plaited front, to the waist, is of the same changeable silk, and is carried back from each side to tie as sash ends in the back.

A fashionable long coat for a little girl of six years should be either tan, red, or

gray-blue smooth cloth made in coachman shape, with double box plaits behind, large square side pockets and cape, trimmed with brown beaver fur; the natural unplucked beaver is again very fashionable. With this is worn a warm wadded silk bonnet with high gathered crown, or else a large-crowned felt hat with many short ostrich feathers and watered ribbon loops.

**TOILET NOVELTIES.**—A charming bath gown is made from a shawl, a large double shawl of soft wool, known as steamer shawls. They come in dull colors usually, but occasionally can be found some with stripes for border. The fringes of the shawl are left on all around and it is made in princesse shape, lined throughout with thin, red silk. Another is of pale violet color so becoming to a blonde skin. They are loose from the throat, the fringed edges turning back upon themselves and are fastened hastily upon leaving the bath with cord and tassel, which ties them at the throat and waist, and are the handiest of all fastenings that are meant to be used in a hurry.

There are also bath gowns made of Turkish toweling that are much cheaper and do not need to be lined. They come in all sorts of deep, rich shades, and are made full and loose with a wide hem at the bottom, flowing sleeves and cotton cords and tassels of the same shade. Many of them finished with a hood. A charming one is of soft, dull blue, has a pointed hood in the back, is finished with a big tassel of blue and gray cotton, and the cords at neck and waist are twisted of blue and gray.

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## PUBLISHERS.

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We have received ten dollars from a friend in Cleveland—Mrs. J. W. Scott—for the Chinese Blind Mission. We shall have pleasure in forwarding the money to the promoters of that excellent charity, an account of which appeared in the HOME MAGAZINE for the month of August, 1887.

This country is so large that in some months there is wintry weather in one part and summery weather in another; but February is not one of them. "Win-

ter, dreary winter," holds his sway everywhere in this dread and dismal month. No doubt many of our club-makers are now wishing they had started in earlier and booked their subscribers before the roads got rough. But a late start is, in the publishers' view, a long way better than none, and a sleigh or carriage ride or a brisk walk on a bright, cold day to see two or three neighbors that haven't renewed, or who are not subscribers but who should take in the "HOME," will do all our friends good. The little song

of the Chick-a-dee that tells us of the blessing to be had in the new year,

\*\*\* for every day in it,

A kind word or deed to any in need,  
Is a very good way to begin it,"

is quite complete when we remember that the "any" one referred to is this Magazine. Its chronic complaint, in common with all of its brethren, is a lack of subscribers, and its ever continued cry is more, more!

Good-natured friend who reads the "HOME" regularly, if you would go to the trouble of making *one* new reader of the "HOME," we would be very much obliged to you; so would the new reader be and you might reap the Chick-a-dee's reward (though he didn't speak of it), and find your overcoat or winter's wrap a little too warm, just after you have won your first new name for the "HOME."

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

A charming book is *THE WONDER CLOCK*, by Howard Pyle, published by Harper & Bros., New York. The dial should of right be that of an astronomical clock, for there are twenty-four tales; but whether it is or not we shall not quarrel with a timepiece whose winding "gurr's" out such fascinating stories. The region of them is that delightful land where the strong arm or swift foot always proves to be that of the true prince, and the end of the tale is made musical with the jingle of wedding bells when he marries the princess. What child, grayhead, or baldhead, curly locks, or downy lip, wasn't made happy when the shoe fit Cinderella and no other one of her family?

When the lamps are lighted in these early winter evenings, old baldy referred to above sits down in his slippers by the fire and a certain Miss of seven brings the "wonder clock" for a half hour's winding, who shall say what the relief is to read a fresh, well written, American Arabian Night, in these days of Brownings and Spencers, and Platonists, and esoteric everythings, that one has to read as a schoolboy, and like him feel uncertain if he has grasped the real meaning, provided, of course, that there is one. No! Away with ye all! Vain gods and useless! In the happy holiday time and by the cracking winter's fire, let us eschew literary vanities and come all as children together around the fireplace to read stories with a straight tip from beginning to end; stories that we can understand without the aid of a boxful of books and a sort of mental binocular microscope. Where shall we find them like in this Wonder Clock?

The book is beautifully gotten up with illuminations from end to end that suggest a rare old missal, which is, however, an entirely different kind of story book.

As to stories or pictures, give us stories all the time, but when both can be had in such attractive forms what is left to wish for? It is high praise to say that the pictures are worthy of the subjects, for one can hardly tell which of them are the worthier for quaintness, originality, and variety.

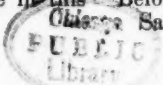
#### OH! LET THE BAIRNIES PLAY."

(See Frontispiece.)

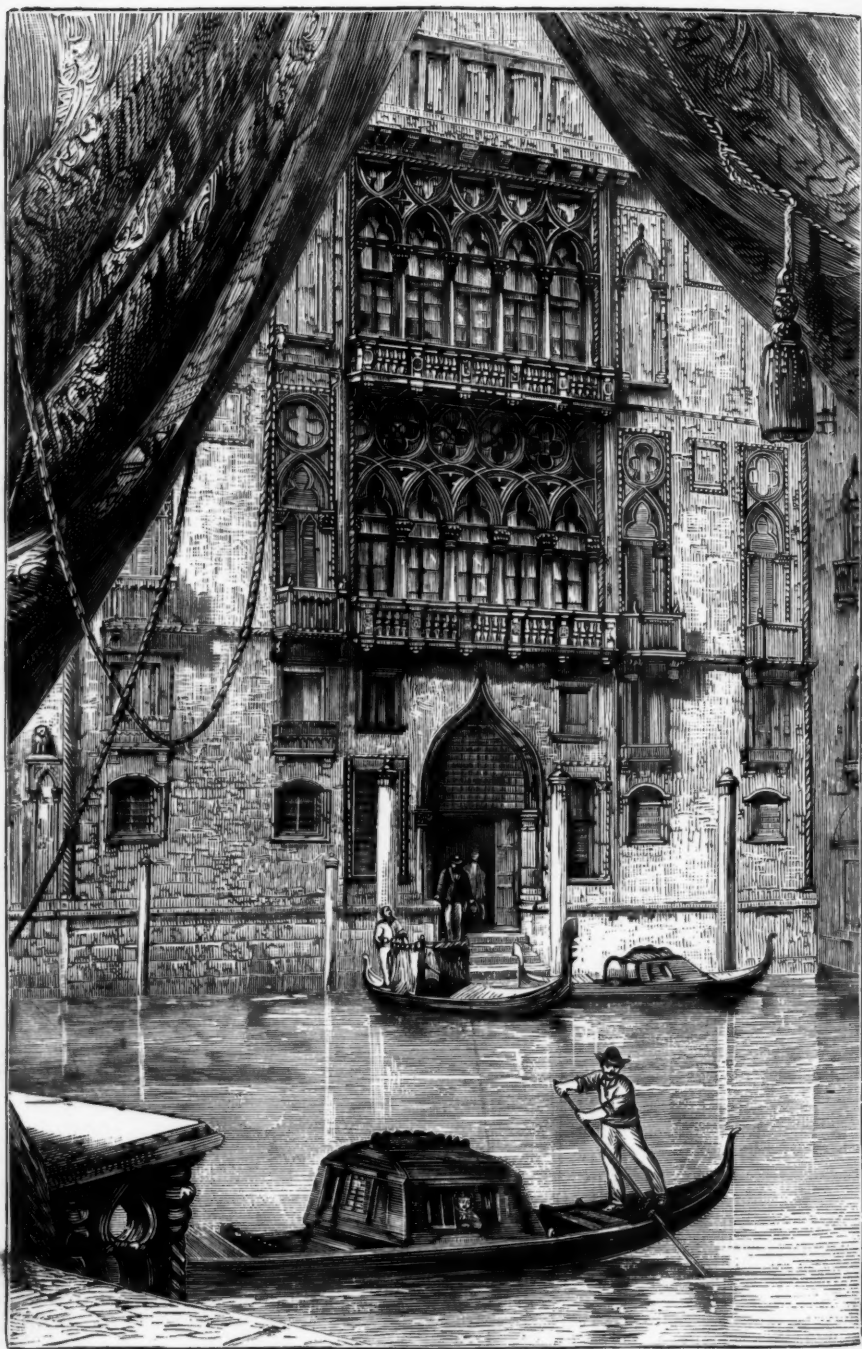
OH! let the bairnies play themsel's,  
I like to hear their din,  
I like to hear each restless foot  
Come trippin' oot and in,  
I like to see each face sae bright,  
And each wee heart sae gay;  
They mind me o' my ain young days—  
Oh! let the bairnies play.

Oh! dinna check their sinless mirth,  
Or mak' them dull and wae  
Wi' gloomy looks or cankered words,  
But let the bairnies play.  
Auld douce wise folks should ne'er forget  
They ance were young as they,  
As fu' o' fun and mischief, too—  
Then let the bairnies play.

And never try to set a heid,  
Wi' auld age grim and gray,  
Upon a wee saft snawy neck—  
No! let the bairnies play.  
For, oh! there's mony a weary nicht  
And mony a wae'ful day  
Before them, if God spares their lives—  
Sae let the bairnies play.







BEAUTIFUL VENICE.